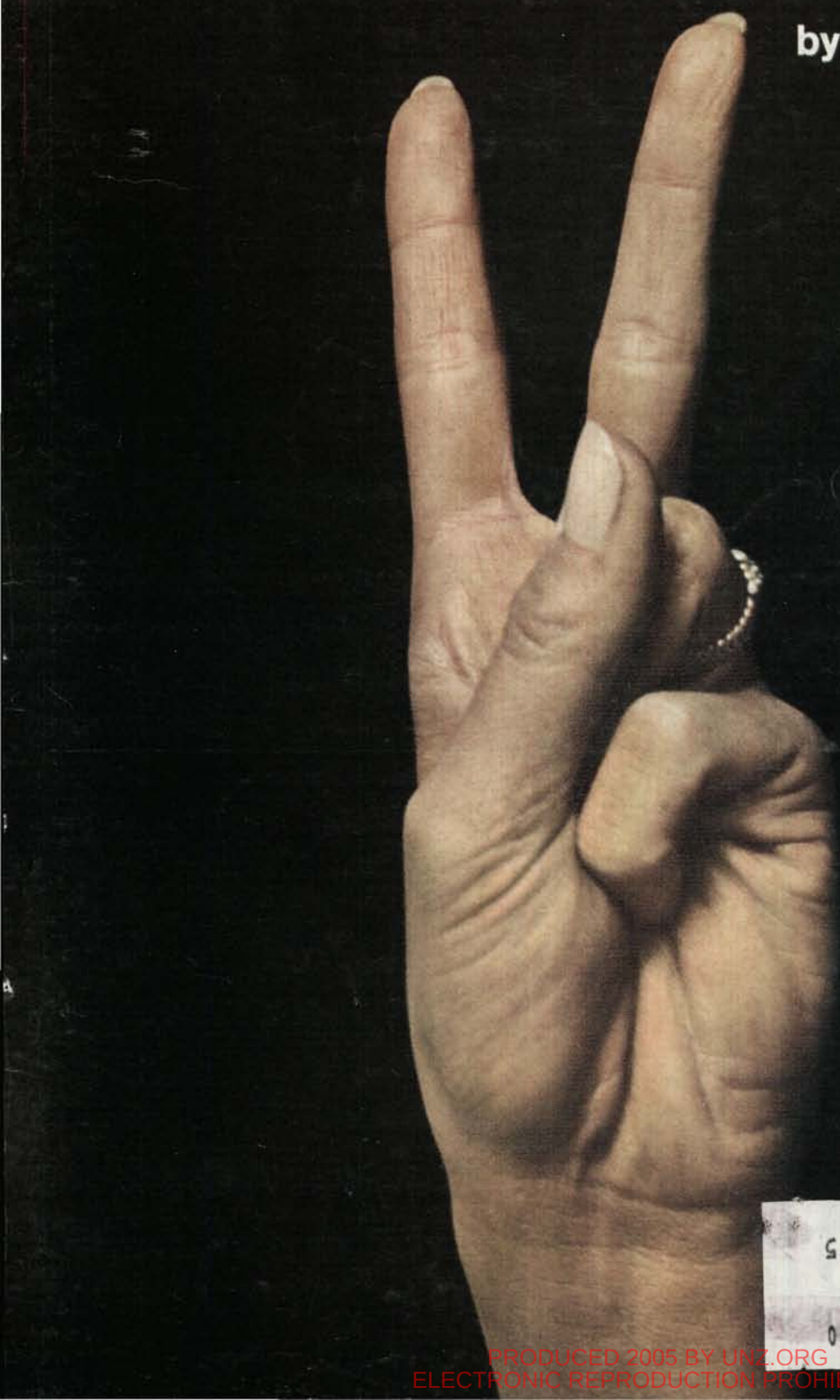
STUDENT TRAVEL 1970/HAS THE SMALL COLLEGE A FUTURE?

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 21, 1970/50c

THE NEW FEMINISM

by LUCY KOMISAR



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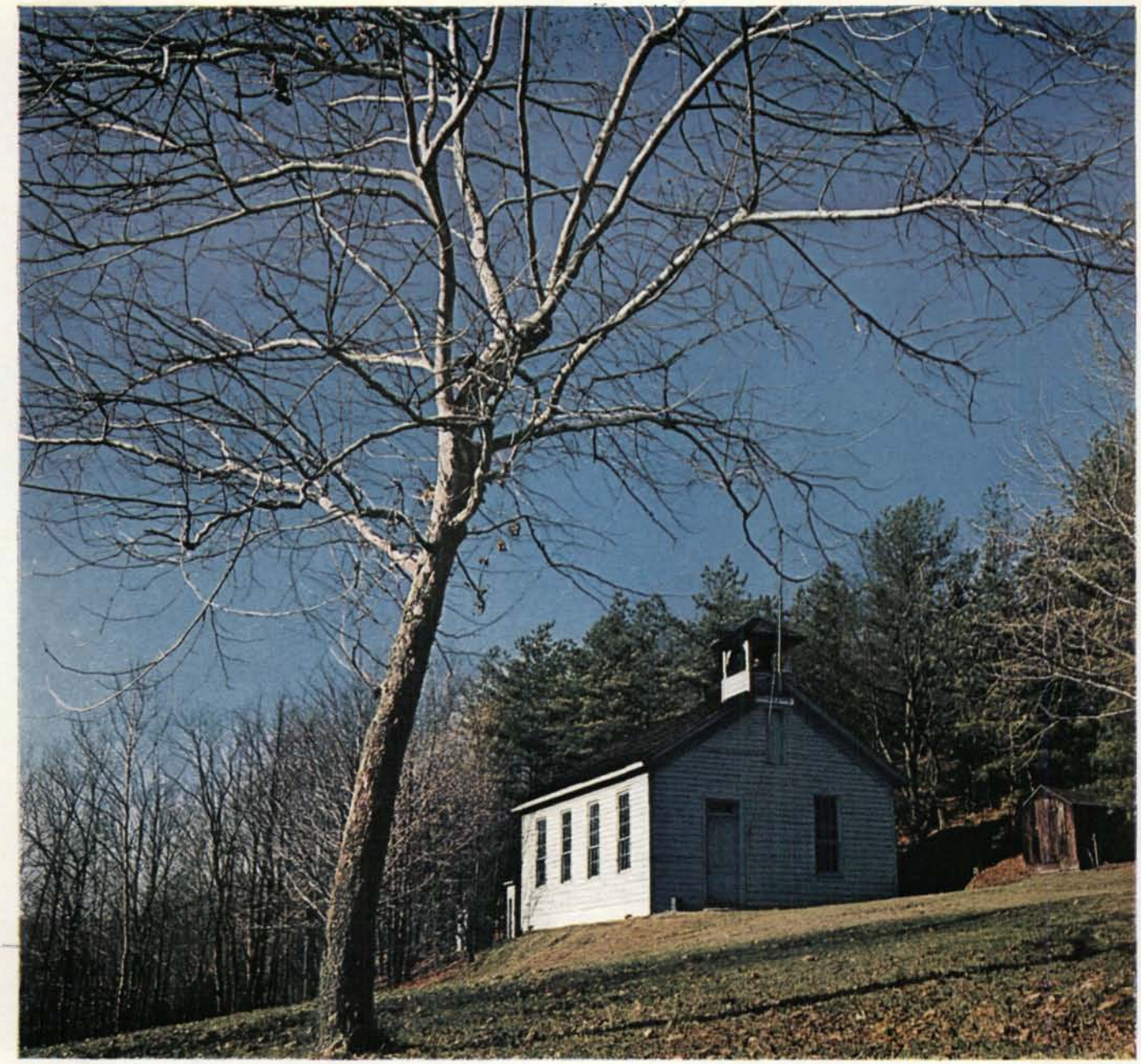

Who says school construction has to be expensive?

There was one row for each grade. Except Sixth: only one sixth grader, so he sat with the Seventh. Fuzz Baily passed Fifth Grade on his third try, and then only by agreeing to come in early every day and fire up the pot-bellied stove. One morning he stuffed sod in the chimney to give everyone a day off.

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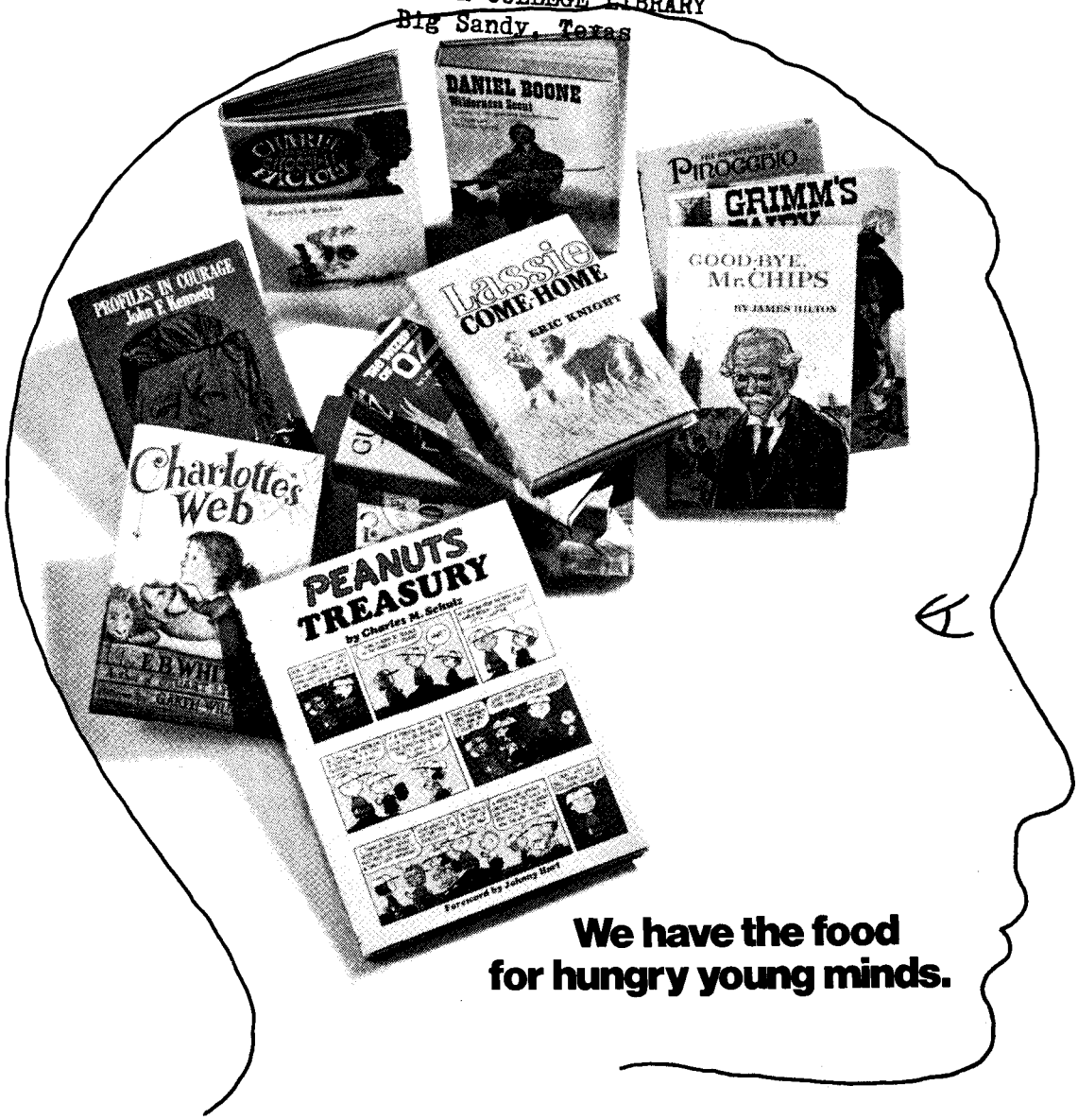

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Then he might recommend a restaurant for lunch. Like Fouquet's, and make your mouth water by describing their *langouste.*

Rest for a while on the ride back to the hotel. Because you'll be taken to the Louvre in the afternoon. And the Theatre National Populaire at night.

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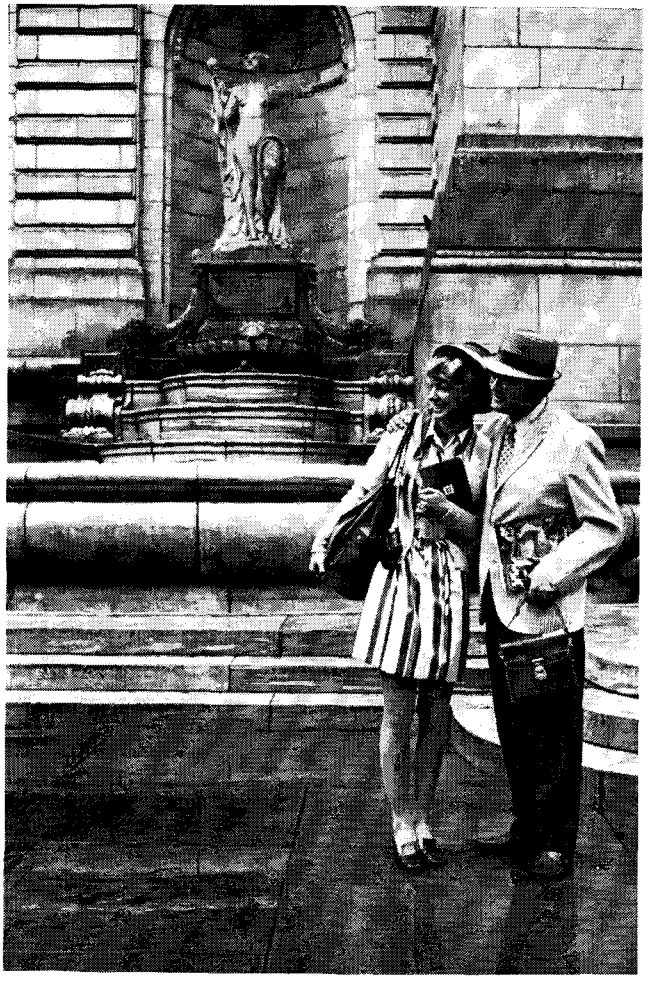

The Law Of The Bus.

One of the things people remember about our un-guided tours is how they discovered places on their own. For instance, you might get on a bus and stay on until the end of the line. This is a perfect opportunity to meet the local people and practice the sentences from your phrase book. To get back, use the *law of the bus:* if you stay on long enough, it goes back to where you started.

A Typical Un-typical Day.

If you were in Rome you could take the CD bus (at the Piazzale Flaminio) to the Flea Market in Trastevere.

After you work up an appetite from bargaining, you could eat at La Cisterna, Alfredo's (their Fettuccine Al Burro is a knock-out), or Corsetti's.

Later on, you might like an evening of dancing at Cabala, if your feet hold out.

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(Advertisement)

Now and then, I manage to get to the movies—pardon me, films. A few weeks ago, I saw *Alice's Restaurant* and *Easy Rider*. I felt that I should see them; it behooves an editor to keep plugged into what the kids are seeing. (Among other things, it stops a man from saying 'behooves.') The audience included many young people; less predictably, there were middle aged types present in noticeable numbers.

I liked what I saw. Expecting formless, cheerful romps, I found them instead beautiful, largely sombre works. I liked them even better after reading Joseph Gelmis' new book, THE FILM DIRECTOR AS SUPERSTAR. Gelmis is Chairman of the New York Film Critics Circle. His own writing appears in *Newsday* and is syndicated. What he has done is to interview at considerable length sixteen of the most interesting directors—from Kubrick through Forman, including names I knew, such as Lester, Nichols, Cassavetes, Penn, Polanski, Warhol, and Mailer, through names I didn't, like Francis Ford Coppola, Roger Corman, Bernardo Bertolucci, and Jim McBride.

Each expresses his personal view of filmmaking, from aesthetics to finances. Arthur Penn, for example, in discussing *Alice's Restaurant*, recalls what they had in mind in making it, some of the problems, some the fun. I'm not sure that all of what they had in mind comes through on the screen, but what I saw on the screen is now illuminated and expanded by the director's commentary.

Wrote the *Publishers' Weekly* reviewer: "An excellent book on the 'new' film, recommended for cinéastes and the college trade." But I keep telling you—there are some of *us* in the audience, too . . .

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE FILM DIRECTOR AS SUPERSTAR ($6.95; paperbound, $3.50), by Joseph Gelmis, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, New York 11030.

February 21, 1970

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 27

The New Feminism

by Lucy Komisar

Cover photo: Bob Cato

IDEAS

27 The New Feminism by Lucy Komisar
31 Protesters, Police, and Politicians by Jesse Unruh

EDITORIAL

32 Is Paris Bungling?

BOOKS

35 A Special Awareness About Mankind by Henry S. Resnik: an essay review of "History and Human Survival" by Robert Jay Lifton
35 Index of Books Reviewed
38 Book Forum: Letters from Readers
39 The Publishing Scene by David Dempsey
44 Books for Young People by Zena Sutherland

EDUCATION

57 Knell for the Numbers Game? by James Cass
62 Has the Small College a Future? by Henry Steele Commager
66 South Brunswick, N. J.: Schools Put a Town on the Map by Charles H. Harrison
69 Student Revolt: Italian Style by M. L. Stein and Joseph V. Ricapito

THE ARTS

THEATER

22 Henry Hewes reviews Art Buchwald's "Sheep on the Runway."

MOVIES

34 Hollis Alpert appraises "Zabriskie Point."

DANCE

49 Walter Terry views Jerome Robbins's moonlit "In the Night."

MUSIC

50 Robert Jacobson: Carter, Abbado, Sills

STUDENT TRAVEL 1970

77 The Grinds on the Grand Tour by Janet Mandelstam
80 European Cities: A Capital-Hopper's Guide by Dan Ardrey
82 The Uncommon Student in Africa by David Sogge

COLUMNS

6 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head
8 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds
12 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest
20 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking
24 Al Horowitz: Chess Column
33 Letters to the Editor

WORD GAMES

37 Your Literary I.Q.
47 Literary Crypt
90 Wit Twister
102 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1872

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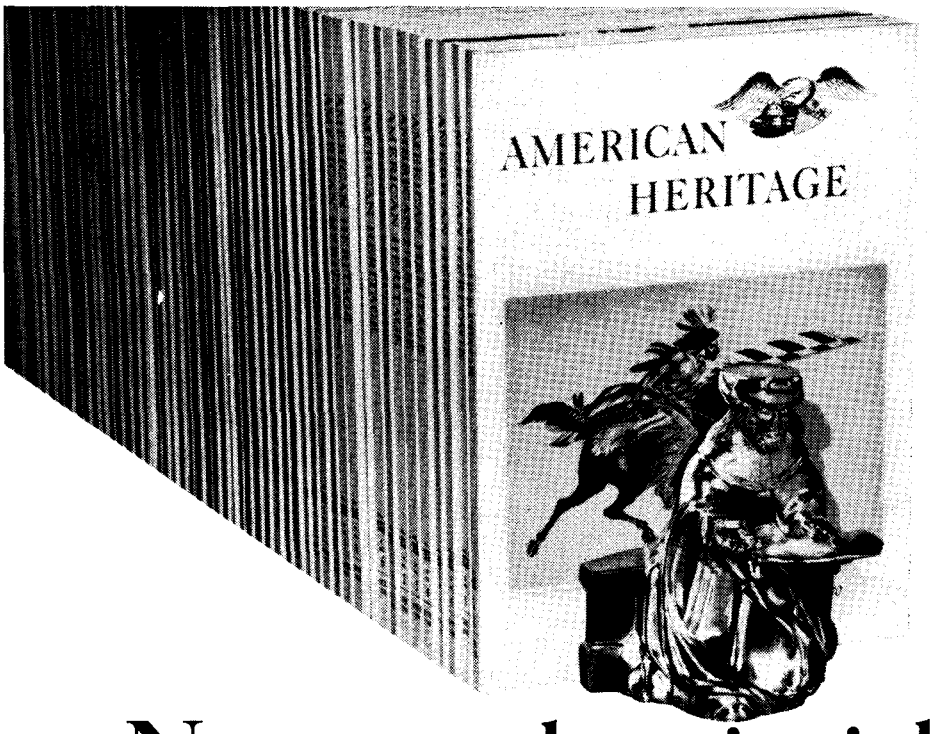

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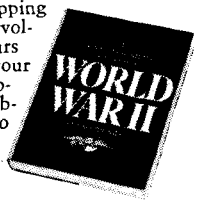

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

M Is for the Billion Things She Gave Us

"The great question of the Seventies is: Shall we surrender to our surroundings, or shall we make our peace with nature, and begin to make reparations for the damage we have done to our air, to our land, and to our water?"
—PRESIDENT NIXON.

"Hello, is that you, Mom?"

"Who is this?"

"Is this Mother Nature?"

"Yes, who's calling?"

"This is a concerned citizen. Our President has asked us to make peace with Nature. Can we set up a meeting where we can sit down and negotiate a peace treaty to clean up our polluted air, land, and water?"

"OK. But I insist on a hexagonal table."

"Hexagonal? Is that a symbol or something?"

"That'll do for a starter. Count 'em yourself. Six: auto exhausts, cigarette butts, oil slicks, garbage, chimney stacks, and gum wrappers."

"Aw, now, Mom, you're being a little intransigent. The shape of the table doesn't matter. I'm a serious, concerned citizen."

"Yeh? What country?"

"America."

"America, huh? Make that table heptagonal. Beer cans."

"Mom. I'm calling long distance. You don't sound as if you're worried about your children down here."

"Just a minute, son. You sound like you think I'm responsible for the mess you're living in. I've been doing my bit. Don't I hang out the sun every morning and the moon at night? And while I'm hanging up the moon, you're throwing out the garbage. You say you're concerned. Just how concerned are you? If you can't get your chimneys to stop smoking, would you stop smoking and contaminating the land with cigarette butts?"

"Well, yes, I would if everyone else stopped smoking. But I refuse to withdraw unilaterally. And besides, if everybody threw away their cigarette packs simultaneously, it would make a mountain of trash up to the moon."

"And your people certainly left a lot of your garbage up there, too. I'm still busy sweeping that under the Milky Way."

"A mother's work is never done."

"What's a mother to do? The air I send down there every day is pure nitrogen and oxygen, in ratio of about four to one. I make a fresh batch every morning, with a few spoonfuls of harmless additives like argon, neon, helium, and krypton. So don't blame me if you dumb people keep adding bottlefuls of sulphur dioxide."

"OK, we'll put that on the agenda. It's a bargaining point. So how about having our peace meeting?"

"Well, I don't know. You caught me at a busy time, a few weeks before spring."

"You have to plant your spring flowers?"

"No, I've done that. I've got to get my April showers hose connected, and move that stupid sun closer to the vernal point, and make a green mix for those summer leaves, and I'm in the middle of putting up jars of bronze dyes for the autumn."

"Oh, I realize you're a busy housekeeper, and the world is your dustbin, but we have a priority problem. We're told that in ten years this world won't be habitable if pollution isn't stopped. So let's have this meeting right away. We should be able to get this foul air and water cleaned up in a week with your cooperation."

"A week! Listen, I'm Mother Nature, not Mother Superior."

"Hahaha. That's very funny, Mom."

"I'm not trying to be funny. I understand your pollution problem, and I guess we should have a meeting."

"Sure, because once we get the pollution out of the way, we have to solve our population explosion."

"Just a minute, boy. Are you against the natural birth of a child?"

"Oh, no, I'm not knocking motherhood."

"Because if population's on the agenda, no peace meeting."

"We won't bring it up. Reminds me of the story about the panicky mother who called the doctor: 'Hurry right over, our six-year-old son just swallowed a birth control pill. Come immediately.' And the doctor said, 'Be calm. He'll be all right. I'll be there in an hour.' And she said, 'Please hurry.' Then fifteen minutes later she called the doctor again and said, 'You don't have to come over, Doctor. We just found another one.'—Hello?—Hello?"

She hung up. How can you make peace with a crabby dame like that?

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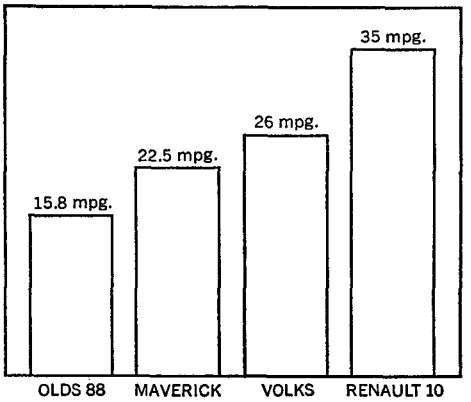

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

This was a fortnight when everybody, it seems, was picking up strange headlines. One was spotted in the *National Observer* by Russell King of Santa Paula, California:

COEDS PRESENT
UNTIED FRONT IN
BERKELEY PROTEST

We tell you protests like that make us fit to be—well, no matter. Closer at hand, another correspondent sent us a New York *Daily News* front page—one that showed a picture of a fraternity house living room that contained two boys, two girls, and one unspecified. Underneath was the caption:

> Showing that they can be bosom buddies, girls chat with male members of UCLA's Acacia fraternity in Los Angeles. The coeds—three of them—live in the frat house, which is the first of UCLA's twenty-five fraternities to experiment with coed living. They've even forced a change in the name. It's now called a "serenity."

Oh, brother—or perhaps we should say, oh other. In any case, Lawrence Moburg of Michigan City, Indiana, nominated, from the Michigan City *News Dispatch,* his headline of the week:

MISS GRAHAM,
QUICK TO WED

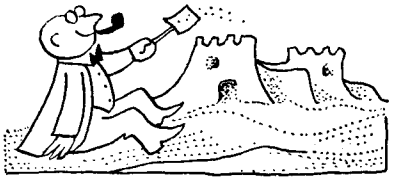
No shotgun necessary, though. It seems the bride was Janice Marilyn Graham, the groom Ronald Dale Quick. Elsewhere on the head-hunting scene, Mrs. Eileen Doyle noted in the Milwaukee *Journal* a head to conjure with:

PROBLEM OF POPULATION
NOT READILY APPARENT

On this score, more than one reader spotted the testimony on this subject by Jean Mayer, special consultant to the President, that it's time to stop fussing just about population growth among the poor and turn equal, or even more, attention to those more fortunate. Declared Mayer:

> Rich people occupy much more space, consume more of each natural resource, disturb the ecology more, and create more land, air, water, chemical, and radioactive pollution than poor people. So it can be argued from many viewpoints that it is even more urgent to control the numbers of the rich than it is to control the numbers of the poor.

Obviously, this problem, to keep the rich from spreading, doesn't concern the Old Rich as much as it does the New Rich. They're the ones, after all, who have so many of the Little Rich. One suggestion we have is to take away their tax relief. Oil depletion, for example, has simply got to go. Then, if



that doesn't work, perhaps we could take away their nurses. And, if the states can't do the job, we say fine—send in federal governesses. All in all, we can hardly wait for the day when we hear a servant talk about the rich shortage.

Along this line, our joke of the fortnight was mercifully short. "What," asks one man, "is the latest dope on Wall Street?" Replies the second man, "My son." In an Eastern Airlines magazine, however, we discovered that at least one enterprising firm offered something these days for the tired, tense businessman—an executive sandbox. It comes, the magazine notes, all equipped with fluorescent lighting, a plastic seating ledge, and four boxes of white sand—all for $456. And, for just $100 extra, apparently, you can even get foreign sand—from Egypt, Hawaii, or even Monaco. Not too much, we hope—Monaco's small. In any case, several of these sandboxes, we noted, have already been installed in executive suites and living rooms. And, said one owner: "When friends come over, they all look for the best place to sit on the ledge so they can play."

That worried us—the best place to sit! Obviously it was that old territorial imperative again. You just can't get

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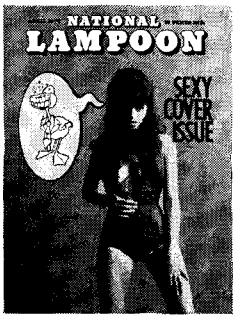
How many Americans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Even Poland has a humor magazine. We didn't, until the National Lampoon.

In April, our first issue confronts the sexual revolution and asks the question, "Sex—Filth or Dirt?" Find the answer in:



Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll
Dedicated sexologist Dr. Schoenstein reveals What Goes On When The Shades Go Down as he interviews every "Harris" in the Yonkers phone directory.

White House Romance
David and Julie find out, almost too late, that even at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue there's still room for . . . *White House Heartbreak.*

The Kuku Sutra
Amateur love machine Roger Price describes 346 new positions he recently uncovered in the pleasure temples of Bangor, Maine.

Mondo Perverto Magazine
Read all about real courage in the gripping story of an unknown starlet who confesses *I Gave My Heart To Save Eleanor Roosevelt!*

Sex Through the Ages
Professor Richard Armour holds you spellbound as he weaves the tale of its invention, improvement, and eventual obsolescence. Plus fifty—count'em—fifty puns on "fig leaf."

The Pornocopia
A stylistic analysis of all those books you threw out the day of your marriage. (You *did* throw them out, didn't you?)

The Love-Letters of Aristotle Onassis
Can a millionairess find happiness with a billionaire twice her ostensible age? A remembrance.

The Great American Dirty Joke
Did you hear the one about the eskimo and the crippled giraffe? Well, it seems . . .

Oh! Hefner!
This issue has a fold-out to sell lots of copies (*and*, of course, satirize PLAYBOY).

Normal Rockwall's Erotic Drawings
A rather small portfolio.

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Dr. Sexx, who bears a nagging resemblance to Dr. Seuss, tells it like it is.

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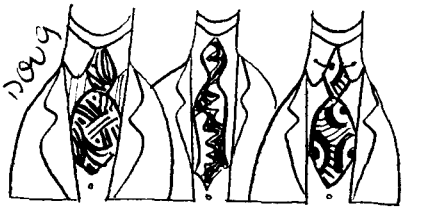
away from it, can you? Even in your very own executive sandbox. We can see it now. First the best place to sit. Then a quick dip into somebody else's pile. Then a squeeze play. Then a push . . . merger . . . conglomerate . . . monopoly . . . government interference. For crow mike, you might just as well be back at the office.

Finally, these days you hear a lot about women's fashions—about minis and maxis and midis, etc. You even hear, at least much more than you used to, about male fashions. But, strangely, one almost incredible male fashion phenomenon has passed almost unnoticed—the fact that virtually every man in the United States has had to get new neckties. A year ago he wore thin ties. Now, overnight it seems, every tie you see is a fat tie. Furthermore, they are all the kind that, in the



good old days, used to be called loud ties—the kind that no one but an actor or a salesman of doubtful product repute would have been caught dead in—or, for that matter, would have permitted himself to be buried in.

How did it all happen? Who invented fat ties? Well, by pure chance this fortnight we ran into the man—in a bad dream. He was a mousy little stringbean of a fellow, too, one who looked as if he wouldn't hurt a fly—let alone a tie. Why, we asked him, did he do it? Why, why? "Because," he told us darkly, "I'm only mousy on the outside. Inside I'm a lion."

But why? we persisted. Not *everybody*, he told us, was like him. How about people, we asked, who were lions on the outside but mice on the inside?

"Oh, *them*," he said scornfully. "They already have their ties. Their *old* ones."

Lessons of War

by Reeve Spencer Kelley

"Maybe this will teach you,"
Cried the soldier
After cocking the grenade
And throwing it high
Into the nest of the enemy, he

Walking slowly,
Among the dead thereafter
Searching
For the educated.

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"You have just been appointed Scotland's Minister of Tourism"

That statement began one of the most interesting creative teaching projects we've heard about. Miss Audrey Marzano, a teacher at the J. P. Vincent School in Bloomfield, Connecticut said it to a freckle-faced twelve year old in the second row. But let her tell you about it:

Miss Audrey Marzano, Joseph P. Vincent School, Bloomfield, Connecticut

"A New Idea"

"Teaching sixth graders about the smaller countries of Europe can be a real task. That's why, last semester I came up with a new idea to help make our Social Studies section a bit more interesting. My idea was to have each student consider himself the new 'Minister of Tourism' of a particular European country. And in that capacity, he'd have to develop an informative travel brochure boosting his country.

"Little travel brochures"

"After the students researched their countries, they prepared their travel folders directly on spirit masters. Each travel folder contained a brief history of the country, a map of historic and scenic spots, interesting statistics, some reasons to visit the country and a question page. We brought the duplicator right into the classroom and ran the masters while the class watched. After the copies were printed, we cut and stapled them into little travel brochures.

"The Next Step"

"The next step was to have each 'Minister of Tourism' make a pitch for his country in front of the class. And to help his speech along, he would hand out his original travel brochures to everyone. The brochures helped keep the students interested. And they helped the 'Minister of Tourism' remember his lines.

"The Students Loved It"

"This all helped to make studying Europe fun. Students loved it. What's more, they learned to develop research skills, creative writing, map making, organizing and cover design. And they learned what a thrill it is to see their very own creation in print."

If you would like to receive a copy of one of Miss Marzano's students' travel folders, write to A. B. Dick Company, 5700 W. Touhy Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60648, Dept. SR-10.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Dick and Jane Revisited

TWO PSYCHOLOGISTS from Maimonides Community Health Center in Brooklyn recently collaborated on *The Hip Reader*, a primer intended for "non-reading inner city or slum teen-agers." The book was another colorful step in the verisimilitudinization of primary reading matter, growth that dated even further the institutional but obsolescing Dick-Jane series.

We dropped in on the Dick-Jane family just the other day to see how they were bearing up in the face of this sensitive and sophisticated trend. Dick, Jane, Mother, Father, Baby Sally, Spot, Puff, and the second generation of children all live together in a furnished two-room apartment on Eighth Avenue and 46th Street above a cut-rate pharmacy, in a building they share with out-of-work theatrical dressers and assorted riff raff. Two months ago they were forced to sell their red house in the country as a result of the diminished demand for their primary services.

Of the three children of Mother and Father, only Baby Sally ever married. She was, unfortunately, widowed five years ago. She has two children, Dick Junior, eight, and Baby Jane, six. The family's long-time friend and press agent, Saul Rosenbloom, arranged the meeting. He warned us that the family was in bad shape. Baby Sally, thirty-eight, an erubescent blonde somewhat reminiscent of Mary Beth Hughes, met us at the door.

"Come in! Come in!" she said. "I know the apartment looks like something out of *Country Girl* by Clifford Odets. But that's life, right? You've met Mother, Father, Dick, Jane, Puff, and Spot. The kids are around somewhere. I'll go get them."

"Hello," said Mother.

"Hello," said Dick.

"Hello," said Jane.

"Bow-wow," said Spot.

Puff sat on the window sill overlooking Eighth Avenue. He emitted a perfunctory "Mew-mew" and turned back around to blink at the sun.

Father rocked in a rocking chair near the window. He wore a brown, Fifties-cut primer suit and a wide-brimmed, well-blocked primer hat. He made a rhythmically consonant move of the head, which we erroneously took to be an acknowledgment. He continued to nod his head, alas, long after our salutations were completed.

"Hello, Mother, Father, Dick, and Jane," we said. Jane had grown into a rather blowzy woman and Dick into a suspiciously handsome man.

The shabby apartment was riddled with exposed plumbing. Various awards hung on the peeling walls. We noticed one in particular. It was a gold-framed blackboard on which was chalked: "To the Dick-Jane Family for Consistent and Uncompromising Excellence, 1957." There was a picture of the family with Harry and Bess Truman, and a bookcase bulging with hundreds of Dick-Jane readers.

"Father, take your hat off," said Mother.

"Yes, Father, do take your hat off," said Jane.

Mother said, "Look! Look! Father has his hat on in the house. Silly Father. Why do you wear a hat in the house?"

"For Chrissakes, leave the old man alone," said Dick. "Can't you see he is dying inside? A man is entitled to die inside."

"You should know," said Jane to her brother Dick. "Father will be less sad after our afternoon session."

As we were wondering what Jane meant, Baby Sally returned with the children: Dick Junior in a yellow polo shirt and corduroy pants, Baby Jane wearing a starchy little blue dress, lace collar, and badly scuffed patent-leather Mary Janes.

With the entrance of the children, Father seemed to come out of his glazed, rocking state. He lit up a long-stemmed primer pipe and said excitedly: "Where is Puff? Where is Spot? Here, Spot! Here, Puff!"

The animals edged up to him.

"Here is Spot. Here is Puff," he said. "Hello, Spot. Hello, Puff."

The room began to bustle. We were directed to step aside while the kitchen table was moved to make room for various articles that were ritualistically placed on the floor. There were red blocks and blue blocks, a blanket, a ball of green yarn, and a rubber ball. Baby Sally appeared to be in charge.

"Baby Jane," said Sally, "you go over to Father and be prepared to put your hands in front of his eyes. Father, stay seated where you are. Baby Dick, you sit by those blocks and begin to fool with them. Mother, see if you can't get Puff to pay some attention to that ball of yarn."

Mother picked Puff up out of his window seat and placed him directly

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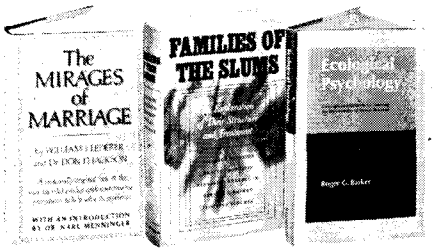

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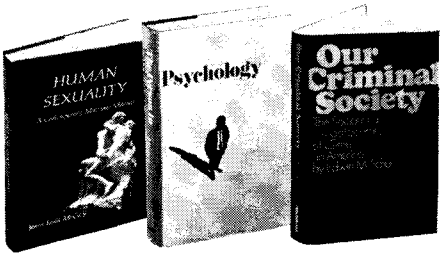

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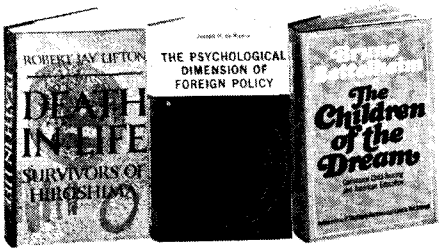
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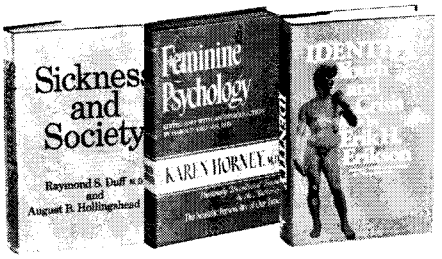

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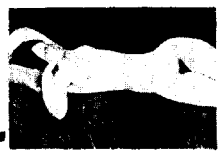

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342. BRAQUE. SEATED NUDE. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **5.95** **574.** On Paper. **6.95**

234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only **9.95**

204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and reds. 17" x 27". Only **5.95** **110.** On paper. **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only **5.95** **186.** On paper **2.98**

245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 15" x 20". Only **7.95**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**

548. HAUSMAN. WOMAN. Silkscreen poster. Fine art stock. Full color. 20" x 38". Only **4.95**

271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **9.95** **561.** On paper. Only **6.95**

325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

347. HUG. KANGAROOS. Lithograph canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **579.** On Paper. **2.98**

209. PICASSO. STUDIES FOR MOTHER AND CHILD. On artist canvas. Sepia tones. 16" x 20". Only **4.95**

265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24" Only **7.95**

264. MONET. SUNFLOWERS. On artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24" Only **6.95**

314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 22" Only **9.95**

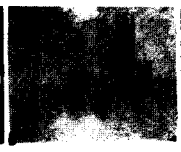
343. HUG. CHEETAH. Lithograph artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **575.** On Paper. **2.98**

547. PICASSO. TOROS EN VALLAVRIS. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Black and white. 20" x 21". Only **1.98**

287. PICASSO. THE TRAGEDY. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 17" x 26". Only **5.95** **517.** On paper **2.98**

319. DeKAY. TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

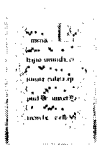
308. HAUSMAN. THE PARTING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only **5.95** **529.** On paper. Only **2.98**



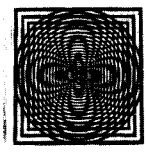
270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only **6.95**

316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Grays and blacks. 16" x 20". Only **4.95**

282. HUG. THE CAT. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **508.** On paper **2.98**

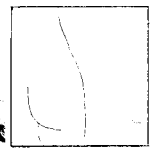


150. MUSIC MANUSCRIPT WITH ASTROLOGERS. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Full color. 20" x 30". Only **3.95**



583. POW. On fine art stock. Silkscreen in full color. 22" x 28". Only **2.49**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **509.** On paper **2.98**

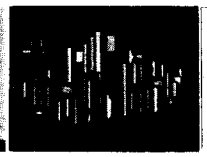


308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 16" x 20". Only **2.98**

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

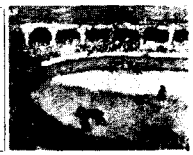
546. PICASSO. MATADOR. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Orange and black 23" x 35". Only **$3.95**

871. GILLETTE. LOVE. Poster in grays and white on fine art stock. 17" x 21". Only **1.98**



541. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors on black. 23" x 29". Only **1.98**

528. BEN SHAHN. Poster. Black & brown on white paper. 30" x 45". Only **3.95**



300. PICASSO. CORRIDA DE TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 24". Only **5.95**

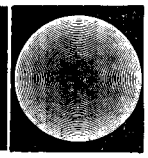
313. PICASSO. LA RONDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **5.95**

324. ALBO. FREE AS THE WIND. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

281. PICASSO. TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

210. RUBENS. ARTIST'S SON. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 14" x 17". Only **5.95** **112.** On paper. Only **2.98**

304. PICASSO. THE DOVE. Silkscreen artist canvas. Black, grays and white. 12" x 15". Only **4.95**



543. TARGET. Poster in red, yellow, black, and white. 40" x 40". Only **1.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on artist canvas, Blues and greens. 18" x 26". Only **5.95**

305. RYER. LOVERS. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, gold, tans. 18" x 29". Only **5.95.** **530.** Paper. **2.98**

312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **5.95**

262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen canvas. Color. 16" x 23". Only **5.95** **523.** On paper **2.98**

254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 22" x 22". Only **6.95** **526.** On paper **3.95**

310. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 14" x 32". Only **5.95** **538.** On paper. **2.98**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Lithograph on canvas. Full color. 18" x 29". Only **5.95** **518.** Paper. **2.98**

299. DAUMIER. MAN OF LA MANCHA. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 26". Only **5.95**

323. DEGAS. THE GLASS OF ABSINTHE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

540. SPHERES. Dayglo colors. Fine art stock. 19" x 31". Only **1.98**

534. ART EXHIBITION POSTERS. Set of four. Heavy art stock. Full color. KLEE, MIRO, DUFY, CHAGALL. 20" x 30" ea. All four only **3.95**

351. HUG. THE OWLS. Lithograph on artist canvas Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **589.** On paper **2.98**

344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph artist canvas. Red background. 22" x 28". Only **5.98** 576. On Paper. **2.98**

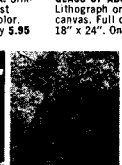
246. EL GRECO. ST. MARTIN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. 16" x 30". Only **6.95**

550. LOVE. Silkscreen poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

559. SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

590. LOVE IS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

563. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Poster on paper. Black & white. 22" x 25". Only **1.98**

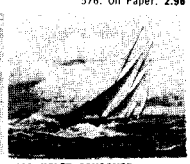


591. TAKE TIME. Poster on paper. Grays & white. 19" x 25". Only **1.98**

226. MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 31". Only **4.95**

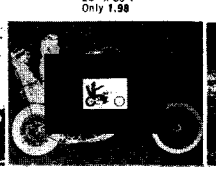
289. CHARIOTEERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 37". Only **4.95**

892. FIRE. Silkscreen on paper. Black Light poster. 22" x 28". Only **2.98**



298. HOLTZ. SCHOONER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

558. MOTHER EARTH. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**



584. COLUMBIA PICTURES' EASY RIDER. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Emerald green, blue, orange, magenta. 32" x 42". Only **3.98**

593. MAN ON MOON. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

275. VAN GOGH. CYPRESS ROAD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 21" x 28". Only **4.95**

571. PETER MAX. AUDIO D.N.A. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

250. MANET. THE PIPER. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 15" x 25". Only **2.98**

229. PARTRIDGE PANEL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues, greens, yellow. 12" x 37". Only **4.95**

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339. DETLEFSEN. HAPPY DAYS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

215. PICASSO. THE LOVERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only 4.95

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellow. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**
511. On paper. **2.98**

251. SEURAT. LA GRANDE JATTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **5.95**

302. PICASSO. FAUN WITH LEAVES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

278. TURNER. THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

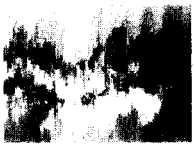
513. NEVER AGAIN WAR. After **KOLLWITZ.** Silkscreen on paper. Black, grays, daylo red. 23" x 30". Only **4.95**

269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **6.95**

155. KLEE. BIRD GARDEN. Silkscreen on paper. Full color. 17" x 24". Only **2.98**

532. MATISSE. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on parchment paper Blue. 16" x 23". Only **2.98**

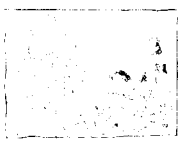
303. MODIGLIANI. CARYATID. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blue. 15" x 20". Only **3.95**



334. MUNNICH. CITY VISTA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

335. SIMON. GOLDEN CHARGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

329. REMBRANDT. GIRL WITH BROOM. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



307. PICASSO. DANCES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 17" x 22". Only **3.95.**

272. BUFFET. CLOWN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

288. PICASSO. BACCHANAL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

357 DETLEFSEN. SPRING BLOSSOMS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18 x 24". Only **4.95**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 27". Only **5.95**

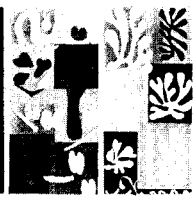
352. MONET. ROUEN CATHEDRAL. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 26". Only **6.95**

286. VAN GOGH. STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**
588. On Paper. Only **2.98**

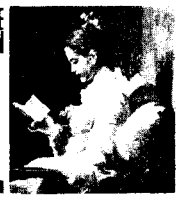
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS 531. Set of four collotype posters. Each 20" x 28". Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril and Divan Japonais. Special all four **3.95**

255. REDON. WILD-FLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 19" x 26". Only **2.98**



280. MATISSE. PAIR OF MURALS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 13" x 28" each. Pair only **6.95**

564. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON. Poster on paper. Black and white. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**



279. FRAGONARD. YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**

317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

353. REMBRANDT. SELF-PORTRAIT. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

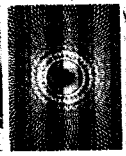
544. BUTTERFLY. Poster on paper. Daygio colors. 29" x 23". Only **1.98**

333. APPEL. ABSTRACT. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

336. REMBRANDT. YOUNG GIRL AT DOOR. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

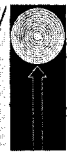
553. RENAISSANCE MINSTRELS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 23". Only **1.98**

326. CEZANNE. BLUE VASE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



567. ENERGY. Silkscreen poster on paper. Daygio colors. 22" x 28". Only **1.98**

595. EVOLUTION. Silkscreen on paper Black Light poster. 22" x 28". Only **2.98**

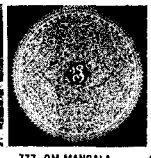


586. BULLSEYE. Silkscreen on art stock. 12" x 30". Only **1.98**

258. RENOIR. LITTLE SHEPHERD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 23". Only **1.00**

330. VAN GOGH. DRAWBRIDGE AT ARLES. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

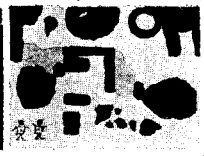
354. RENOIR. THE SWING. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



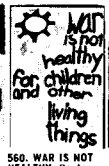
777. OM MANDALA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Greens & gold. 24" x 24". Only **1.98**

345. HUG. THE PUMA. Lithograph on canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**
577. On paper. **2.98**

582. MORATORIUM. Silkscreen poster on art stock. Blue & White. 24" x 27". Only **2.98**



217. KLEE. THE LONELY ONES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **5.95**
147. On paper **2.98**



560. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

556. WOOD. AMERICAN GOTHIC. Lithograph on paper. Full color. 17" x 21". Only **7.50**

332. MONET. BASSIN D'ARGENTEUIL. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

356. TONASCO. MUSTANGS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

236. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT—GREEN KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**

235. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT—BLUE KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**

552. TODAY. Poster on paper. Black & gold. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

328. RENOIR. LITTLE IRENE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

338. RENOIR. BOATING PARTY. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24" Only **4.95**

572. PETER MAX. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

355. RENOIR. ON THE TERRACE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24" Only **5.95**

594. CALIFORNIA. Poster on paper Grays & white 22" x 28". Only **1.98**

597. MAKE LOVE NOT WAR. Poster on paper Black & white. 18" x 23". Only **1.98**

570. PETER MAX. TOP CAT. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

358. HUG. THE GIRAFFE. Lithograph canvas. Color. 22" x 28". **5.95**
598. Paper. **2.98**

587. THE SILENT MAJORITY. Arlington Cemetary. Lithograph on art stock. Full color. 22" x 30". Only **2.98**

556. CAT. Silkscreen on paper. Daygio colors. 20" x 30" Only **1.98**

256. VAN GOGH. CHURCH AT AUVERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

244. MODIGLIANI. MARIE. Silkscreen on artist canvas, Sepia 15" x 23". Only **2.98**
183. On paper **1.49**

248. VAN GOGH. IRISES. Silkscreen on artist canvas, Full color. 20" x 25". Only **6.95**

519. KWAN YIN. Silkscreen on rice paper, Blue. 12" x 39". Only **1.98**

291. REMBRANDT. YOUNG WARRIOR. Silkscreen on artist canvas, Full color. 19" x 27". Only **5.95**

596. NESBITT. LUNAR RAPE—'69. Silkscreen on paper. Gold, silver, black. 25" x 30". Only **4.95**

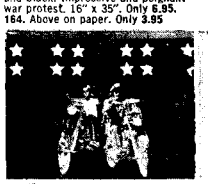
527. DURER. KNIGHT, DEATH & THE DEVIL. Silkscreen on paper. Sepia. 21" x 27". Only **2.98**

198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR. Silkscreen on paper. Daygio red & black. 25" x 38". Only **4.95**

237. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 28". Only **5.95**

230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Lithograph on artist canvas in grays and black. Impressive and poignant war protest. 16" x 35". Only **6.95.**
164. Above on paper. Only **3.95**

284. HUG. THE LION. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**
510. On paper **2.98**



569. EASY RIDER. Silkscreen poster on paper. Daygio red, white & blue. 22" x 28". Only **2.98**

216. KOLLWITZ. MOTHER AND CHILD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

568. AZTECA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Daygio colors. 26" x 27". Only **1.98**

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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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in front of the yarn, rolling it suggestively. He stretched and jumped back on the window. Mother spread some catnip on the yarn. Though Puff was less than enthralled, he at least kept his proper place.

"Okay," said Sally. "Let's go."

Baby Jane tugged at her crinoline and came up in back of Father, blindfolding him with her hands.

"That's good, Jane," said Sally.

"Who is this?" said Jane to Father.

"It is not Mother," said Father.

"No," said Jane. "It is not Mother."

"It is not Dick," said Father.

"No," said Jane, "it is not Dick."

"It is certainly not Puff or Spot," said Father.

"No. It is not Spot and it is not Puff," said Jane.

"Is it Jane?" asked Father.

"Yes," said Jane. "It is Jane."

"Funny . . . er . . . funny. . . ." Father looked helplessly at Sally, then Jane.

"Funny *little Jane*," Sally prompted.

"Funny little Jane," said Father.

Sally nodded Mother's way. Mother walked over to Dick Junior.

"Look at Dick," Mother said. "Dick is playing with his blocks. The blocks are red."

"My blocks are red. Jane's blocks are blue," said Dick.

"Funny little Dick," said Mother.

"I will build a house with my blocks," said Dick.

"Yes," said Mother, "build a house with your blocks."

There was an awkward pause. Sally sighed and shouted to Father, "Walk over to the blocks, Father."

Father threw his pipe in rage against a far wall. "I forgot my line," said Father.

"You don't *have* a line here. Just walk into the play area," said Sally.

Father did as he was told and stood beside Dick Junior.

"Here is Father," said Dick.

"Hold it! Cut!" said Sally.

"What's the matter now?" Mother said, patting her Marcel in a quick bending peep at the mirror.

"Father, we can't have that. Look at your feet!" said Sally.

Father looked down at his feet. He was wearing tattered socks, out of which a longish toenail stuck.

"Father, what is the matter with you?" said Sally. "This is a towering shot. Only your feet and your towering legs will show in this frame, *towering* above Dick, who is sitting on the floor playing with his blocks. My God, Father, how could you foul up a towering shot?"

"We had better break for the day," said Mother to Sally; "your paragraphs are getting much too involved."

"Yes, that's enough for today," said Dick Senior. "For pity sakes, the man is dying inside. Can't you see what this move to the city has done to Father?"

Father, who had resumed his glazed rocking, got up out of the chair to walk to the window.

"Father's off his rocker," said Little Dick, laughing maniacally. Sally slapped him hard on the face.

"You'll be sorry you ever did that, you slut!" said Little Dick, holding his jaw.

"He *is* off his rocker! This whole family is washed up," said Baby Jane, tearing off her crinoline. "Let's get out of here, Dick."

They slammed out the door. Mother yelled down the stairs, "Don't go into the street. It is filled with hookers."

"Run, Dick! Run!" said Jane.

"Lemme alone!" said Dick.

"I think you'd better go now," said Sally to us. "You've got your story. It's a matter of lost faith. The world stopped believing in us; then we stopped believing in us.

"But who knows," said Sally, "that a little serendipity won't come into play here. Over the past two months, we've all been sort of inner-citified. By spring, we could be relevant." —LEE ISRAEL.

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FRANCES STRAUSS:

MY RHODESIA

Lizards ran across the floor or lay endlessly on the rocks, around which all the front gardens were planted. They looked very human as they lay propped on their elbows, hands at either side of their faces, studying crevices in the rock for insects.

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PAINTING FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

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Metropolitan Museum of Art
Seminars in the Home

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

LOUISE BOGAN, 1897-1970: A poet has no true biography outside his poems. What is visible to a biographer is a physical body occupying space. At times the poet within that physical body moves, always in ways invisible to the biographer, to a superning inward-and-outward of the medium and takes on the new non-spatial existence of a poem, a kind of existence apart from the biographical "is" and into a formal "as-if."

When that motion into the "as-if" succeeds, a voice is formed, a voice always deeply related to the speaking voice of the physical identity of the poet, but always at a depth that eludes our best guesswork. When the poem is good, we have the power of its voice along with the mystery of that power.

Once that voice is formed and its power and mystery are felt, critics like to assert that it is immortal. What such critics mean, of course, is that language matters, that the human race needs—in something like the way most men need religious sanctions—those moments when language seems to form into an artifact of emotional summation, and that such passages will endure for as long as men can respond emotionally to the language in which that voice spoke at its moment of summary.

When we say a passage of poetry is "immortal," we can only mean "culturally immortal," which is to say, for the duration of a given culture and of consequent cultures able to respond to it. Where, for example, are the "immortalities" of the Etruscan voice? Surely Etruscans loved, and surely some Etruscan found the true voice of his feeling, but the culture in which that voice was "immortal" died, or merged into cultures not consequent to it.

It may be mere fussiness to belabor the idea of the "immortal" voice in this way. Hopefully, the distinction may be on the way to a small precision, and may, therefore, be acceptable as a homage to a poet whose central quality is the intensity of her emotional and technical precision.

May this effort to describe the poet's true place within the total experience of the race on this planet also forgive me for dismissing as irrelevant those external data biographers will labor at. Over the years, I met Miss Bogan at more or less regular though not frequent intervals, and, aside from a sense that her mind was a firm containment and her manner withheld but easy, I never imagined I knew her. Over the same years, and for many more before I met her as a person, I read her often, and I think I came to know her intimately as a voice.

On February 4, 1970, Louise Bogan died at her New York home at the age of seventy-two, her books behind her on an honored shelf, her achievement recognized by the grant of nearly every important award America can offer a poet. There could have been five years more, or ten, or again ten. In the sadness of human fragility, her friends must mourn for the good that could have been but was not. Her readers—the intimates of her imagination—can feel only an added poignancy in listening again to the poems.

Cry, song, cry
And hear your crying lost.

The fact remains that the page does not care about the physical life of the person who was sometimes the poet. The page must be come to selfishly, rewarding the selfishness of the reader with the precision of its mortal sureness of feeling and saying. Only then can selfishness change to that gladness-like-gratitude with which we respond to true acts of poetry.

Or is it gratitude? Sometimes I think we want our poets to be sad for us, that we are glad Keats died young (for us), that Donne suffered what we can enjoy, and that our memory of the poet's creative pains (they are, of course, an act of joy wrung from the fact of the pain) always leaves us happier (when the poem rings true) because fuller.

Whatever the final truth of ourselves as readers and atavists, Louise Bogan knew and lived her contract with the page, as she knew the difference between her daily errands and those life-moments when she was subsumed into her made-identity as a poet.

This, by your leave, is what she
should have been,—
Another man will tell you what she
was.

But add that whatever that biographical other man may have to say, poet Bogan knew what she should have been and knew it as firmly as any poet can.

Seeking, I think, a light that waits
Still as a lamp upon a shelf,—

—*Lida Moser.*

Louise Bogan "knew and lived her contract with the page."

As with every true poet, it is her poems that speak her elegy, as they speak her success (or what her friend W. H. Auden called "human unsuccess," meaning something like a near-total engagement with the fallibility of the human condition).

Attest, poor body, with what scars
you have
That you left life, to come down to
the grave.

For the creative joy is always snatched from mortal sadness. Even when the poem is a brimful song of morning dew-pearled, the shading that creates the joy in relief is knowledge of the night. Louise Bogan was not—is not—a singer of brimful songs. Her voice was wary, sometimes the voice of a frightened holding-back:

In fear of the rich mouth
I kissed the thin,—

At such moments (in her earlier poems) she could falter toward a kind of Puritanism that was at best a poor relation of her larger precisions. Within those precisions, the grief is not a fear of life but a sadness joyously said because it was said so true of itself that it could speak everyman's self, Puritan, roué, or any child between:

She is possessed by time who once
Was loved by men.

Our feelings on the death of a poet are always confused by the doubleness of our way of identifying with poets. Even when our knowledge of the person of the poet is slight, there is the sadness of losing what was loved by men. Yet, as readers identified with (and by) the poems, we are aware not only of that possession by time but of it, by our knowledge that the poet's work is full and fully present. We can recognize, as one more sadness, that

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the poet might have lived to write more poems, but not—not at least when the poet has matured as fully as Louise Bogan had—that he would have formed a new voice. We might, that is to say, have wished for (and cherished) more trees, but we know we already have a forest, a woods, or a copse, depending on the magnitude of the experiences the poet has brought to form. There is, then, a sense of completion—a sadness that great lives must end, an admiration that genius can give them such voice.

In the sadness of losing Miss Bogan, for us there will always be the joy—exactly as the poet wanted it to be—of finding undiminished the sound that mind and feeling make when the talent is true and, therefore, ours in the pleasure of being made equal, for the instant of the poem, to some part of our mortal weight.

Slipping in blood, by his own hand, through pride,
Hamlet, Othello, Coriolanus fall.
Upon his bed, however, Shakespeare died,
Having endured them all.

Miss Bogan called this four-line poem "To an Artist to Take Heart." As her own elegy it might aptly be retitled "To the Poet to Take to Time."

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Henry Hewes

Art Buchwald's First Flight

ART BUCHWALD has a remarkable talent for finding the comic inconsistencies in the latest newspaper item before the ink has dried. And his first attempt at playwriting, *Sheep on the Runway*, remains airborne mainly through his merry exercise of that talent. However, it is not a sampler of short wisecracks. It is a genuine if only partly successful effort to create an entertaining play that will reveal how Americans can bring about something like the Vietnam situation without being aware of what they are doing.

Buchwald's story is hypothetical, taking place in a tiny Himalayan country he calls Nonomura. The new American ambassador, Raymond Wilkins, has no qualifications for his post beyond having contributed handsomely to the Republican campaign fund. Nevertheless, he is distressed about the unimportance of his assignment, and has invited a Communist-hunting columnist named Joseph Mayflower to visit and write him up in his newspaper "so people will know where we are." Mayflower is there only a few minutes before he finds things "boiling" under the surface of this sleepy little kingdom. His column on the subject instantly brings to Nonomura representatives from the Pentagon and from the Agency for International Development. These officials, it turns out, need to perform their function zealously and single-mindedly, and this, plus the normal amount of native greed, does the rest.

But the instigators are not made to seem malicious. Rather they appear to be the amusingly foolish victims of viable American attitudes. What Buchwald does is to turn up some of the patently nonsensical notions that most of us readily accept, perhaps because we feel that they are essential to the high standard of living we enjoy. For instance, Ambassador Wilkins explains away a politician's corruption with: "He denied being guilty of wrongdoing, though he admitted taking the money." Or the AID official straightfacedly defends his plan to use DDT in Nonomura by pointing out, "DDT has been rated dangerous for the U.S., but not for the rest of the world." Then there is the general, who believes: "Send a couple of tanks down the main street, and it cheers up the whole country." And Mayflower soberly states as wisdom the rule: "Never trust a man who speaks the language of the country in which he is stationed."

The consistency and the accuracy of Buchwald's humor compensate for a good deal of inexpert play construction. For instance, he has the ambassador's hippie daughter start a student revolt, but when he is unable to integrate this complication into the story, the playwright simply ships her back to the U.S. Worse still is the lack of design in the series of political coups that come about, and the unsureness with which the playwright demonstrates how American officials can be easily blackmailed into supporting the wrong government. Near the end of the play, he introduces the CIA, which by comparison seems to be the only American agency that knows what it is doing. But to have the CIA save the day and restore peace would have been not only a historically false note, but unfair to Buchwald's implicit contract to ridicule everyone equally. Therefore, he extends his play beyond what structurally should have been its resolution and ends up with a new and accidental complication. This could be corrected, and possibly the playwright will do so during what promises to be a good run whether he rewrites or not.

Because the success of *Sheep on the Runway* depends upon our seeing the play's events as comic, the production is most fortunate to have David Burns as its leading performer. Mr. Burns plays the troubled ambassador like a trapped goat. With buffoonish preposterousness he attacks each line, only to be hilariously defeated by the painful absurdities he finds himself uttering. His best bit comes when he is asked to make a big decision and responds with a masterpiece of vacillation, not very different from some Presidential speeches we have heard. Martin Gabel as Mayflower manages to make humorlessness funny. Barnard Hughes is the very model of Pentagonomania as General Ripcord Fitzhugh. Remak Ramsay is amusingly inept as the young AID bureaucrat.

Director Gene Saks has seen to it that the action keeps its satiric edge at all times, and Peter Larkin's setting helps by putting the embassy in ridiculous relation to an impossibly steep mountain outside. All things considered, *Sheep on the Runway* provides good grazing for laughs and something concrete besides.

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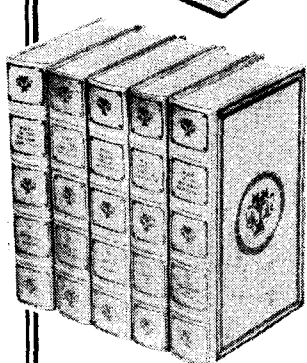

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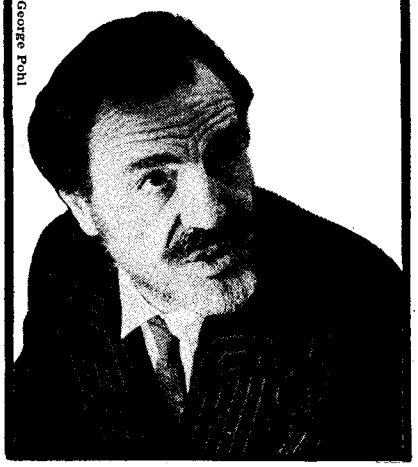


"He is now the nation's most visible apostle of using ecology for planning," says *Time Magazine*. "DESIGN WITH NATURE, his new book, clearly shows that the main obstacle to saving the U.S. landscape is ignorance."

"DESIGN WITH NATURE demonstrates how the new knowledge of ecology can and must be applied to actual environments," writes *Wolf von Eckhardt,* architecture critic of the *Washington Post*. "It may well be one of the most important books of the century, a turning point in man's view and treatment of his environment."

Lewis Mumford says: "Here are the foundations for a civilization that will replace the polluted, bulldozed, machine-dominated, dehumanized, explosion-threatened world that is even now disintegrating and disappearing before our eyes. In presenting us with a vision of organic exuberance and human delight, which ecology and ecological design promise to open up for us, McHarg revives the hope for a better world."

DESIGN WITH NATURE

214 pages • 11" x 11" • 300 photographs, drawings, diagrams, plans and maps, many in color • Second printing • $22.50 at all booksellers

THE NATURAL HISTORY PRESS

a division of Doubleday & Company, Inc.; publisher for The American Museum of Natural History.

Chess Corner No. 149

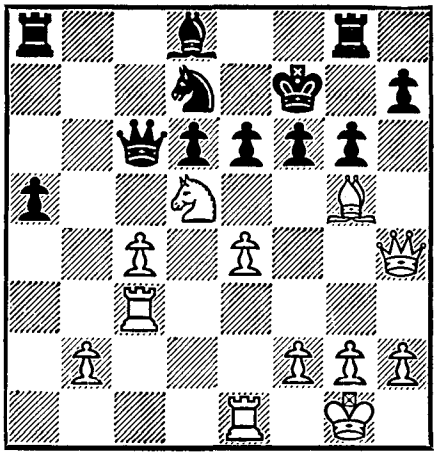
There is the old tale of the brilliancy-prize seeker. First he pitches a pawn, then he "sacks" a piece, then a rook, and finally the queen. And when all this leads to mental "confabulation," and the sum total of a fat zero in the way of compensation, he resigns.

The art of sacrificing in chess embraces much more than a mass of offerings and a prayer. It is a business deal with an investment and a yield, though the final denouement is not always anticipated.

In the recent Continental Open of Chicago, in the game Lubomil Kavalek, a former Czechoslovak champion, now of West Germany, vs. Ken Smith of Dallas, White put a knight *en prise* on his thirteenth turn. And there it remained, tempting, teasing, and taunting until move 28—sixteen full moves later. The foray was part and parcel of what is technically known as the Maroczy "bind" of the Sicilian Defense. And it exerted pressure from beginning to end in the nature of a sockdolager.

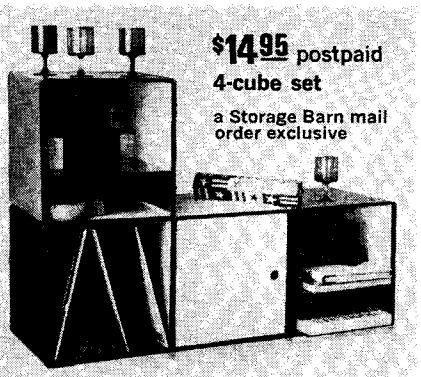
SICILIAN DEFENSE

Kavalek White	Smith Black	Kavalek White	Smith Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	14 B-B2	N-B4
2 N-KB3	P-K3	15 RxP	B-K2
3 P-Q4	PxP	16 R-K1	B-Q1
4 NxP	P-QR3	17 R-R3	P-QR4
5 B-Q3	Q-B2	18 R-KN3	K-B1
6 O-O	N-QB3	19 Q-N4	P-N3
7 NxN	QxN	20 B-R6ch	K-K1
8 P-QB4	P-QN3	21 Q-B4	N-Q2
9 Q-K2	B-N2	22 R-QR3	Q-B4
10 N-B3	P-Q3	23 B-R4	B-QB3
11 P-QR4	N-B3	24 BxB	QxB
12 P-R5	PxP	25 R-QB3	R-KN1
13 N-Q5	N-Q2	26 B-N5	P-B3
		27 Q-R4	K-B2



28 NxP	P-R3
29 NxR	BxB
30 NxPch	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.



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WHO'D HAVE THUNK IT?

There is a kind of drear ennui (with side effects of rue) that occasionally afflicts our normally upbeat young staff. It doesn't last long—we have other things to do—but we've yet to find an antidote or immunizer for it. Its onset is precipitated by the cultural-time-lag virus that comes winging hither to our editorial offices, borne upon such phrases from the public prints as "Believe it or not, PLAYBOY manages to sandwich in some pretty good writing among the nudes," or "Of all places to find the work of a serious and talented novelist, the current issue of PLAYBOY, departing from its usual raunchy content . . ." or "Much to our surprise, Mr. X, the distinguished jurist [or historian, or ecologist, or ethologist] has chosen to appear in PLAYBOY . . ." or "Strange as it may seem, the new anthology of stories, articles and interviews from PLAYBOY contains excellent writing by such important authors as . . ." etc., etc. In other words, "Who'd have thunk it?"

It doesn't ameliorate matters much that when we read or hear such remarks, we can safely presume the source is unfamiliar with the magazine we've been publishing quite successfully for fifteen years. If our imitators (and no magazine has had so many) who strive so slavishly to copy us—and can't understand why they aren't successful, too—don't really get the message of what we're all about, why should we expect more comprehension from time-laggard critics? Perhaps the answer is that we continue to assume that people should know just a bit about a subject before spouting off about it—which may reflect a certain naiveté hereabouts. The fact is, we'd rather be naive than cynical, but that's another story.

The story we want to tell right now hasn't much of a plot, but it does have an impressive cast of characters. We call it "The PLAYBOY Who's Who." It is, simply, a roster of contributors whose work we've published in the past year or so. The list isn't complete by far, but it provides some idea of what we're doing, in case you're among those who don't know, which would be a pity. Alphabetically, then:

JAMES ALDRIDGE
WOODY ALLEN
HEINRICH BÖLL
CONG. RICHARD BOLLING
JULIAN BOND
RAY BRADBURY
ART BUCHWALD
ABE BURROWS
TRUMAN CAPOTE
U.S. SEN. FRANK CHURCH
ARTHUR C. CLARKE
ELDRIDGE CLEAVER
WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN
BILL COSBY
LEN DEIGHTON
WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
LAWRENCE DURRELL
JAMES T. FARRELL
JULES FEIFFER
LESLIE A. FIEDLER
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN
ROMAIN GARY
J. PAUL GETTY
ALLEN GINSBERG
ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG
ROBERT GRAVES
GRAHAM GREENE
DAVID HALBERSTAM
ALAN HARRINGTON
JOSEPH HELLER
NAT HENTOFF
KARL HESS
ERIC HOFFER
MORTON HUNT
EVAN HUNTER
ELIOT JANEWAY
U.S. SEN. JACOB JAVITS
LE ROI JONES
DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
ARTHUR KOESTLER
TIMOTHY LEARY
JOHN V. LINDSAY
U.S. SEN. GEO. MC GOVERN
MARSHALL MC LUHAN
CAREY MC WILLIAMS
ARTHUR MILLER
HENRY MILLER
ALBERTO MORAVIA
ROBERT MORLEY
DESMOND MORRIS
VLADIMIR NABOKOV
U.S. SEN. GAYLORD NELSON
SEAN O'FAOLAIN
DREW PEARSON
U.S. SEN. CHARLES H. PERCY
HARRY MARK PETRAKIS
NORMAN PODHORETZ
ROGER PRICE
MORT SAHL
WILLIAM SANSOM
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
BUDD SCHULBERG
RONALD SEARLE
IRWIN SHAW
GEORGES SIMENON
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
THEODORE C. SORENSEN
LYTTON STRACHEY
WILLIAM STYRON
U.S. SEN. JOS. D. TYDINGS
KENNETH TYNAN
JOHN UPDIKE
ALAN WATTS
TOM WICKER
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
P. G. WODEHOUSE

PS: We also pride ourselves on discovering new writers. And we always publish pictures of pretty girls.
PPS: Did you miss our January issue? Let us know and we'll send you a copy gratis, while the supply lasts.

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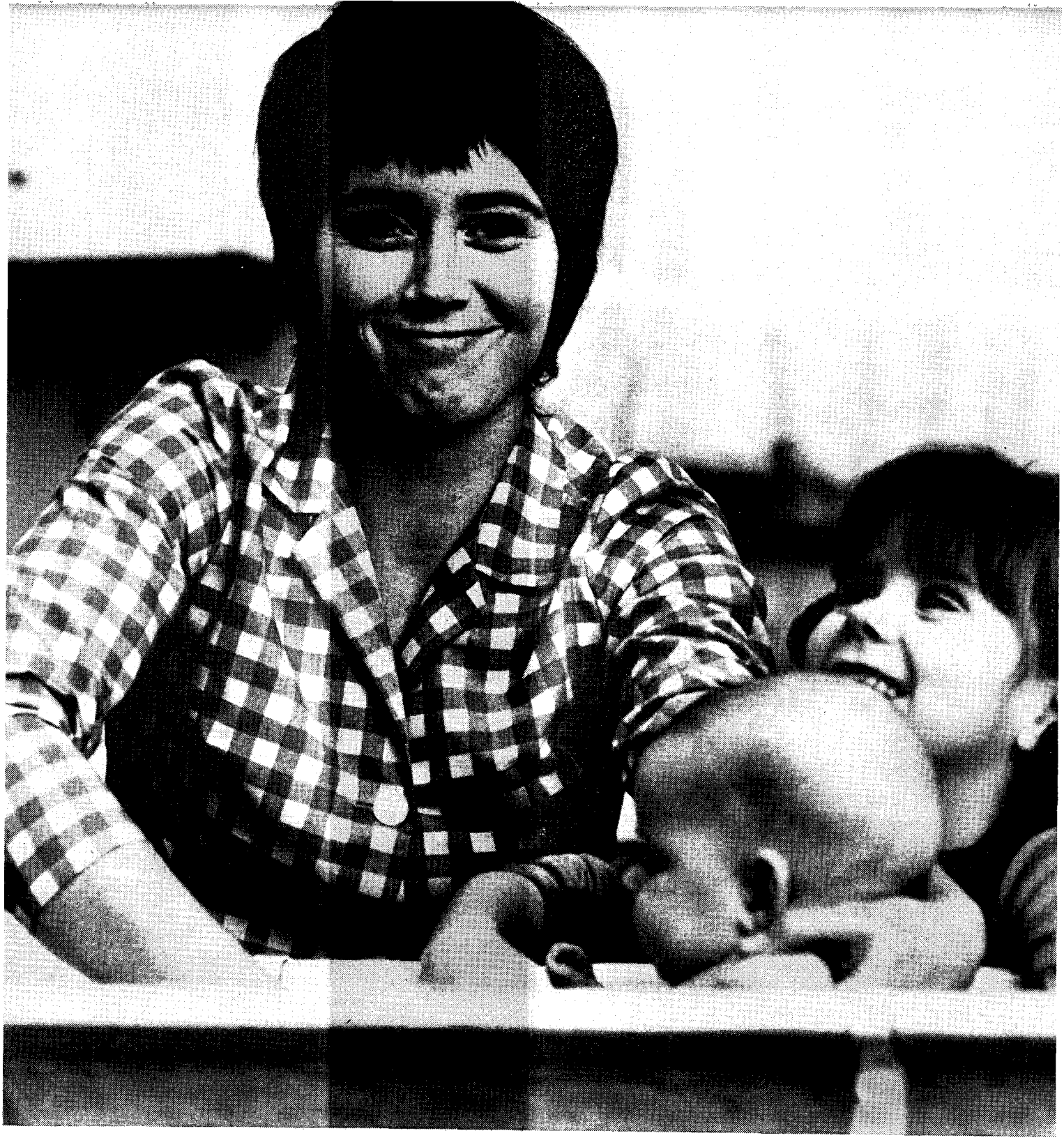

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Saturday Review
February 21, 1970

THE NEW FEMINISM

by LUCY KOMISAR

A dozen women are variously seated in straight-backed chairs, settled on a couch, or sprawled on the floor of a comfortable apartment on Manhattan's West Side. They range in age from twenty-five to thirty-five, and include a magazine researcher, a lawyer, a housewife, an architect, a teacher, a secretary, and a graduate student in sociology.

They are white, middle-class, attractive. All but one have college degrees; several are married; a few are active in social causes. At first, they are hesitant. They don't really know what to talk about, and so they begin with why they came.

"I wanted to explore my feelings as a woman and find out what others think about the things that bother me." Slowly, they open up, trust growing. "I always felt so negative about being a woman; now I'm beginning to feel good about it."

They become more personal and revealing. "My mother never asked me what I was going to be when I grew up." "I never used to like to talk to girls. I always thought women were inferior—I never *liked* women." "I've been a secretary for three years; after that, you begin to think that's all you're good for." "I felt so trapped when my baby was born. I wanted to leave my husband and the child."

Repeated a hundred times in as many different rooms, these are the voices of women's liberation, a movement that encompasses high school students and grandmothers, and that is destined to eclipse the black civil rights struggle in the force of its resentment and the consequence of its demands.

Some of us have become feminists out of anger and frustration over job discrimination. When we left college, male students got aptitude tests, we got typing tests. In spite of federal law, most women still are trapped in low-paying, dead-end jobs and commonly earn less than men for the same work—sometimes on the theory that we are only "helping out," though 42 per cent of us support ourselves or families.

Others have discovered that the humanistic precepts of the radical movement do not always apply to women. At a peace rally in Washington last year, feminists were hooted and jeered off the speakers' platform, and white women working in civil rights or anti-poverty programs are expected to defer to the black male ego. Many of us got out to salvage our own buffeted egos. However, most of the new feminists express only a general malaise they were never able to identify.

Nanette Rainone is twenty-seven, the wife of a newspaperman, the mother of a seven-month-old child, and a graduate of Queens College, where she studied English literature. She married while in graduate school, then quit before the year was out to become an office clerk at *Life* magazine. "I could have known the first day that I wasn't going to be promoted, but it took me eight months to find it out."

She spent the next five months idly at home, began doing volunteer public affairs interviews for WBAI radio, and now produces *Womankind*, a weekly program on the feminist movement.

"I always felt as though I was on a treadmill, an emotional treadmill. I thought it was neurotic, but it always focused on being a woman. Then I met another woman, who had two children. We talked about my pregnancy—my confusion about my pregnancy—and the problems she was having in caring for her children now that she was separated from her husband and wanted to work."

One evening Nanette Rainone's friend took her to a feminist meeting, and immediately she became part of the movement. "The child had been an escape. I was seeking a role I couldn't find on the outside," she says. "Then I became afraid my life would be overwhelmed, that I would never get out from under and do the things I had hoped to do.

"You struggle for several years after getting out of college. You know—what are you going to do with yourself? There's always the external discrimination, but somehow you feel you are talented and you should be able to project yourself. But you don't get a good job, you get a terrible job.

"I think I was typical of the average woman who is in the movement now, because the contradictions in the system existed in my life. My parents were interested in my education. I had more room to develop my potential than was required for the role I eventually was to assume.

"I don't put down the care of children. I just put down the fixated relationship that the mother has, the never-ending association, her urge that

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LUCY KOMISAR is a free-lance writer and a board member of the New York chapter of the National Organization for Women. Miss Komisar is currently writing a book on feminism.

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"It all began when I decided to get involved in the events of our time."

the child be something so that *she* can be something. People need objective projects. We all feel the need to actively participate in society, in something outside ourselves where we can learn and develop.

"The closest I've been able to come to what's wrong is that men have a greater sense of self than women have. Marriage is an aspect of men's lives, whereas it is the very center of most women's lives, the whole of their lives. It seemed to me that women felt they couldn't exist except in the eyes of men —that if a man wasn't looking at them or attending to them, then they just weren't there."

If women need more evidence, history books stand ready to assure us that we have seldom existed except as shadows of men. We have rarely been leaders of nations or industry or the great contributors to art and science, yet very few sociologists, political leaders, historians, and moral critics have ever stopped to ask why. Now, all around the country, women are meeting in apartments and conference rooms and coffee shops to search out the answers.

The sessions begin with accounts of personal problems and incidents. For years, we women have believed that our anger and frustration and unhappiness were "our problems." Suddenly, we discover that we are telling *the same story*! Our complaints are not only common, they are practically universal.

It is an exhilarating experience. Women's doubts begin to disappear and are replaced by new strength and self-respect. We stop focusing on men, and begin to identify with other women and to analyze the roots of our oppression. The conclusions that are drawn challenge the legitimacy of the sex role system upon which our civilization is based.

At the center of the feminist critique is the recognition that women have been forced to accept an inferior role in society, and that we have come to believe in our own inferiority. Women are taught to be passive, dependent, submissive, not to pursue careers but to be taken care of and protected. Even those who seek outside work lack confidence and self-esteem. Most of us are forced into menial and unsatisfying jobs: More than three-quarters of us are clerks, sales personnel, or factory and service workers, and a fifth of the women with B.A. degrees are secretaries.

Self-hatred is endemic. Women—especially those who have "made it"—identify with men and mirror their contempt for women. The approval of women does not mean very much. We don't want to work for women or vote for them. We laugh, although with vague uneasiness, at jokes about women drivers, mothers-in-law, and dumb blondes.

We depend on our relationships with men for our very identities. Our husbands win us social status and determine how we will be regarded by the world. Failure for a woman is not being selected by a man.

We are trained in the interests of men to defer to them and serve them and entertain them. If we are educated and gracious, it is so we can please men and educate their children. That is the thread that runs through the life of the geisha, the party girl, the business executive's wife, and the First Lady of the United States.

Men define women, and until now most of us have accepted their definition without question. If we challenge men in the world outside the home, we are all too frequently derided as "aggressive" and "unfeminine"—by women as readily as by men.

A woman is expected to subordinate her job to the interests of her husband's work. She'll move to another city so he can take a promotion—but it rarely works the other way around. Men don't take women's work very seriously, and, as a result, neither do most women. We spend a lot of time worrying about men, while they devote most of theirs to worrying about their careers.

We are taught that getting and keeping a man is a woman's most important job; marriage, therefore, becomes our most important achievement. One suburban housewife says her father started giving her bridal pictures cut from newspapers when she was six. "He said that was what I would be when I grew up."

Most feminists do not object to marriage per se, but to the corollary that it is creative and fulfilling for an adult human being to spend her life doing housework, caring for children, and using her husband as a vicarious link to the outside world.

Most people would prefer just about any kind of work to that of a domestic servant; yet the mindless, endless, repetitious drudgery of housekeeping is the central occupation of more than fifty million women. People who would oppose institutions that portion out menial work on the basis of race see nothing wrong in a system that does the same thing on the basis of sex. (Should black and white roommates automatically assume the Negro best suited for housekeeping chores?) Even when they work at full-time jobs, wives must come home to "their" dusting and "their" laundry.

Some insist that housework is not much worse than the meaningless jobs most people have today, but there is a

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difference. Housewives are not paid for their work, and money is the mark of value in this society. It is also the key to independence and to the feeling of self-reliance that marks a free human being.

The justification for being a housewife is having children, and the justification for children is—well, a woman has a uterus, what else would it be for? Perhaps not all feminists agree that the uterus is a vestigial organ, but we are adamant and passionate in our denial of the old canard that biology is destiny.

Men have never been bound by their animal natures. They think and dream and create—and fly, clearly something nature had not intended, or it would have given men wings. However, we women are told that our chief function is to reproduce the species, prepare food, and sweep out the cave—er, house.

Psychologist Bruno Bettelheim states woman's functions succinctly: "We must start with the realization that, as much as women want to be good scientists or engineers, they want first and foremost to be womanly companions of men and to be mothers."

He gets no argument from Dr. Spock: "Biologically and temperamentally, I believe women were made to be concerned first and foremost with child care, husband care, and home care." Spock says some women have been "confused" by their education. (Freud was equally reactionary on the woman question, but he at least had the excuse of his Central European background.)

The species must reproduce, but this need not be the sole purpose of a woman's life. Men want children, too, yet no one expects them to choose between families and work. Children are in no way a substitute for personal development and creativity. If a talented man is forced into a senseless, menial job, it is deplored as a waste and a personal misfortune; yet, a woman's special skills, education, and interests are all too often deemed incidental and irrelevant, simply a focus for hobbies or volunteer work.

Women who say that raising a family is a fulfilling experience are rather like the peasant who never leaves his village. They have never had the opportunity to do anything else.

As a result, women are forced to live through their children and husbands, and they feel cheated and resentful when they realize that is not enough. When a woman says she gave her children everything, she is telling the truth—and that is the tragedy. Often when she reaches her late thirties, her children have grown up, gone to work or college, and left her in a bleak and premature old age. Middle-aged women who feel empty and useless are the mainstay of America's psychiatrists—who generally respond by telling them to "accept their role."

The freedom to choose whether or not to have children has always been illusory. A wife who is deliberately "barren"—a word that reinforces the worn-out metaphor of woman as Mother Earth—is considered neurotic or unnatural. Not only is motherhood not central to a woman's life, it may not be necessary or desirable. For the first time, some of us are admitting openly and without guilt that we do not want children. And the population crisis is making it even clearer that as a symbol for Americans motherhood ought to defer to apple pie.

The other half of the reproduction question is sex. The sexual revolution didn't liberate women at all; it only created a bear market for men. One of the most talked-about tracts in the movement is a pamphlet by Ann Koedt called "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm," which says most women don't have orgasms because most men won't accept the fact that the female orgasm is clitoral.

We are so used to putting men's needs first that we don't know how to ask for what *we* want, or else we share the common ignorance about our own physiology and think there is something wrong with us when we don't have orgasms "the right way." Freudian analysts contribute to the problem. The realization that past guilt and frustration have been unnecessary is not the least of the sentiments that draws women to women's liberation.

Feminists also protest the general male proclivity to regard us as decora-

Of Salesgirls, Sex, and War

ONE THING that bothers me about WLU—which I'm *for* in so many respects—is that it's so man-hating. Surely, it can't be *all* their fault that we're the way we are. There *is* such a thing as self-determination, you know (and God knows we have *never* been discriminated against the way Negroes have). I've found, as have many women I know, that you *can* make it (money, success) if you work your fanny off and align yourself with some *enlightened* men who are smart enough to realize they need you to be good as you need *yourself* to be. Every day I see girls in jobs who never turn in an idea, stay home two days a week with cramps (*cramps*?!), conveniently get "snowbound" on Monday after a Saturday and Sunday skiing—and these are *not* secretaries and file girls but women who are already in junior editor and copywriting jobs. Nobody's brainwashing *them* to be "feminine," passive—and lazy. I know wives you couldn't *drive* out of the house with a poisoned, pointed stick (except to go shopping, lunching, bridging, or maybe fashion-showing) even though a man is encouraging them as hard as he can to *do* something and *be* something. No it *isn't* too late just because you've been roosting for awhile. Stores need stock clerks, yes? A stock clerk can become a salesgirl; a salesgirl can make junior buyer; a junior buyer can make—well whatever she *wants*). Yes, I know this is a simplistic approach and better we should start from babyhood with a whole new set of attitudes about what women ought to do and achieve, but when that happens, there probably are going to be a lot of unhappy (lazy) women griping about something *else*, I daresay. (And don't get me started on alimony and how women exploit *men*!) —HELEN GURLEY BROWN.

IF THE FEMINIST revolution is to come into its long-delayed own in this new decade, a lot has to happen. Mothers will have to stop grooming daughters from childhood on for marriage and motherhood. Men will have to accept and work with women as full partners in decision-making in all areas that affect human society. Advertisers will have to stop selling products by showing women only as teen-age playgirls whose sole function is sex, or as saw-voiced matrons whose only purpose is housekeeping. And women themselves will have to forgo the luxury of dependence by assuming the burdens of a separate and equal identity. It could take more than ten years to emerge from centuries of brainwashing. —MARYA MANNES.

WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN ample warning that the next ten or fifteen years will decide whether the human race can survive. Our survival is threatened by almost certain war, by famine, by contamination, by climatic change due to pollution. Perhaps the sex war could be postponed until more urgent issues are settled? —DORIS LESSING.

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tive, amusing sex objects even in the world outside bed. We resent the sexual sell in advertising, the catcalls we get on the street, girlie magazines and pornography, bars that refuse to serve unescorted women on the assumption they are prostitutes, the not very subtle brainwashing by cosmetic companies, and the attitude of men who praise our knees in miniskirts, but refuse to act as if we had brains.

Even the supposedly humanistic worlds of rock music and radical politics are not very different. Young girls who join "the scene" or "the movement" are labeled "groupies" and are sexually exploited; the flashy pornosheets such as *Screw* and *Kiss* are published by the self-appointed advocates of the new "free," anti-Establishment life-style. *"Plus ça change. . . ."*

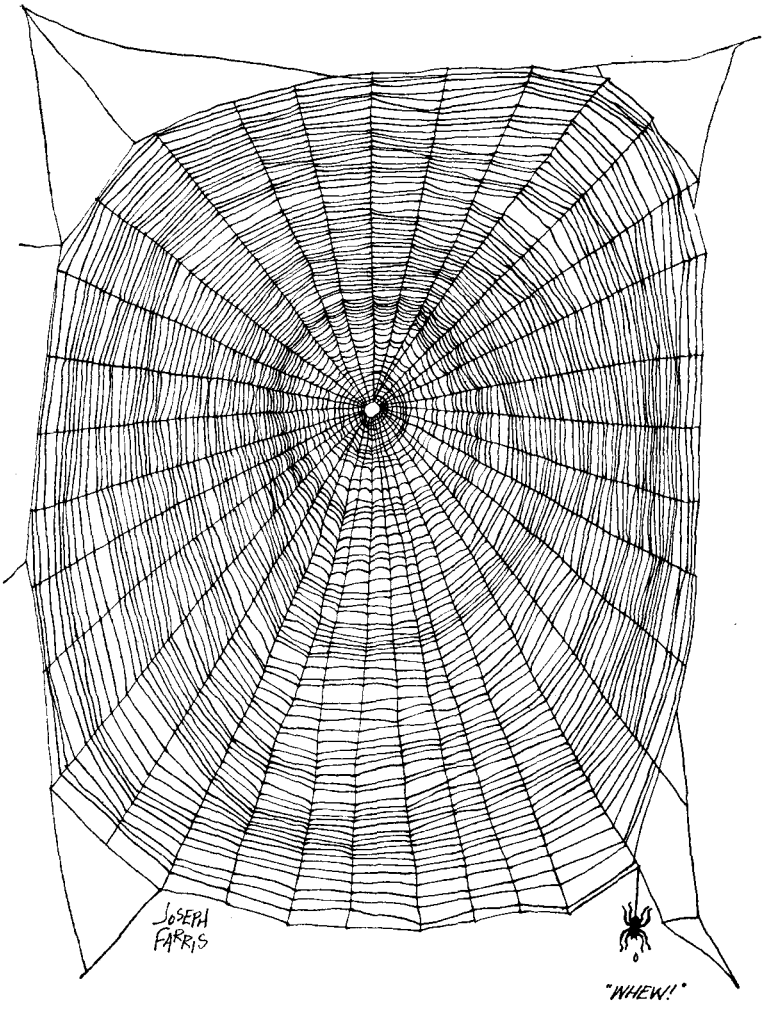
We are angry about the powers men wield over us. The physical power—women who study karate do so as a defense against muggers, not lovers. And the social power—we resent the fact that men take the initiative with women, that women cannot ask for dates but must sit home waiting for the phone to ring.

That social conditioning began in childhood when fathers went out to work and mothers stayed home, images perpetuated in schoolbooks and games and on television. If we were bright students, we were told, "You're smart—for a girl," and then warned not to appear *too* smart in front of boys—"Or you won't have dates."

Those of us who persisted in reaching for a career were encouraged to be teachers or nurses so we would have "something to fall back on." My mother told me: "You're so bright, it's a pity you're not a boy. You could become president of a bank—or anything you wanted."

Ironically, and to our dismay, we discovered that playing the assigned role is precisely what elicits masculine contempt for our inferiority and narrow interests. *Tooth and Nail,* a newsletter published by women's liberation groups in the San Francisco area, acidly points out a few of the contradictions: "A smart woman never shows her brains; she allows the man to think himself clever. . . . Women's talk is all chatter; they don't understand things men are interested in."

Or: "Don't worry your pretty little head about such matters. . . . A woman's brain is between her legs. . . . Women like to be protected and treated like little girls. . . . Women can't make decisions."



The feminist answer is to throw out the whole simplistic division of human characteristics into masculine and feminine, and to insist that there are no real differences between men and women other than those enforced by culture.

Men say women are not inferior, we are just different; yet somehow they have appropriated most of the qualities that society admires and have left us with the same distinctive features that were attributed to black people before the civil rights revolution.

Men, for example, are said to be strong, assertive, courageous, logical, constructive, creative, and independent. Women are weak, passive, irrational, overemotional, empty-headed, and lacking in strong superegos. (Thank Freud for the last.) Both blacks and women are contented, have their place, and know how to use wiles—flattery, and wide-eyed, open-mouthed ignorance—to get around "the man." It is obviously natural that men should be dominant and women submissive. Shuffle, baby, shuffle.

Our "sexist" system has hurt men as well as women, forcing them into molds that deny the value of sensitivity, tenderness, and sentiment. Men who are not aggressive worry about their virility just as strong women are frightened by talk about their being castrating females. The elimination of rigid sex-role definitions would liberate everyone. And that is the goal of the women's liberation movement.

Women's liberation groups, which have sprung up everywhere across the country, are taking names like Radical Women or the Women's Liberation Front or the Feminists. Most start as groups of ten or twelve; many, when they get too large for discussion, split in a form of mitosis. Sometimes they are tied to central organizations set up for action, or they maintain communications with each other or cosponsor newsletters with similar groups in their area.

Some are concerned with efforts to abolish abortion laws, a few have set up cooperative day-care centers, others challenge the stereotypes of woman's image, and many are organized for "consciousness-raising"—a kind of group therapy or encounter session that starts with the premise that there is something wrong with the system, not the women in the group.

The amorphousness and lack of central communication in the movement make it virtually impossible to catalogue the established groups, let alone the new ones that regularly appear; many of the "leaders" who have been quoted in newspapers or interviewed

(*Continued on page 55*)

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Protesters, Police, and Politicians

"How have we come to this easy tolerance of government overkill in dealing with dissent?"

by JESSE UNRUH

Some months ago, the newspaper headlines and lead stories on the television news told of yet another confrontation between massed demonstrators and the police. The pattern was familiar: shouted insults, police charges, tear gas, truncheons flailing indiscriminately. There were the mass roundups of demonstrators and the mass arrests.

But this time it was all different. The site was Wenceslaus Square in Prague. The demonstrators had gathered on the eve of the anniversary of the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia to protest that invasion and the continuing occupation of their country by Warsaw Pact troops. Their cause was shared by men of good will the world over. The police force was the instrument of totalitarian oppression.

It was so easy to sort out the good guys and the bad guys. I must even admit to a guilty, if fleeting, sense of relief that this time it wasn't *our* idealistic young people; it wasn't *our* police. I felt that, I think, because I share the dread that is growing in this country of the next violent confrontation among us. When will it happen? Where? Why? And, most importantly, how will we react?

The invasion of Czechoslovakia happened shortly before I left California to lead our delegation to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. I don't think any of us were prepared for the aura of fear in Chicago. To get an idea of the atmosphere, it is necessary to understand that no one got into the convention hall who did not have legitimate business there. Yet even the most inadvertent act of nonconformity within the hall was suspect.

At one point I had to leave the arena to make a telephone call. I was detained and threatened with arrest by three husky security guards because my delegate's badge had failed to turn on the gate's green light. Mind you, I was leaving, not trying to enter.

It became clear to many of us that the few hard-core agitators who were calling for a violent confrontation in the streets of Chicago were going to get what they wanted. The fear we had been conscious of inside produced the overreaction outside in the streets. During the convention, 668 persons were arrested; 101 civilians were hospitalized; 425 were treated at the facilities of the Medical Committee for Human Rights; more than 200 were treated by mobile medical teams; and over 400 were given first aid for tear gas. One hundred and ninety-two policemen were injured.

That terrible scenario of provocation and frightened overreaction was repeated in last May's "people's park" tragedy in California. There, what began as an attempt by police to remove hippies camping peacefully, if illegally, on a Berkeley vacant lot owned by the Regents of the University of California, ended six days later with one young man dead as the result of massive internal injuries inflicted by a blast of double-O buckshot, two persons blinded, and thirty more wounded in other ways by gunshot. Two hundred police had become 600 police, and the 600 police were reinforced by 2,000 National Guardsmen. The city of Berkeley was occupied.

An H-19 military helicopter made a sortie over the Berkeley campus during the lunch hour and, incredibly, spewed tear gas over people in Sproul Plaza who were engaged in no violence or protest whatever. The breeze spread the gas. A classroom building was gassed. Mothers and children swimming at a recreation area a mile from the center of campus were gassed. Gas entered the campus hospital where patients with respiratory illnesses were being treated.

Also, nearly 800 people were arrested, including 482 who were herded, without explanation, into a parking lot in order to divert a peaceful march whose purpose was, of all things, flower-planting. Totally disinterested shoppers and even a mailman were swept up in that mass arrest. Subsequently, charges against those arrested in the parking lot were dropped, but not before they had spent a night at Santa Rita Prison Farm, a detention facility that bears a disquieting physical resemblance to a World War II concentration camp. Many were subjected to verbal and physical abuse.

I have not related these events to assess blame or make excuses for anyone. There are too many protesters ready to let cheap verbal abuse substitute for reasoned argument; too many who can cavalierly commit their fellows to violent conflict; too many on the other side too eager to accept the challenge to combat. These are

(*Continued on page* 94)

"I demand to be confronted by the computer that accuses me."

JESSE UNRUH is Democratic Leader in the California Assembly and a candidate in this year's gubernatorial race.

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Is Paris Bungling?

It is now twenty-one months since the Paris negotiations began. During that time an estimated 40,000 Americans and Vietnamese have been killed. Very little is known publicly about what has actually been happening at the negotiating table. Every now and then, however, an item in the comprehensive deadlock comes to the surface. Most recently the North Vietnamese have refused to come to the table because—following the resignation of Ambassador Lodge and his top associate—the chief American negotiator lacks the same diplomatic ranking as the official from Hanoi. A year ago the start of negotiations was delayed for several months because the conferees couldn't agree on the seating arrangements and the shape of the table.

One can only guess at the disputes that have been hidden from public view, but enough is known to indicate that the exchanges have not yet surmounted the rhetoric of national prerogative, prestige, and pride. This situation is neither unnatural nor unprecedented. Men who represent nations are freighted with the ultimate rigidities. Every question, no matter how routine or trivial, becomes a test of national strength and therefore a matter of basic principle. Every move or suggestion is rigorously scrutinized for larger portents or implications. Under these circumstances, the surprise about Paris is not that the meetings have been in a state of perpetual impasse but that there should be any meetings at all.

If the small questions have produced so little progress, what about the major ones that brought the negotiators to Paris in the first place? Neither side can be expected to give up at the negotiating table those things it did not give up on the battlefield. The two sides have virtually fought each other to a standstill. The United States and South Vietnam have demonstrated an ability to use prodigious firepower—whether on the ground or in the air—and to keep the bulk of the population in the South under their control. North Vietnam has surprised the United States with its capacity to mount and sustain a major military operation as well as to maintain its ideological hold in large numbers of South Vietnam villages. The resultant standoff has set the stage for a nonmilitary settlement, but it has also made effective negotiations unlikely in the absence of a third party at the table.

The logical third party would be U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations, or his representative. But Hanoi, which has not been represented at the U.N. and which has declared that Washington, through its foreign aid program, is in a position to control too many U.N. votes, has been unwilling to accept any peace role by the world organization.

That there are reasons for the absence of the U.N. does not, however, change the basic fact that the negotiators need a third party at the table. What nation or nations could fill such a role? And how to persuade the negotiating governments both to accept the principle of intermediation and then to select an intermediator?

These questions are difficult but they are not impossible. On various occasions in the past, when Washington found it necessary to get a message through to Hanoi, as well as to have someone testify to our *bona fides*, it has been able to call upon one of the Central European nations—in most cases Poland, which has the advantage of being a member of the International Control Commission created to carry out the terms of the Geneva Agreement of 1954. Another nation that enjoys credibility with both Hanoi and Washington is Canada, also a member of ICC. Would it not be feasible for both Poland and Canada to serve as a Committee of Intermediation, sitting together or alternately as chairman at the Paris talks for the purpose of carrying out rules of fair and pertinent discussion, thus minimizing the kind of irrelevant exchanges that so far have made the talks seem more a competitive national ego display than a serious forum committed to the saving of lives?

What makes the need for a restructuring of the Paris talks so urgent is that dangerous frustrations are now setting in. Each side seems to have reached the point where it believes it needs a stronger hand in the talks—which is to say, it believes that only the weight of new military successes in the field will enable it to score points at Paris. This is why the negotiations are not likely to get anywhere in the absence of a cease-fire. So long as the conferees feel they have to look over their shoulders at the battlefield each morning, not only will there be little substantive discussion, but there will be a mounting threat of enlarged military activity. But agreement on a cease-fire is beyond the range of reasonable expectation in the Paris talks as presently constituted. This is why a third party is mandatory.

The men at Paris—or, more accurately, the governments behind them—are staking everything on fallacious and horrendously costly approaches to peacemaking. Unless something is done to change the basic philosophy underlying these approaches, there is little prospect of avoiding total breakdown—or a larger collapse in terms of world peace.

Vietnam is more than an isolated war. It is a test of our ability to make peace at a time when peacemaking is the most complicated and most essential business on earth. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Hunger vs. Birth Control

AFTER READING Richard L. Tobin's editorial "The U.N. and the Power of Food" [*SR*, Jan. 31], I don't feel the urge to praise the World Food Programme; rather I feel that here is one of the world's largest enemies. Any organization that provides food for "healthier mothers and children, fuller classrooms" without demanding birth control is adding much more to the problem than to the solution. I submit that indiscriminate human reproduction, not hunger, is mankind's worst enemy.

WILLIAM K. LAUENROTH,
Fargo, N. D.

Plea for One World

STUART CHASE'S "Headlines for One World" [*SR*, Jan. 31] is most persuasive on the desirability of world government. Mr. Chase has shown what life could be like here if and when all mankind achieves sanity concerning its own governance.

The world can never be united as one, however, until people's views are changed concerning patriotism. Something has to be done to do away with the obscene idea that patriotism means the loving of one's own nation-state *more* than one's love for the rest of humanity. Patriotism can and should mean the love of our nation-state, as long as we can love people of other territories more than we love the arbitrary national border between us and them. If Americans today can be proud of their home state and still maintain transcendent pride in America, I see no reason why we should not work for world government while retaining all the pride in our country that it deserves.

DAVID J. PINO,
Department of Music,
Southwest Texas State University,
San Marcos, Tex.

Return to Main Street

READING ARTICLES such as Peter Schrag's "Is Main Street Still There?" [*SR*, Jan. 17] is getting to be irritating. The author invariably quotes someone lamenting the fact that the kids are deserting the town to go to college, to find jobs in the big city, to live elsewhere, etc.

Of course, the kids want to get out. From the time they could first read and understand the spoken word, they have been bombarded by their schools, by television, by radio, and by movies with endless concerns that have nothing to do with their lives in places like Mason City.

The fact that the growing-up process requires the search for independence makes it inevitable that many kids leave their home environment so they can find out, or at least try to find out, who they are. Instead of lamenting what seems to be inevitable, why not try to make the town a good place for those kids to come back to when they grow up, know who they are, and want a good place to live and bring up kids? Emphasize that the scale of the small town makes everyone important; every job important. That it makes real participation possible.

Why couldn't the local Chamber of Commerce or other appropriate town office try to keep track of these kids when they go to college or to live in other places, letting them know what jobs are available, what openings in professional skills, etc.?

Let them leave. Understand that they must leave. But encourage them to come back.

TED LEFKOWITZ,
Rochester, Vt.

Biafran Causes

N. C.'s editorial "Last Flight Out of Biafra" [*SR*, Jan. 24] paints a good picture of the relief needed in Biafra and its difficulties. But he neglects the basic idea that these starving Biafran children and people were the victims of the ambition of their leaders. What is so admirable about secession? Would we like to have Texas secede, disregarding the consequent hardships to its people?

Nigeria was formed only six-and-a-half years before Biafra's attempt at independence began thirty months ago. The oil interests probably hold the key to Nigeria's well-being. This point was made by Charles Miller in his review [*SR*, Jan. 31] of Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu's book *Biafra*, when he noted: "Before secession, Nigeria was the world's tenth largest crude oil exporter, and thirteen of her twenty-one operating oil fields were situated in the east [Biafra]. But for the [civil] war, oil might today be bringing Nigeria annual revenues in the neighborhood of $100-million. . . . Ojukwu himself has stated that the Federal Government's principal war aim has been 'to maintain the economic integrity of the old Nigerian unit.'"

Another factor not mentioned is the role the Roman Catholic Church played in Biafra's attempt at secession. No wonder priests and nuns and Caritas were ousted after the war's end. As Joseph Tarka, Commissioner of Transport of Nigeria, wrote in *The Churchman* for April, 1969, "Where are the millions [for arms] coming from if this so-called 'Biafran' country is so penniless and its people starving? Whose interest is being served by the creation of an independent government of this aggressive, domineering faction of Nigeria's people? Why have the churches kept silent? . . . Every ounce of food taken into rebel territory, which is not distributed under the strictest and most impartial supervision, is fuel for the military machine of Ojukwu. . . . Why don't the church organizations point out that the starving children so pitifully portrayed on the propaganda literature are not Ibo children, but are the children of those who have been victimized by the Ibo insurrection?"

To fight symptoms is much easier than to face causes.

EDNA RUTH JOHNSON,
Acting Editor,
The Churchman,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

"It's the people from Dial-a-Prayer. . . ."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

By the Time She Got to Phoenix

HAVING TRAVELED from his native Italy to England for *Blow-Up*, which resulted in both commercial and critical success, Michelangelo Antonioni then boldly extended his travels to this country for his new film, *Zabriskie Point*. He took with him his principal theme and preoccupation: contemporary man's alienation from his environment. Unfortunately, this has led him to an obvious and perhaps even superficial view of the American phenomenon. For *Zabriskie Point*, often dazzlingly photographed, manages to tell us less, enlighten us less, than does our television news, which has always been quick—if not to say, hasty—to record the unrest and activism of our youthful vocal minority.

His story, such as it is, was "inspired" by a clipping in an Arizona newspaper about a boy who borrowed a private plane from an airport, painted it with the symbols beloved by hippies, then crashed to his death returning it. Something symbolic there, maybe, but Antonioni's interpretation of the event, considerably embroidered though it is, takes us no further than the mindless ranting of certain young people we are by now so accustomed to. The boy has been turned into a vaguely revolutionary but not very active student who, for little reason, buys a gun and aims it at a cop or a pig—the terms are used interchangeably throughout—during a California student demonstration. Although the boy later reveals he didn't fire the shot that killed the policeman, he runs off anyway, steals a plane, and flies it like a daredevil pilot (where did he get his training?) toward Death Valley, where he runs out of gas.

So does the story, pretty much. Meanwhile, an attractive, long-limbed secretary to a corporation executive has taken off for the desert, too, in search of a commune, although actually she is supposed to meet her boss in Phoenix. In true MGM "cute meet" tradition, the boy in the plane buzzes the girl in her car, and this results in love at first sight. They wander together to a place called Zabriskie Point, raise a swirl of dust while rolling around together in the desert, and are joined in the girl's imagination by several other young couples who also roll around in this desert love-out. After a satiation point (Zabriskie Point?) has been reached, the boy confesses that he has always imagined "it would be like this." Surely one of the great camp lines of cinema.

Luckily, the plane has been landed near a shack containing, providentially, lots of paint. After decorating the plane, and presumably somehow gassing up again, the boy takes off, and the girl's car radio brings her the news that while landing the plane back at the airport the boy has been shot to death by the cops. Understandably saddened, the girl continues on to Phoenix, meets her boss at a strange mountaintop motel or hotel, and there, sickened by the evidences of perverted materialism in the midst of pristine grandeur, she again uses her imagination to blow up the hotel.

Antonioni means his film as a metaphor, of course, and he has already explained in an interview that "it is a film about America—America is the true protagonist—the characters are only a pretext." But they are hardly even that; they are non-characters, cardboard figures with no background, no purposes, no meaning other than illustrations of pervasive alienation. Antonioni, it is clear, is really painting with his camera, and it is through visual shock and irony that he hopes to make his points. Some of the visual detail is indubitably stunning, and for this he had the aid of Hollywood's technical facilities.

Whether it is cityscape, or desertscape, his camera is employed with a painter's sense, but a good deal of the time he comes up with little more than Pop art. Billboards, posters, signs, scrawls, scribblings, all illustrate an America that has lost its soul and that is headed for inchoate turmoil and perhaps anarchy. Unfortunately, his irony is sometimes so heavy that it is banal and tiresome. The corporation executive's office window looks out on a huge American flag. The billboards remind us of stale Warhol and Rauschenberg. And he reaches a peak—or pit—of obviousness in the hotel when the girl comes face to face with a maid who is so recognizably an Indian that she seems a caricature. Yes, maestro, this marvelous country once belonged to the Indians, but it is now more than two hundred million strong and growing fast, and cops and disillusioned kids are only two small parts of the vast problem.

For performers, Antonioni chose two unknowns, both non-actors — Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin—and they turn in non-interpretive performances. For writing assistance, he used principally Fred Gardner and Sam Shepard, and they failed to help him much either. The score is made up of compositions and performances by several rock groups—The Pink Floyd, The Grateful Dead, and The Rolling Stones among them—and they manage to give a contemporary sound accompaniment to the proceedings. If Antonioni were not so dedicated a film artist, one might be tempted to assume that his film is largely aimed at the current "youth audience." Its assumptions hardly go beyond those of a sneering, stoned adolescent. This is a sad report, naturally. One expected, one hoped for so much more.

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An essay review of "History and Human Survival," by Robert Jay Lifton (Random House, 405 pp., $8.95)

A Special Awareness About Mankind

by HENRY S. RESNIK

Robert Jay Lifton is a psychiatrist and a China-watcher. He is a youth-watcher, too, and lately he has become a woman-watcher (though not necessarily a girl-watcher). In addition, he is a cartoonist, self-styled academic radical, prolific writer, and winner of the National Book Award (for his 1968 study of Hiroshima bomb-survivors, *Death in Life*). *History and Human Survival* is a Lifton sampler, a collection of essays spanning ten years of research and intellectual probing. It establishes Lifton as a mind to be reckoned with, a man who has something important to say about "radical historical moments like ours—characterized by extraordinary intensity of change, inertia, and threat . . ."

Profound observations about our troubled times—particularly in respect to "youth"—are the biggest game on the academic hunting grounds, of course, and more people than ever are publishing their observations in book form. Lifton's vision is distinct, however, and in many ways stronger and more original than most. Since early in his intellectual apprenticeship to Erik Erikson and David Riesman, Lifton, who is now forty-four and a professor of psychiatry at Yale, has been a proponent of "psychohistory"—the application, to use Lifton's own definition, of "psychological methods to the study of historical patterns, present and past."

Psychohistory is firmly rooted in Freudian theory and in Freud's own psychobiographical studies. It has also been influenced by such works as Erikson's *Young Man Luther* and Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*. The theory and practice of psychohistory remain somewhat limited, however, to the small circle of academics who have pioneered the field. Riesman and Erikson are the acknowledged solons, and younger men like Kenneth Kenniston *(The Uncommitted, Young Radicals)*, Robert Coles *(Children of Violence)*, and Lifton follow closely in their footsteps. Norman O. Brown, Herbert Marcuse, and Rollo May, among many others, pursue essentially the same discipline, but, despite the importance of their contributions, they could almost be peripheral to the powerhouse at Harvard and Yale.

There is, in short, a psychohistorical establishment, most specifically represented by the Group for the Study of Psychohistorical Process (Lifton is a member), an offshoot of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which publishes *Daedalus* in Cambridge and likes to tell people in a most authoritative voice where things are at. Great ideas cannot be held in captivity even at Harvard, of course; some aspiring scholar may well be turning out the major psychohistorical work of all time at this very minute in Wisconsin. The fact of a psychohistorical establishment is eminently worth noting, however, because it contributes to the major strengths and weaknesses of *History and Human Survival*.

The weaknesses are relatively unimportant, but nevertheless so pervasive and annoying that they seriously flaw the book as a whole. First, there is the frenetic in-groupness of so many of the essays. Several are book reviews (of *Treblinka*, of Koestler's *The Ghost in the Machine*, and of an anthology called *Psychoanalysis and History)* that seem more like Official Pronouncements than disinterested evaluations. Lifton dismisses Koestler's thesis that man has evolved into a genetically

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning On the System*, to be published by Pantheon in May.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

35 **"History and Human Survival,"** by Robert Jay Lifton

38 **Book Forum:** Letters from Readers

39 **The Publishing Scene,** by David Dempsey

40 **"The Roots of the Modern American Empire: A Study of the Growth and Shaping of Social Consciousness in a Marketplace Society,"** by William Appleman Williams

41 **"Nationalism—The Last Stage of Communism,"** by Emil Lengyel

42 **"Three Plays: Christopher Columbus, Melissa, Kouros,"** by Nikos Kazantzakis

43 **"The Love-Girl and the Innocent,"** by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

44 **The Long View,** by Theodore Taylor

44 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

46 **"The Death of the Past,"** by J. H. Plumb

46 **"The Myth of the Golden Age in the Renaissance,"** by Harry Levin

48 **"Creezy,"** by Félicien Marceau

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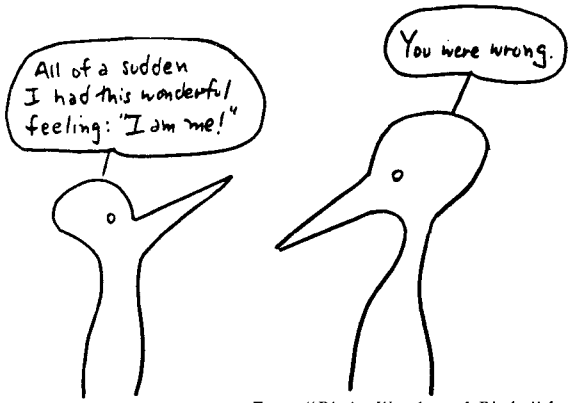

—From "Birds: Words and Birds," by Robert Jay Lifton.

defective predatory beast, but he goes on to substitute his own answer to the problem of what ails man, and it could almost be the psychohistorian's party line. This self-indulgence reaches its height in Lifton's response to another psychohistorian's criticism of an earlier essay included in the collection. And the imperial tone is perpetuated by brief introductions to each essay, littered with chitchat about editors and meetings and psychohistorian comrades.

The introductions would be obtrusive even without the in-group gossip. They are filled with a self-congratulatory zeal that was probably intended as a casual background to the heavier stuff but comes off as naïve egotism. While excessive humility can be a bore, Lifton's plugs for *Death in Life* and his gratuitous boasting about a group of Japanese scholars who have undertaken the "really formidable task of translating the book into Japanese" are blatantly inappropriate.

Lastly, there is a wearying, almost mechanical repetition of ideas, which may be inevitable in a book of this kind but could have been alleviated by some judicious editing—say, the elimination of a hundred pages. Lifton's ideas are too strong and too valuable to suffer the blunting effect of so much repetition. One's response, after a while, is not "Yes, indeed; how true, how right," but "Not *that* again!"

Though *History and Human Survival* should have been a better book, it is quite good enough to deserve the serious attention of anyone, "young" or "old," who wants to understand the complex crises of twentieth-century post-industrial civilization. Paradoxically, the very psychohistorical establishment that tends to weigh on the author like an oppressive parent often lends depth to his vision. A growing awareness and intellectual style are clearly visible throughout the book; Lifton has subjected his thinking to strong discipline, and his connection with a community of scholars seems to have reinforced his method. Perhaps he will break away from the group eventually, and achieve the lonely eminence of true genius; perhaps we are nearing a time when genius will be a phenomenon of groups only. For the time being, at any rate, Lifton has used the principles of the psychohistorical movement to brilliant effect.

An outstanding example is the cluster of essays that Lifton later expanded into *Death in Life*, and which form the bulk of an entire section of *History and Human Survival* entitled "On Survivors." Lifton's first book, a 1961 study of "brainwashing" in China, made extensive use of firsthand interviews—a combination of journalism and psychotherapy, and a technique that gave dynamic vividness to what might have been a merely clinical study. Lifton used it even more successfully in *Death in Life*. Both books deal with people's reactions to extreme stress or crisis, and, within the somewhat limited framework of the psychohistorical overview, these people become as vivid as characters in a novel, telling their stories in their own words. The scope and the awesome effect of *Death in Life* are missing from these essays, but the essence of Lifton's original conclusions is nearly as valuable.

The author's basic method has been broadened, moreover, by his extensive knowledge of Eastern cultures (he lived and studied in China and Japan for seven years). Thus, the first section of the book, "Emergent Youth: The Japanese Example," lends a new, though surprisingly familiar, perspective to the growing stockpile of youth truth. The disappearance of *kokutai* as the backbone of Japanese culture after the war (this complex term represents a reverence for the destiny of imperial Japan, a sense of history and nationalism) and the strong influence of Americanism created such a violent break in tradition that Lifton considers it a principal source of the upheavals in the Japanese universities—just as the upheaval in our own universities is evidence of a violent, though quite different, cultural disruption in the West.

While leftist students in Japan and America have vastly different cultural referents, they do comprise a worldwide youth rebellion, and Lifton offers numerous parallels between the rebels of both cultures: the rejection of the immediate past and the "older" generation, often (as with "hippies") the wish to resurrect a more distant and arcadian past, the Marxist humanism, the theatrical, mock-revolutionary aura of so many student demonstrations, and the dominant irrationality. Thus, Lifton's description of a typical "hard-core" member of Japan's *Zengakuren*, a student organization roughly equivalent to SDS, could apply in almost every detail to the students who occupied the Columbia University buildings:

> He is likely to have come from a middle-class background, and to have shown some tendency as a child toward leadership (although not necessarily a particularly strong political interest). His political radicalism is apt to have taken shape during his first two years at the university. . . .
>
> Marxist ideology nourishes him emotionally, as do the endless meetings, discussions and demonstrations that he attends. He aspires to a pure form of communism, to a kind of classless society not yet achieved anywhere. He does not consider himself precisely Trotskyite. . .but he does favor revolution of the workers everywhere to bring about this classless society. . . . China seems to him to be the best and the freest of the communist countries, but still not communist enough. He can think of no Japanese political party that adequately represents his beliefs: the Liberal Democrats are hopeless; the Communists are controlled by outside forces; the Socialists are too conciliatory. And besides, none of them can really be trusted. . . .

Generally the commentary on Japanese youth is more descriptive than psychohistorical; there are, in fact, several departures from psychohistory throughout the book. In contrast to the Japanese section, the final essay, which focuses on youthful revolutionaries in the West, is a truly remarkable combination of historical observation and psychological interpretation.

Whatever his method or its inconsistencies, Lifton has superb talent as a journalist; there is virtually no psychohistorical content in his description of a week's visit to Vietnam, but the essay, which stands somewhat apart from the rest, is a bitingly understated indictment of the American presence in Southeast Asia, and is worthwhile reading in any context.

Lifton's experiences in the East offer a unique perspective on relatively obscure matters, but his real importance as a thinker transcends his ac-

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quaintance with world cultures. *History and Human Survival* documents the growth of a special awareness about mankind in the mid-twentieth century, and by far the greatest value of the book lies in the human themes Lifton has culled from his experience and reapplied and developed in subsequent research.

One of the most important themes is also the most overworked—the concept of "psychic numbing" or "psychic closing-off," a state of emotional deadness that Lifton encountered over and over again in his observations of Hiroshima survivors. It is first mentioned in *History and Human Survival* in connection with survivors' thoughts and feelings immediately after the bombing ("Everything I saw made a deep impression—a park nearby covered with dead bodies waiting to be cremated . . . The most impressive thing I saw was some girls, very young girls, not only with their clothes torn off but with their skin peeled off as well . . ."). Human beings, Lifton observes,

> are unable to remain open to emotional experience of this intensity for any length of time, and very quickly—sometimes within minutes—there began to occur what we may term psychic closing-off; that is, people simply ceased to feel. . . . Virtually all those I interviewed . . . experienced a similar form of psychic closing-off in response to what they saw and felt, and particularly in response to their over-all exposure to death. Thus, many told how horrified they were when they first encountered corpses in strange array, or extremely disfigured faces, but how, after a period of time as they saw more and more of these, they felt nothing. Psychic closing-off would last sometimes for a few hours, and sometimes for days or even months and merge into longer-term feelings of depression and despair.

Psychic closing-off is mentioned again in the review of *Treblinka* (rightfully, of course; a considerable portion of *Death in Life* compares the Jewish survivors of Nazi Germany with the Hiroshima victims). Then it reappears, rather casually, in the observations of bureaucratic insensitivity in Vietnam. And it even figures—almost coincidentally—in Lifton's comments about the youthful rebels of the West ("Their frequent insistence that nuclear weapons are 'nothing special' is their form of emotional desensitization, or what I call psychic numbing . . ."). Unfortunately, one is likely to close off so much talk about closing-off after a while; it begins to sound more like a pitch than a perception.

The other major insight into human behavior is embodied in Lifton's preoccupation with immortality. The title of his study of Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Cultural Revolution—*Revolutionary Immortality*—is a capsule summary, for example, of that brief volume; everything else is a rather superficial account of Mao's struggle to keep himself and his revolution alive, usually documented with all-too-familiar secondhand information. In *History and Human Survival* the concept of immortality is implicit in the extensive analysis of Japanese and Jewish "survivors," but it takes on startling newness in the concluding essays, "Protean Man" and "The Young and the Old—Notes on a New History," which deal mainly with the worldwide youth rebellion.

These two essays are by far the most important in the book—they are much more like a beginning than a conclusion—and they will bear several readings. In "Protean Man" Lifton advances, with admirable conciseness, the idea that various conditions of contemporary life are contributing to the emergence of a new kind of man. The two principal historical developments Lifton cites are "historical . . . dislocation, the break in the sense of connection which men have long felt with the vital and nourishing symbols of their cultural tradition," and "the flooding of imagery produced by the extraordinary flow of post-modern cultural influences over mass-communication networks." It is simply impossible, in short, to hold on to an identity or a world these days—youngsters who grew up with television scarcely know how to try—and the only acceptable alternative, not necessarily an evil one, is to live life as "an interminable series of experiments and explorations." The old culture, which offered a seemingly immortal network of patterns and symbols, is dying before our eyes, and protean man internalizes the longing for immortality through an ongoing process of death and rebirth within himself. We err badly, Lifton warns, if we dismiss the psychological themes of protean man as "mere adolescent phenomena."

> Rather, protean man's affinity for the young—his being metaphorically and psychologically so young in spirit—has to do with his never-ceasing quest for imagery of rebirth. He seeks such imagery from all sources: from ideas, techniques, religious and political systems, mass movements, and drugs; or from special individuals of his own kind whom he sees as possessing that problematic gift of his namesake, the gift of prophecy. The dangers inherent in the quest seem hardly to require emphasis. What perhaps needs most to be kept in mind is the general principle that renewal on a large scale is impossible to achieve without forays into danger, destruction, and negativity. . . . However misguided many of his forays may be, protean man also

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ONE WORLD

The given names of thirteen authors appear in Column 1, their surname initials in Column 2; and no two columns are in the same sequence. Mrs. Lewis B. Kaufman of Scarsdale, N. Y., asks you to complete the blanks with the rest of each surname. (One clue is the list of nationalities, which you are to hook up with the given names.) For the solution, inquire at the secretariat on page 48.

1. Alfred ( )	U_____	a. American
2. Leo ( )	N_____	b. Italian
3. Desiderius ( )	I_____	c. Irish
4. Hans ( )	T_____	d. German
5. Miguel ( )	E_____	e. English
6. Dylan ( )	D_____	f. Russian
7. Hendrik ( )	N_____	g. Dutch
8. Eugène ( )	A_____	h. Greek
9. Friedrich ( )	T_____	i. Norwegian
10. Ogden ( )	I_____	j. Welsh
11. George ( )	O_____	k. Danish
12. Gabriele ( )	N_____	l. French
13. Liam ( )	S_____	m. Spanish

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carries with him an extraordinary range of possibility for man's betterment, or more important, for his survival.

The Chicago Police Department would probably take issue with Lifton's optimism, but, being something of a protean man himself, Lifton can only assert the creative potential of his kind. This he does in "The Young and the Old—Notes on a New History," discussing specific youth uprisings throughout the world and finding evidence of positive experimentation everywhere: in the SDS Port Huron Statement; in the mighty assertion of individualism ("psychic re-creation of the self"); in the emphasis on "fragments" and "process" in contemporary art and literature; in the rebels' slogans—"Imagination is Revolution," "The young make love, the old make obscene gestures"; in the reverence for Mao Tse-tung ("Several student-radicals I asked about Mao gave as their first reason for admiring him: 'He's against institutions.' ").

Lifton is much too knowledgeable not to see the threatening extremes in all this. He warns against the Maoist "glorification of the revolutionary spirit and urge to inundate all minds with that spirit" and the "irreparable national dissension, convoluted and meaningless forms of violence, and extreme disillusionment" that, in his view, have resulted from Mao's most recent efforts to keep his revolution alive. Lifton is wary of "romantic totalism," and urges instead a continuing experimentation with new forms in the creation of "the New History." He believes, ultimately, that the "young" and the "old," the fathers and the sons, must "pool their resources and succeed together."

Ours is an age of polarities and dualities. In the cities of America death is a palpable presence—death rides the subways and infects the air; death pervades the empty images of mass-media advertising; death sits at the tables of the board rooms of the great corporations and nestles in quiet gray living rooms. Middle-America cannot see it, and most urban dwellers would dismiss the notion as absurd. But as our world, our numbers, and our technology engulf us, we are all subject to psychic numbing.

At the same time, others, aware of what threatens them, battle for life. They want community control, they want power over their own destinies, they want to have a voice in the institutions that rule their lives, they want to do their thing. Men have always had immortal longings, and few welcome death. Robert Jay Lifton has illuminated the struggle.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Needed: More Classroom Innovation

I AM INTERESTED in the violence of Mr. A. Nelson Dingle's attack on Martin Duberman's seminars [*SR* Book Forum, Jan. 31]. It is precisely this violence in the face of innovation which helps to explain the serious situation of the overcowded lecture sections and the disaffected students in many curricular areas. It is becoming increasingly evident here at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, for instance, that some alternative to lecture/discussions is needed if we are not to lose our students' interest in fine arts. In course work designed to stress the interrelationship of the fine arts, lecture/discussions simply will not suffice. I do not know whether the Duberman idea would answer all our problems. However, it is apparent that Mr. Dingle's assertion of the superiority of lecture/discussion sessions cannot be accepted at the value which he places upon it; it is a superiority written at least on water, at best on the blackboard.

Mr. Dingle stands as a symbol of regressive educational thought, and Mr. Duberman needs to be encouraged. Perhaps, left to develop his ideas, he will eventually evolve a system that is both workable and attractive to conservative educators.

EDWARD V. FOREMAN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Creative Use of Learning

GENERALLY, MR. DINGLE appears to be saying that it is naïve to condemn the lecture/exam method per se. In this he may well be right. But it is just as insupportable to champion such a method per se. If an instructor's aim is to cover a vast amount of material efficiently, this procedure will accomplish those ends if, as ordinarily happens, suitable reading assignments are made as an integral part of the planned course. It is not to be argued, I think, that many students have the capacity to seize ideas presented to them in this fashion and learn, on their own, how to make use of them.

If, however, the instructor wishes his students not just to master new universes of information but to learn to utilize them creatively and resourcefully, he needs to be concerned about the involvement of the students as much as about the information to be covered. From that standpoint, neat lesson plans, assignments set up a semester in advance, and a logically tight course construction must be sacrificed to effective communication and workable group dynamics. Such an approach, since it closely follows the progress of the group, is often less cohesive than the conventional course plan. It is generally more experimental as well. As society changes, such experimental approaches will, in all probability, become used increasingly. Some of us, I among them, can hardly wait for the old, yellowed sets of notes to become obsolete.

LOUIS J. BROUSSARD,
Marquette, Mich.

The Colonial Family

WHILE AGREEING WITH the general thrust of J. H. Plumb's PERSPECTIVE [*SR*, Jan. 31], I must take exception to the conclusions he chose to derive from John Demos's *A Little Commonwealth: Family Life in Plymouth Colony.*

Professor Demos's book is but one in the rapidly expanding field of historical demography, and therefore his conclusions must be examined in light of what other historians, such as Kenneth Lockridge, Richard Bushman, and Philip Greven, have uncovered.

Unfortunately for Professor Plumb, these studies suggest significant differences in family size and structure, marriage age, and mobility, and so bring into question his vision of the seventeenth century derived from Demos's book. Plymouth may indeed have been an area where "scant change was noticeable as decade succeeded decade," but, as Professor Lockridge's study of Dedham and Professor Greven's study of Andover suggest, this pattern was far from universal.

I can only echo Professor Plumb's interest in the study of the family in American history. No other American institution has been so neglected, especially in the colonial period. However, only after more intensive research will a pattern (if indeed any exists) emerge. Until then, all descriptions of family life will necessarily be local, and all hypotheses will lack the weight of concrete fact.

DENIS JOHNSON,
Lodi, N. J.

The Medicine Is the Malaise

IN HIS REVIEW of *Love and Will*, by Rollo May [*SR*, Jan. 10], Walter Arnold quotes an aphorism by the Viennese satirist Karl Kraus which is included in that book: "Psychoanalysis is in fact the disease of which its therapy purports to be the cure." Since Kraus was not willing to concede that psychoanalysis was providing any kind of therapy, the bite of his satiric remark has here been ruined by a mistranslation. What Kraus actually wrote was "*Psychoanalyse ist jene Geisteskrankheit, für deren Therapie sie sich hält,*" which may be translated as "Psychoanalysis is that mental illness for which it regards itself as therapy." Is the above mistranslation due to a translator's limited knowledge of German, or is it a Freudian slip by one of the "psychoanals," as Kraus liked to refer to that fraternity?

HARRY ZOHN,
West Newton, Mass.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

An information fall-out is settling over the land. Pages are crumbling, libraries bursting at their seams as scholarship faces the same problem that threatens the human race—too much of it for the space available. In this respect, Gutenberg was shortsighted, which may explain why students get nearsighted. We have developed a generation of researchers who read chiefly on microfilm; to "crank out a book" is no longer a mere figure of speech.

We live, moreover, in an age of historical exhaustiveness, preserving yesterday's newspaper along with incunabula, as though history must be immortalized before the apocalypse makes it obsolete. Until recent years the solution to this problem—not the problem of history, but of keeping history intact—fell equally on the shoulders of the facsimile reprinters, who published for those daring scholars who would rather turn pages than the handle of a machine, and the microfilm companies, which restored the book to its rolled-up-parchment beginnings—history winding back on itself with the aid of technology. Neither solution was a very happy one. The full-size reprints only added to the space problem, while the reels of film added to the eye problem. Meanwhile, new books and periodicals are decanted from the presses in stupefying quantities—the U.S. Government alone publishes some 20,000 documents a year. If history sinks, it will be from its own weight.

It is reassuring, therefore, to learn that technology has stepped in with what promises to be the final solution: a printed page so drastically miniaturized (on film) that as many as ten books can be stored on one four-by-six-inch card. Microfiche publishing began a couple of decades ago when the film people started experimenting with a process that discarded spools in favor of flat reproduction, achieving thereby both added convenience ("No need to wind through 100 feet of film to find the report you want," boasts National Cash Register's Microcard Editions) and an even greater compression of material. During the past ten years, this industry has, so to speak, grown larger by making its product smaller. More than fifty micropublishers are listed in the current *Literary Market Place*; there are few major libraries in the country that do not have a microform collection and the necessary machinery for using it, and duplicate archives in miniature are springing up where none could possibly have existed before.

"Microform" is the generic term that covers the various methods of print-to-film transference. The oldest of these is microfilm, and the granddaddy of this technique is University Microfilms (see THE PUBLISHING SCENE, *SR*, Feb. 19, 1966), with its treasure trove of Ph.D. dissertations, its vast collection of British historical and literary documents, and its "print on demand" system whereby a reader can have books made to order from film. Microcard, on the other hand, is just what it sounds like—a film "card" that contains, on the average, sixty book pages. The cards can be opaque or transparent, the latter being known as microfiche. The advantage of this process is that the reader-printer that enlarges the card will also supply you at the press of a button with a copy of the page you are reading. The most widely used of the new techniques, microfiche reduces the original document anywhere from one-fifth to one-twentieth of its original size, enabling the equivalent of 10,000 pages to be stored in less than two inches of drawer space.

Ultramicrofiche, as noted above, puts up to ten books on a card, and a strange collection they sometimes are. One NCR "ultra" includes Einstein's *Relativity*, Muhammad Hafiz's *Select Odes*, Huygens's *Opuscula posthuma*, and the *Upanishads*.

Not surprisingly, several blue-chip corporations have gone into micropublishing, staking out various documentary lodes of high assay. In addition to National Cash Register, other recent entries are Bell & Howell, the 3M company in Minneapolis, and Leasco Data Processing. Leasco, for example, sells a $20,000-a-year package of SEC reports on American corporations. The more broadly based NCR offers, among other things, the *U.S. Supreme Court Records and Briefs*, sixty-six volumes of the *New Masses*, and thousands of specialized periodicals. If you want a complete file of the *Cape Argus* (a South African newspaper) on microfiche, they'll sell it to you for a mere $10,478.

Professional groups (the American Bar Association, the Institute of Paper Chemistry) have utilized microform as a do-it-yourself means of preserving and distributing material from their own archives. Among the independents, Readex in Washington, D.C., and The Lost Cause Press in Louisville, Kentucky, helped pioneer the business, both companies dating back to the mid-1950s. Readex President Albert Boni is one of the few links the industry has with conventional publishing, but the company itself is vastly different from the old Boni & Liveright that challenged the establishment in the 1920s with the works of Dreiser and O'Neill. Readex today is the unofficial microform publisher to Her Majesty's Government in England (*Hansard's British Parliamentary Debates*) and, with fine impartiality, it also microprints most publications of the U.S. Government.

Libraries are the principal users of microform publishing; but in the case of some institutions, far from solving the space problem, it has added to it. The New York Public Library, for example, catalogues the original book or periodical as well as the microreprint. One reason: most readers still prefer the book to microform if they have a choice. In addition, the Library is microfilming its own collection, thus compounding the difficulty.

The range of material is vast. A *Guide to Microforms in Print* lists more than 15,000 titles currently available, and it is far from complete. Few titles are sold individually, however, as publishers offer collections grouped by subject matter. For example, The Lost Cause Press, which specializes in hard-to-find books on early American history and literature, particularly about the West, boasts a current inventory of 12,500 volumes. A hand-picked selection of 537 books on "The Plains and the Rockies" will cost you about $8,000.

Will microform make books obsolete? Not at this price. But for the scholar, it may make travel obsolete. With history entombed in a few dozen file drawers at any one of several locations—and this is literally what is happening—the search for knowledge, at least in the physical sense, is simplified. No more junkets to the Bodleian or the British Museum. Or even the Library of Congress. Is that bad?

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Political Science

THE ROOTS OF THE MODERN AMERICAN EMPIRE: A Study of the Growth and Shaping of Social Consciousness in a Marketplace Society

by William Appleman Williams

Random House, 547 pp., $15

ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED and firmly held self-images of Americans is their view of themselves as descendants of a freedom-loving people who cast off the yoke of empire and set themselves to build a model democracy for all the world to envy and emulate. Wary of entangling alliances and alert to the potential of the North American continent, they looked to expansion within its limits. Only in the twentieth century, during two world wars, did Americans reluctantly emerge out of isolationism into a major international role and, even then, only one that was consistent with anti-colonial traditions, serving the cause of freedom for all peoples.

This simplistic portrait of Uncle Sam has long been known to be a caricature by all who have more than an elementary knowledge of American history. Unfortunately, until recently the vast majority of Americans were not college-educated and possessed only an elementary knowledge. Even on the college level there has been an unwillingness to characterize American foreign policy as interventionist, imperialist, or anything but freedom-seeking. Historians who dealt with American interventionism tended to date it from the end of the nineteenth century, and to treat it either as an aberration or as the imposition of an expansionist policy by a small but powerful industrial-financial élite in the Northeast. Only Marxist analysts stressed the imperialistic nature of American foreign policy, arguing that it was inherent in capitalism.

Now a non-Marxist American historian, William Appleman Williams, offers a densely documented argument that American foreign policy has been imperialist in nature and in practice from the beginnings of the American Revolution; that it was not imposed upon the people by a small élite but was widely accepted and applauded by the majority of Americans, and that it originated in the early agrarian economy of the South, Middle West, and West. "The roots of the Modern American Empire," Williams argues, are to be found not in the counting houses of New York or the factories of New England, but on the plantations and prairies.

Williams states that "marketplace difficulties encountered after 1740 . . . defined the substance of the quarrel between the American colonies and the British metropolis." The colonists equated the "freedom they needed to solve their economic problems" with the "freedom and independence they desired in their personal and social affairs." A free marketplace came to be considered the ultimate expression of a free society, a guarantor of individual freedoms.

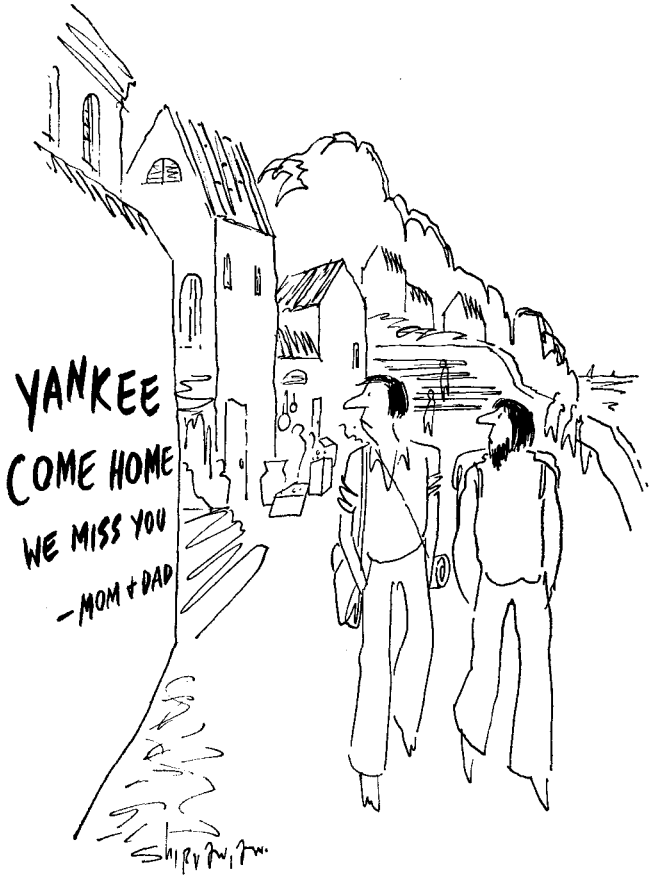
In 1785, in his letter to John Jay, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "Our people are decided in the opinion that it is necessary for us to take a share in the occupation of the ocean, and their established habits induce them to require that the sea be kept open to them . . ." Jefferson had no doubts of the consequences of a policy of freedom of the seas: "Frequent wars without a doubt . . . Our commerce on the ocean and in other countries must be paid for by frequent war."

Williams traces the expansionist policies of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, motivated by American agricultural production in search of overseas markets and constantly spurred by the growth of the United States, southwest through the Louisiana Purchase, north towards Canada, west to the Oregon Territories and Alaska, and southwest with the revolution in Texas. He analyzes the economic causes of the Civil War, the war with Mexico, and the major worldwide expansion of American influence resulting from the war with Spain in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

Throughout this study Professor Williams quotes at length from farm journals and legislative debates in the states. The mass of material, much of it new, overwhelms the reader. It is heavy going, but worth every bit of the concentration it requires.

The essential theme of his argument appears early in the book: "American farmers had been responsive as early as the end of the eighteenth century to all the main lines of argument advanced by [Adam] Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*. They had taken his insistence that a free marketplace economy was essential to political and social freedom, and integrated it with the individualistic side of John Locke's philosophy. That produced an equation that causally linked the free marketplace with freedom per se." Williams asserts that this theory was stimulated by an American "evangelical righteousness" which "created a powerful psychological drive that was quickly characterized by the protagonists themselves as America's manifest destiny to lead and reform—if not rule—the world. Already justified because it was necessary and fruitful, expansion became inevitable because it was the expression of a divine logic. The concept of The City on a Hill thus became The Empire of the Globe."

Williams distinguishes between the imperialism of American foreign policy



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and classic colonialism. "The farmers fought hard to make certain that American expansion was not institutionalized in the form of traditional colonialism. . . . They insured that Cuba was not annexed, and committed the United States to freeing the Philippines even as those islands were taken to provide a base for the penetration of the China market."

As Jefferson foresaw, "the policy of expanding the free marketplace led unfortunately to wars: wars to apply the principles; and wars to defend the freedom and the prosperity that the expansion of the principles had ostensibly produced for Americans." It then became clear, according to Williams, that "the expansion of the free marketplace had failed to bring freedom and prosperity to all Americans, let alone to all the people of the world." Since the majority of Americans had espoused the cause of the free marketplace, there was no élite or scapegoat to blame for its failure to produce freedom as well as profits. Professor Williams charges that we have "only ourselves to confront and change." He suggests, as a historian, that "If we can understand how we became an imperial metropolis in the name of freedom and prosperity of the country, then perhaps we can free our minds and our wills to achieve freedom and prosperity without being an imperial society."

In his conclusion, Professor Williams acknowledges that the meanings he discovers as a historian "do not . . . tell me what to do as a citizen. Nor can they tell any other citizen what to do as a citizen." He has come to believe, as a result of this study, that the "inherent character of the marketplace conception of reality sets limits on the nature of freedom." He further believes that free competition and the operation of the free marketplace also limit the realization of freedom. The author cites Adam Smith as having "perceptively foreseen" and "candidly discussed" the thought that "the marketplace outlook" generates a "kind of domestic and international imperialism."

Mr. Williams sees some merit in a decentralization that might help lead towards a more creative conception of freedom, while warning that the notion of "community" as an alternative to empire could become a new form of imperialism, "a vastly more horrible travesty than imperialism in the name of the free marketplace." And he offers the radical heresy that "there is a broad area in which every people is an island unto themselves."

The author describes himself as a radical, and presents a radical analysis of America's Smith-Lockean capitalism. But he avoids radical proposals for change and is humble in his avowed puzzlement as a citizen. Professor Williams is also more than generous in his acknowledgment of the help he received from fellow historians and, above all, from his graduate students.

In the preface he offers the reader a stimulating essay on the relevance of history and a new, unique feature that other historians might well follow: an "Autobiography of This Book." A detailed, exciting narrative and analysis of the evolution of his research and the changes in his concepts as new information brought new light, the "autobiography" also gives fascinating insight into brilliant and exhaustive scholarship. It exhausts the reader in the best sense of the word—not from boredom, but from an intensely shared intellectual experience.

David Schoenbrun

David Schoenbrun, foreign correspondent and author, is a visiting lecturer at Columbia University and the New School for Social Research.

NATIONALISM—THE LAST STAGE OF COMMUNISM

by Emil Lengyel

Funk & Wagnalls, 369 pp., $10

IT IS HIGH IRONY that a book as poorly organized as this could—ten years ago—have been genuinely useful. Instead of all those apocalyptic "theory-and-practice" treatments that were so widely used in required high school courses on communism, Emil Lengyel's work, emphasizing the different national traditions and interests that divide communist states, could well have been the text. The result might have been a somewhat more sophisticated public understanding of the actual strengths and weaknesses of international communism.

Professor Lengyel's contention is one familiar to scholars and most nonmilitary governmental observers: nationalism has triumphed over communism and its ideal of ideological or proletarian internationalism. But the book fails to hold the attention even of those who agree with its thesis. Lacking the precision of R. V. Burks or the scholarship of Hugh Seton-Watson, Lengyel's effort here is one of popularization.

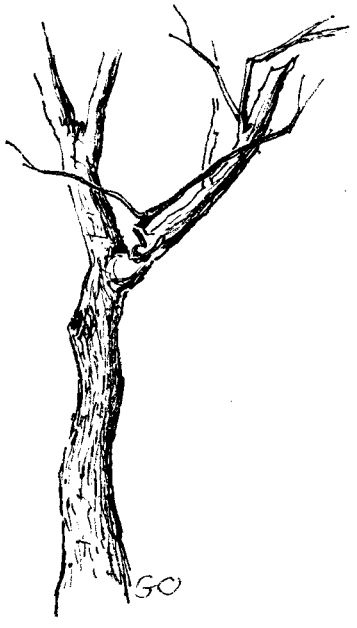
A third of the book deals with Russia, and there is a chapter each on nine other communist states. Communist Germany, Korea, and Vietnam are not covered because they are parts of nation-states that suffer from "split-personality problems" and "will have to find their own souls" before Lengyel can admit them to his canon of nationalisms. He has apparently simply forgotten Albania, which, though unsplit, is not treated in this book.

The author, who has been a foreign correspondent, repeatedly attempts to summarize a millennium of national history in a dozen pages. The result is a superficial work that will bore the specialist while losing the uninitiated in a maze of epochs and autocrats. Lengyel's prose is serviceable—just to the romantic side of Robert Payne or John Lawrence:

> The blood of the consecrated community of Russia has purified the land of earthly dross, mystic Moscow held. The blood that fertilized the roots of the celestial flowers was both pure and impure. Pure was the blood of the Muscovite; impure was that of his foe—Tatar and Turk, Swede and Pole, even that of the crusading Teutonic knight, the devil's seed of the polluted West.
>
> Russia was holy, Moscow was holy, the hut of the *muzhik*, peasant, was holy.

In characterizing the Communist Manifesto as "the birth certificate of an abortion," Lengyel shows he can turn a phrase. The problem lies in his having turned over more history than can be conveniently digested in so brief an enterprise. Even so, whereas the forty-year era of Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek is accorded a page and a quarter, and Genghis Khan one paragraph, the Chinese loess—the "yellow soil"—receives more than three pages. Lengyel finds the Chinese earth miraculous, eternal, and possessed of a "mystic capacity." Playing no favorites in the Sino-Soviet dispute, he variously pronounces the Russian soil "sacred," "consecrated," "desecrated," and "holy."

One can fault the book's romanti-



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cism and its effort to follow the rise and fall of nationalism in too many climes. But Lengyel's historical analysis is consistently persuasive and relevant to his theme. His resurrection of the caesaropapistic interpretation of Russian/Soviet autocracy is pertinent to understanding the USSR as a unitary society as well as a totalitarian state. It is also relevant to the current Western synchronization of religion and leftist political forces. In either instance, the independence both of the church and of the larger society is threatened. The state, whether reactionary or radical, clearly ought not to monopolize both secular and religious realms.

More fundamentally, one must question whether nationalism is in fact the last stage of communism or only the penultimate. In our own country and, indeed, throughout the world, we are hearing more frequent and flagrant appeals to racial loyalties as transcending allegiances to political nationalisms. Curiously, in his lengthy chapter on the progressive withdrawal of China from the East European communist bloc, Lengyel fails to note, much less evaluate, Soviet charges in the 1963-1965 period that the Chinese, in their propaganda to the Third World, sought to "counterpose the white race to the colored race, arouse chauvinism and preach their own brand of racism in reverse."

The recent bloody confrontation on the Ussuri has again eclipsed merely national antagonisms and revealed the racial issue. Yevtushenko asks, in effect, what else but race hatred can motivate the Chinese treatment of wounded Russian frontier troops?

First shot point-blank,
then finished off with bayonets.
What for?
For his freckles?
For his blue eyes?

The Soviet journal *Kommunist* now claims that China "plays on the racial communality of the Asian peoples." Whereas earlier in the dispute China was accused of appealing to the racial consciousness of the underdeveloped peoples, now the Soviets assert that "the Maoists are making attempts at a rapprochement with Japan on a Pan-Asian and even racial basis." The Chinese in return accuse the Russians of raising the cry of "yellow peril" in order to win the support of the Americans. The attitudes of China and of the USSR toward the Afro-American struggle in the United States have been distinctly different—in part because of the racial constituencies to which each of these communist states is responsible.

One must suspect that Lengyel's failure to discuss this aspect of the Sino-Soviet dispute is partially attributable to its being a "stumbling block" in the series of foundation stones he is trying to erect in support of his thesis that it is nationalism which has triumphed over communism. Lengyel's East European background may simply not permit acknowledgment of the theory that nationalism as well as communism is obsolete.

William Parente

William Parente, associate dean of faculty at Antioch College, is currently writing a book on the relationship between race and communism from Marx to Mao.

"I don't want to talk with him! Put him on 'destruct'!"

Fiction

THREE PLAYS:
Christopher Columbus,
Melissa, Kouros

by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by Athena Gianakas Dallas

Simon & Schuster, 285 pp., $7.50

BEFORE THE TURN of the century, when Nikos Kazantzakis was still a small child, his father took him to see a traveling company of actors that had unexpectedly landed at Heraklion, his native town on the isle of Crete. The play was Schiller's extravaganza *The Brigands*, and both father and son were attending a stage performance for the first time. For such newcomers a message was pinned to the curtain: "No matter what you see, do not be disturbed. It's all imaginary."

The warning was lost on the boy. He sat entranced by the paradise unfolded before him, the angels coming and going, the outlandish costumes, the makeup, the raised voices of two hulking giants arguing on the stage. His father, however, was horrified, convinced as he was that those painted figures were agents of the devil. "What kind of buffoonery is this?" he shouted, pulling the boy outside by the arm. "Don't ever set foot in a theater again, you wretch. Do you hear? Because if you do, I'll tan your hide!"

Freedom was his first great desire, Kazantzakis says elsewhere in his autobiography, *Report to Greco*, where he tells this story. When he had asked his father what "imaginary" meant, he was brusquely told, "hot air." But the child must already have known that the imagination was where he truly lived. Soon after he escaped his father's tyranny by going to the University of Athens, he began spinning his own extravagant tales. His second work was *Daybreak*, a play, and for that effort paternal surrogates at the university scolded him about his advanced ideas, even while they awarded him a prize and crowned him with laurel. In a symbolic gesture of freedom he used the laurel as a spice in his evening stew.

Nikos Kazantzakis kept writing plays, many of them, until his death in 1957. Before the worldwide success of his novels, starting with *Zorba the Greek*, he had hoped that fame and the money he desperately needed would come from productions of his dramas. A few, like *Protomastoras (The Overseer)*, were made into operas and performed. His *Kouros (The Minotaur)* was read on the Swedish radio. Albert Camus wrote to him praising *Melissa* as a beautiful play, a superb tragedy.

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But beyond these slight triumphs Kazantzakis could only wish for a change of fortune. "God knows when the tragedies will begin bearing fruit," he wrote in 1943. They never did. For most of the world his plays still retain the stillborn quality of closet drama.

Talk of Kazantzakis as playwright may surprise even those who know him well as a novelist, a poet, and a philosopher. If they missed the recent biography by his wife Helen, they also missed her sparse, tantalizing allusions to his dramatic works, of which this collection is the first in English. With so little information available about Kazantzakis's dramaturgy, it is a shame that this volume is so stark and spare: the three texts and that is all; no introduction, no listing of his other plays, no attempt to fit these works into the total contexts of either his playwriting or his tireless, excruciating journey into spirit. Wishing for much more, one can only be grateful for whatever is here.

What will not be surprising to a Kazantzakis buff is the scale of the plays. Novels like *The Greek Passion,* and the sweeping, epic proportions of *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel,* have conditioned readers to expect monuments. Kazantzakis always believed firmly that when realism thrives, civilizations are declining, and that during such stages individual self-sufficiency and mere talent replace communal idealism and true genius. A serious writer's duty, therefore, is to create heroes of super-realistic stature, to fashion myths and to find new meanings in old ones. Great plays, he concluded, come from great conceptions.

Two of these plays are reinterpretations of classical myths, and the third, *Christopher Columbus,* tries deliberately to transform history even beyond legend. All three deal with men of decided heroic stature: Columbus, conqueror of oceans; Periander, the hero of *Melissa,* tyrant king of Corinth, who, after murdering his wife, becomes locked in a struggle with his two sons that ultimately leads to the destruction of them all; Theseus in *Kouros,* the Athenian champion who travels to Minos to free the youth of his city from the man-eating Minotaur. All three plays are vast allegories in which the familiar details of myth and history are distorted and reshaped to reveal the greatness that Kazantzakis thought possible in man.

The chief trouble with these plays, however, is that one period's greatness is another's bombast. Though little more than a decade separates us from the living Kazantzakis, his heroic dramas will sit uncomfortably—like father beside son—in present-day theaters of the absurd and the undressed. One can only try to imagine an audience's reactions to the high-blown set speeches in these plays. *Are* they bombast? a reader asks himself. A matter of faulty translation? The Grecian tendency towards superlatives that sound pompous when put into our normally muted English? Or simply the inevitable result of any poetic work conceived on such a grand scale? It is hard to tell, and perhaps only stage production could show whether or not this kind of supranaturalism could be effective today.

Were we to see these plays performed, we would certainly have no difficulty making connections with the issues in them. *Melissa* deals with a mutually destructive war between generations. *Kouros* is about youth that sets out to guarantee a new civilization, only to discover that the surface enemy it seeks to destroy is really a subliminal part of itself. Columbus weeps upon his arrival in the unknown world because he knows that his discovery will lead not just to his own ruin but also to the spoliation of a paradise. Of the three plays, we probably would enjoy *Columbus* most on the stage, since history is still closer to our sensibilities than myth. Too, in a time of great hopes, but greater sorrows, we can attune ourselves to Columbus's weeping over opportunities bungled. It would be harder to surrender ourselves to the mood of Kazantzakis's flamboyant imaginative flights, his blatant allegory, his dreams and ideals, and the wonderful joys that he experiences among his agonies.

Robert Maurer

Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.

THE LOVE-GIRL AND THE INNOCENT

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 131 pp., $4.95

THE RECENT EXPULSION of Solzhenitsyn from the Union of Soviet Writers and the proposal that he emigrate from the USSR complete the parallel between the author of *The First Circle, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* and *Cancer Ward* and Boris Pasternak, the creator of *Doctor Zhivago.* The two men will undoubtedly tower in the history of Russian literature of this century as the chroniclers, respectively, of the two postures of protest against the dehumanizing impact of an oppressive state: martyrdom in a penal colony, and inner flight. In a way,

—*Sovfoto.*

Alexander Solzhenitsyn—often suffers from sentimentality.

this is a continuation of a dual tradition, which may be traced back not only to the Symbolist poet Alexander Blok with his concept of "secret freedom" and to Chekhov's "Ward No. 6," but also to Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God Is Within You" and Dostoevsky's *Memoirs from the House of the Dead.*

To Solzhenitsyn now belongs the distinction of having written, in addition to his famous novels, the first Soviet play to deal honestly with the theme of the concentration camp. The theme itself is not entirely new. Nikolai Pogodin's *The Aristocrats,* a play widely performed in Soviet theaters on the eve of World War II, described a motley assortment of hardened criminals, prostitutes, and political offenders undergoing moral regeneration in a Soviet prison camp, where they were being rehabilitated through joyful labor and uplifting ideological indoctrination. While Solzhenitsyn's play, not unexpectedly, bears little resemblance to Pogodin's, its characters and settings do at times recall the doomed derelicts and the flophouse from Maxim Gorky's *Lower Depths.*

A melancholy collection of prisoners, some of them trusting and naïve, others shrewd and wisened by life in prison jungles, are shown against the surroundings of a relatively "easy" camp—a device favored by Solzhenitsyn in his other works as well. (The "one day" of Ivan Denisovich, it will be recalled, is a good day; the "first circle" of the Inferno is the mildest one, and the prison inmates of the cancer ward enjoy the luxury of being treated in the same hospital not only with "free" patients but even with privileged Party bureaucrats.) Their one common aim is to survive; only a few

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The Long View

by THEODORE TAYLOR

We're on that shaky bottom rung of another decade now, and, could I induce the reading preferences of my eight-year-old for just the next two precious years, I would place on his shelf a series of backward-looking books.

He must, I think, slow down.

He saw the moon-shot in the Sixties, he learned that computers could program an instant telephone dialogue with his grandmother, and there were certainly several harbingers of the future among his Christmas toys.

But now, more than ever, I want him to understand the wonders of make-believe, so that he will have a cushion against supersonics and electronics. I have an idea it will come in handy long before 1980.

I would therefore choose for him several new fantasies of the pure old-fashioned variety. I hope they will be written.

For every computer he meets, I hope he will also encounter a tree, a field, a bird, and a beast, in that precise four-to-one ratio. So, for every book about the technological marvels of our time, I would select four books about the marvels of nature.

Perhaps he will begin to be angry. I hope so. He has been robbed, and should know it. I want him to ask what happened to the Bald Eagle before he asks about the Mars shot.

I would urge him toward stories of love and warmth and trust between human beings, where machines, those mute tangles of steel and wire, are incidental to flesh.

Alongside that fine picture-text book about man's first adventure on the moon, I would recommend at least four adventure stories whose heroes' next move cannot be checked out with Houston but must come solely from within.

If he has one leg in Neil Armstrong's space suit, I would prefer the other to be firmly encased in the brush-torn buckskin of Daniel Boone.

After he watches the Boeing 747 (or rides in it, and he will) I wish he could read, immediately, a new children's version of the story of Lindbergh's flight, or of that day on the sands of Kitty Hawk.

The social issues? In this two-year library, at the threshhold of his reading experience, I would suggest several "tuned-in" books on blacks. He has seen, and smelled, a ghetto, but does not relate it to a slave ship. I would like him to make that crossing from Guinea in his imagination.

Other social themes, in addition to ethnic, if they are built up from the roots and not based solely on Riot 1970, would be candidates for a place on his shelf. He is neither too young nor too tender to tackle them.

He has seen some pretty good displays of indifference in the late Sixties, so a few books about past acts of heroism and self-sacrifice would be a welcome addition.

Lately he has heard a barrage of adult self-criticism, mostly warranted, of conditions not of his making, so a glance at man's nobler efforts might provide a balance. It will render man's mistakes all the more evident.

There are things to be proud of.

In these days he needs a special type of fuel to move ahead. He can best get it by looking back.

THEODORE TAYLOR is the author of *The Cay* and *People Who Make Movies.*

Reviews by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Have You Seen Roads? *By Joanne Oppenheim. Illustrated with photographs. Scott.* 38 *pp.* $3.95. Stunning photographs in black-and-white spread across the pages, with a running commentary that explores a wide variety of roads, the term being used in the broadest sense. The writing is poetic and evocative, the photographs carefully selected. The book is handsome to look at, a pleasure to read aloud (save for the reiteration of the title question), and a good launching pad for a discussion of various means of transportation, since it includes city and country streets, placid rivers and busy locks, bridges and tunnels, sea lanes and the limitless pathways of space. Ages 5-8.

It's Magic? *Written and illustrated by Robert Lopshire. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. The characters are two bears who exemplify the magician and his stooge, an added note of humor in a book the very young can enjoy for its simplicity and for the series of tricks that are just right for their age. Sample: Tad the Great announces that Boris will not be able to jump over the magic penny he is going to put down. Ever gullible, Boris bets. Tad puts the penny on Boris's head. "You tricked me!" complains the stooge. "I know it," says the crafty Tad, and every small reader will identify with him. Ages 7-9.

Sam the Minuteman. *By Nathaniel Benchley. Illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row.* 62 *pp.* $2.50. Living near Lexington, Sam had visited Boston and seen the red-coated soldiers sent over by the king to keep the Colonials in order. He wasn't too surprised, therefore, to be wakened one night by the sound of church bells and the news that the Colonial troops were marching to Concord. Sam's father was a Minuteman, and he told the boy to pick up a gun and come along: every man would be needed. The story of the encounter is told in direct style, touched with humor, and just suggesting the grimness of war. Sam didn't know it was the start of the Revolution; he knew that he was worried and tired, but he was no longer afraid. For all its simplicity, this gives a good boy's-eye view of a historic event. It reads smoothly and is excellently suited to the beginning reader's abilities. Ages 7-9.

Lucy Runs Away. *By Catherine Storr. Illustrated by Victoria de Larrea. Prentice-Hall.* 70 *pp.* $3.95. There's a no-nonsense composure about Lucy, which is in marvelous contrast to the profusion of melodramatic adventures that take place in her fertile imagination. Finding home life dull, Lucy announces she will run away on or about her tenth birthday. Her family discourages this enterprise, but Lucy stolidly continues her planning and does indeed decamp as promised. Her experience is both credible to the reader and intensely gratifying to Lucy. The story is tightly knit and evenly paced. the characterization and dialogue good, but the prime delight is the humor of Lucy's persistent vision of herself as a dashing, mysterious outlaw. Ages 8-10.

McBroom's Ear. *By Sid Fleischman. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Norton.* 46 *pp.* $4.25. As McBroom is the first to admit, everybody had heard about the marvelous fertility of the one-acre McBroom farm. Why, if you dropped a nickel, it would grow into a quarter by the time you could pick it up. So naturally the place was a grasshopper's delight. The creatures ate everything green in sight—except for one cornstalk, which, with no competition, drew on all the riches of McBroom soil and grew as big as a tree, its single ear tall as a man and five times as wide. Bouncy illustrations add to the allure of a deft and daft tall tale, in which the use of first-person narrative adds a colloquial garrulity to the humorous exaggeration. Ages 8-10.

On Firm Ice. *By Carter Wilson. Illustrated by William A. Berry. Crowell.* 103 *pp.* $3.95. When men work well in partnership in the winter seal camp of the Netsilik Eskimos, they say they are on firm ice. Alornek, boastful and excitable, taunts his former

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partner, Kunak, calling him a coward and a fool. Before the quiet, watchful tribe the two men engage in ritual combat. Alornek, defeated, withdraws into sullen hostility. It is clear that he is mad and that, for the good of the tribe, he must be disposed of. This and other problems are dealt with by the Netsilik in the prescribed traditional fashion. Originally prepared as text material, the book has been deftly adapted to give, in fictional form, a moving and dignified picture of the Netsilik in times past. Ages 9-11.

Temple on a Hill: The Building of the Parthenon. *Written and illustrated by Anne Rockwell. Atheneum.* 108 *pp.* $3.95. Exceeding the modest claim of the title, this book not only covers the planning and building of the Parthenon but gives the background out of which the rebuilding of Athens and the plans for the temple emerged. It describes the work of Pericles and Phidias, and combines architectural and historical information with a vigorous sense of everyday life in ancient Greece. Ages 10-12.

Tales of the Rue Broca. *By Pierre Gripari. Illustrated by Emily McCully. Bobbs-Merrill.* 111 *pp.* $4.95. Written with flair and translated with finesse, these six amusing short stories are, M. Gripari tells us, the result of his collaboration with the children of the Rue Broca, the Paris neighborhood in which he was noted as a storyteller. Indeed, the tales are delightful for retelling or for reading aloud. Occasionally there is a reference that is particularly French, but most of the fun has the universal appeal of bland style combined with sophistication. In "Lustucru," for example, the hero never receives his due because nobody can bear to set such a silly name down in writing, so Julius Caesar gets unearned credit. In "The Cunning Little Pig" Little God is given permission by Mama God to create our world after he has done his homework. Ages 10-12.

War on the Darnel. *By Philip Turner. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. World.* 196 *pp.* $4.25. The three musketeers of Darnley Mills, Peter, David, and Arthur, ride again, this time deploying their bicycle-powered home-made boat against a rival party of boys who have established themselves at a judicious point on the river and demand a toll. The river piracy is for a Worthy Cause, but our stalwarts cannot spurn the challenge. They plan and execute extremely complicated and ingenious naval and quasi-naval maneuvers that result in a hilarious battle-royal. Very, very British in the nicest way: the boys rattle along in precocious fashion, the policeman and the retired naval men just escape being typed, the humor is best-boys'-school, and the book is full of action without seeming too busy. Ages 10-13.

Top Boy at Twisters Creek. *By E. W. Hildick. Illustrated by Oscar Liebman. David White.* 151 *pp.* $4.95. The way Andy described it, there seemed little doubt that one of the members of the SATSCO (Society for the Advancement of Teenage Status and Consumer Opportunities) could win the Top Boy Contest. The more groceries one bought, the more votes one was entitled to cast, and the gang members were instructed in how to be nice to elderly neighbors, whom to baby-sit for, and what publicity measures to take. Since his father taught statistics, Andy had every angle figured. The throbbing drama of the contest is funny enough in itself, but there is a bonus in the sly commentary on internecine backbiting in a small college town. Delightful style, ebullient with action and wit. Ages 11-14.

A Day of Pleasure: Stories of a Boy Growing Up in Warsaw. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Photographs by Roman Vishniac. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 227 *pp.* $4.50. Written with ineffable candor and elegant simplicity, some twenty stories bring vividly to life the rich, ingrown life of the Warsaw ghetto. Some of the anecdotes are about Isaac Singer's own adventures, others focus on distinctive personalities, and all contribute to a re-creation of the stern piety, poverty, and irrepressible humor of the place, the period, and the people. Some of the material has already been published, but can one reprint "Why the Geese Shrieked" too often? Ages 11 up.

The Restless Ghost: Three Stories. *By Leon Garfield. Illustrated by Saul Lambert. Pantheon.* 132 *pp.* $3.95. That past master of the resurrected picaresque, Leon Gar-

—From "Temple on a Hill: The Building of the Parthenon."

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1817

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field, has concocted three short thrillers in which the melodrama is lightened by infrequent sunny phrases (". . . as female a lass as ever tipped a hoop . . .") that serve as counterpoint. The title story is gloomily effective: a ghostly drummer boy takes the place of a living one who is then doomed to live as a ghost. In "Vaarlem and Tripp" a young apprentice painter finds that his master, a coward in battle, has used his talent to conquer the enemy in his own way. The third story tells how a young thief, shipped abroad, finds love (hoop-tipper) on the voyage and earns his freedom by cutting down the vile leader of a mutiny. Never, but never, a dull moment. Ages 12-15.

Voices from France: Ten Stories by French Nobel Prize Winners. *Selected and edited by Miriam Morton. Doubleday.* 212 *pp.* $3.95. The authors are Camus, France, Gide, Martin du Gard, Mauriac, Frédéric Mistral, Rolland, and Sartre; the translations, chiefly by the editor, are smooth and colloquial; the stories and excerpts from books (two) are varied; the quality is manifest, and the book an excellent introduction to great writing for those young people to whom any of these masters is unfamiliar. Editorial notes on the author and his work precede each selection. Ages 12 up.

Wizard of the Dome: R. Buckminster Fuller, Designer for the Future. *By Sidney Rosen. Little, Brown.* 189 *pp.* $4.95. "Genius" is a term sometimes used when it is not deserved, but the prolific and practical ideas and inventions of Buckminster Fuller entitle him to that name. His life has been devoted to making man's surroundings serve him better, and he has survived defeat and rejection—and even thoughts of suicide—to receive, in his later years, recognition and acceptance for his buildings based on the "geometry of nature." Best known for his Dymaxion houses and domed structures the world over, Fuller is more famous today than many of the architects who scorned him because he had no formal training. The book, written in a flowing, coherent style, lets Fuller's record speak for him. Ages 12 up.

The Diary of A. N.: The Story of the House on West 104th Street. *By Julius Horwitz. Coward-McCann.* 220 *pp.* $5.95. Momma didn't like the building on 118th Street, not after Mrs. R. was found on the bathroom floor with her throat cut, so they had moved again: Momma, Charles and Harriet (aged twelve and thirteen), baby Edgar, and A.N. herself, the oldest child. A.N. is the only member of the family who does not succumb to the vice and violence around her. Her younger sister has a lover, her mother is hopelessly inert, her brother lives with a white homosexual and is a drug addict. Caught in the vicious circle of ghetto life and the welfare system, A.N. has only her own integrity and the support of her teachers to help her escape. A biting indictment and a brutally real and moving fictionalization of the plight of the ghetto child. For young adults.

History

THE DEATH OF THE PAST

by J. H. Plumb

Houghton Mifflin, 153 pp., $5

THE DEATH OF THE PAST is, for Professor J. H. Plumb, the birth of history, not its demise. He achieves this paradox by distinguishing between the way men of former times used the past to justify the human condition as they knew it, and the way historians seek "to see things as they really were, and from this study to attempt to formulate processes of social change which are acceptable on historical grounds and none other." History, so defined, is a modern and Western invention, first fully fledged with Edward Gibbon.

I must confess that this distinction strikes me as completely false. What Professor Plumb hails as a new genus, history, is merely the onset of a climate of opinion in which he feels at home. Older uses of the past he analyzes, often wittily and well, as self-serving, erroneous, naïve. History emerges in the eighteenth century, suffers romantic and nationalistic contamination in the nineteenth century, threatens to collapse under the burden of meaningless erudition in the twentieth, but will yet be redeemed by a vision of the whole course of human affairs, past, present, and future.

What, then, is the redeeming vision? Let Professor Plumb speak for himself: "It is to me the one truth of history—that the condition of mankind has improved, materially alas more than morally, but nevertheless both have improved. Progress has come by fits and starts; retrogressions are common. Man's success has derived from his application of reason, whether this has been to technical or to social questions. And it is the duty of the historian to teach this, to proclaim it, to demonstrate it in order to give humanity some confidence. . . ."

Such a view of man's past, articulated by a professional academic, seems quite as self-serving as any of the older versions of human history that Professor Plumb dismisses as the misguided work of priests, aristocrats, monarchs, or mandarins. This does not mean that I disagree with his conclusion. On the contrary, I share his conviction that progress is real and fundamental. But it is naïve and pharisaical for a modern professional historian to declare himself not as other men are. We are just as self-serving and just as limited by the cultural environment in which we find ourselves as any of our predecessors. We, in short, no less than historians of other times and places, are ourselves the product of history, and can justifiably pride ourselves on having surpassed our predecessors only because the professionalization of historical studies has enabled the accumulation of data, the widening of sympathies, and the sharpening of conceptual interpretation to advance at a rapid rate.

The past, then, is far from dead. The company of professional historians, aided and abetted by social scientists and, perchance, by philosophers and men of letters, is laboring towards a redefinition of our still-living and ever-changing past. Like other social processes, the movement is confused and has no discernible terminus. But to claim that modern historians have a unique talisman that allows us to know things as they really were—apart, apparently, from the questions we ask and the conceptions we bring to the past—obscures rather than clarifies the real, indisputable advances that have occurred and are occurring in our understanding of mankind's history.

This little book, based on three lectures delivered at CCNY, is briskly written, and abounds in arresting turns of phrase. But Plumb's brilliant style cannot really salvage a faulty idea.

William H. McNeill

William H. McNeill is chairman of the History Department at the University of Chicago.

THE MYTH OF THE GOLDEN AGE IN THE RENAISSANCE

by Harry Levin

Indiana University Press, 231 pp., $6.95

"OUR STORY BEGINS," says Harry Levin, "prior to the beginnings of history, with the primordial formula of the storyteller: *once upon a time.* We are invited to stretch our minds backward as far as we can conceive of human existence. . . . We cannot look back to an age which did not look back toward *illud tempus,* time immemorial, half-forgotten days of yore, melted snows of yesteryear, *antan.*"

Thus the author opens his study of the beguiling myth of the golden age, and pursues the subject with the pyrotechnics we have come to associate with his prodigious learning. He impresses one as a man who has read everything—not only the masters of literature, but even those writers of the past whom the general reader may be excused for never having heard of before.

The impulse to look back to a golden age comes from the human desire "to restore that innocence which later ages have blemished." Yet that "nostalgia

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for a happier day would be a sterile emotion, if it merely sighed for what was not; encouraged by the rotation of the seasons, it is transfigured into a hope for recurrence." Oddly enough, the pastoral, which ought to have been the expression par excellence of this yearning for an unfettered primitive life, became the most artificial of all poetic modes, and was detected by such men of common sense as Samuel Johnson. (He failed, of course, to see how much of the pastoral tradition there was in *Lycidas*.)

One has often heard Theocritus, father of the pastoral, described as "cosmopolitan"—a poet, as Professor Levin says, who wrote with "particular elegance and elaboration." But for a long time I have not been quite so sure that he was that sophisticated. Once, when I was a very young man, I used daily to pass in the hills above Taormina an old goatherd, who got into the habit of holding out his palm for a coin. One morning he began to sing a song of uncertain melody. But the words! Through the Sicilian dialect I was sure I was hearing something familiar. Suddenly I knew: I was listening to a corrupted version of the Second Idyl of Theocritus. The goatherd said it was composed in the time of his grandfather, "when they made the stone saints."

Professor Levin explores the history of this looking back to a golden age through Vergil, Ovid, Boethius, *The Romance of the Rose*, Dante (on whom he is particularly interesting), Boccaccio, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Politian, Ariosto, Tasso, and many others. Eventually the golden age becomes a time of

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1385

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1385 will be found in the next issue.

EGG LQSWUPDEG RLVTHUQKD EPU ZUEB, GCCUDU, EQV VEQTUPCLD.

—HCQKESTQU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1384

A friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ridiculous position. —SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Yesterday Rosalba became a Foster Child.

• Tomorrow she will get soap so she can wash her hair. And everyone in her family will have soap, too.
• Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.
• She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.
• Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.
• For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

Most of all, she'll understand that someone somewhere cares. Someone thoughtful and loving enough to give $16 a month to Foster Parents Plan. Someone whose sole satisfaction will be to read of his Foster Child's progress in monthly letters. Letters from Rosalba herself and translated by PLAN. Someone who knows how important it is in this world to change a dismal, hopeless yesterday into a tomorrow worth living for.

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unlimited license, a paradise of free love.

And where had this golden age its existence? For Horace it was in the Islands of the Blest. Columbus, on his third voyage, felt that he had discovered "man's oldest habitat, the Terrestrial Paradise." Michael Drayton paid Elizabeth I the compliment of locating it in her England. Cotton Mather was of the opinion that a return to the golden age would make a man "a Protestant, and, I may add, a Puritan." Thoreau looked for it in Walden, Melville in the South Seas. Hazlitt, no lover of pretense, blasted the pose with: "Our manners are not Arcadian, our climate is not an eternal spring; our age is not the age of gold." Not the least interesting sections of this book are the appendices, particularly the one on "Paradises, Heavenly and Earthly," which ranges from Spenser through Malraux.

Apparently the main contents of the volume are based upon materials employed by Professor Levin in 1967, when he was visiting professor for the Patten Foundation at Indiana University. His prose is usually solid and highly readable, but it must be conceded that he does not always wear his learning lightly. The preface, for instance, contains this discouraging sentence: "This process of acculturation is perhaps more remarkable than, in our habituation to it, we always remember." Again, on the same page with the admirable beginning which I have quoted at the opening of this review, I find that "the Nietzschean myth of the eternal return, as it has been traced . . . by Mircea Eliade, attests the depth and breadth of this appeal to the collective unconscious." Further on: "Yet closer scrutiny will always reveal nuances of topographical variation which, however slight, can be meaningfully illuminated by thematic analysis."

Such sentences are not typical of Professor Levin's style, and I wish he would avoid that depressing sort of vocabulary altogether. He is a profoundly erudite man, and there is no need of his trying to sound so. When he does, it is a blemish in an otherwise fascinating work.

Bernard Grebanier

Bernard Grebanier is the author of "The Heart of Hamlet," "The Great Shakespeare Forgery," and a forthcoming biography of Byron.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1e, Noyes. 2f, Tolstoy. 3g, Erasmus. 4k, Andersen. 5m, (de) Unamuno. 6j, Thomas. 7i, Ibsen. 8l, Ionesco. 9d, Nietzsche. 10a, Nash. 11h, Seferis. 12b, D'Annunzio. 13c, O'Flaherty.

Fiction

Continued from page 43

have higher aspirations, such as survival with a minimum of dignity and integrity. The jailers are not particularly sadistic. They view the prisoners as beasts of burden to be employed in any useful capacity, from engineering to prostitution, at minimum expense and with the maximum of productivity. That many of the inmates die of starvation and disease is viewed by the jailers with indifference, but not with particular glee.

Written before Solzhenitsyn's major novels, *The Love-Girl and the Innocent* often suffers from a sentimentality and a lack of restraint that occasionally mar even his mature work. There are reasons to expect this is also true of Solzhenitsyn's other early play, *The Feast of the Conquerors.*

Bethell and Burg's brisk translation reads well, although the exotic quality of the play's Russian title, *Olen' i shalashovka* (literally, "The Deer and the Hut-Girl"), could have been at least partly salvaged by rendering *olen'* as "greenhorn."

Maurice Friedberg

Maurice Friedberg has written widely on Soviet literature.

CREEZY

by Félicien Marceau, translated from the French by J. A. Underwood

Orion/Grossman, 125 pp., $4.95

THE LATEST GONCOURT WINNER is as slim and elegant as the heroine herself. Creezy (French spelling for "crazy," an English word popular in French slang) is one of the top "cover girls" of Paris. One evening at the theater her beautiful green eyes narrow on Jacques, a distinguished member of the French legislature, and there ensues a romance that ends in disaster. The story is not new, of course: that of a middle-aged man who jeopardizes his marriage, his family, and his career for a passionate affair. It is often told, as here, from the man's point of view, thereby increasing the focus on the heroine, whose fatal charm is elaborately described to motivate the hero's folly.

Creezy's Twiggy-like figure is set off by thigh boots, geranium-colored pants, and other concoctions of the *haute couture.* With her mannequin stride she advances before the cameras in international airports or the foyers of chic hotels, shimmering in feathers or shells. She has an ultra-modern flat all chrome and glass and an M. 19 car that she drives like the devil. For kicks she plays the pinball machine or flies a plane or, on holidays, goes somewhere for water skiing and deep-sea diving. She takes pills to sleep and pills to stay awake, but in the middle of the night calls out for help—a creature as vulnerable as she is tough, thoroughly modern, this Creezy who has opened her arms to the *député* from Morlan.

The two make furious love, think up practical jokes, tear around town, rent dilapidated properties to play house in from the Ile de France to the boot of Italy. They generally disport themselves in the manner of James Bond characters, yet the story has nothing of the Bond cops-and-robbers thing; rather, as I have suggested, does it hark back to older sentimental situations—more *Dame aux camélias* here and there and, in the dénouement, almost *Manon Lescaut.*

With its hackneyed plot and not very sympathetic people, this novel, were it not for the genuine literary talent of Félicien Marceau, might be just another best-seller. Through the magic of style he has brought all its elements together to produce the impression of a frighteningly mechanical universe in which mankind itself has become a sort of souped-up machine. Character portrayal is as brutal and bold as a camera flashbulb. Creezy, evoked by recurrent epithets, seems only a doll—"my Egyptian queen, my painted idol, my icon . . ."; her gestures are just tics; her conversation is made up of programmed phrases. In the narrative parts Marceau's sentences rush about like the characters in their world of steel and cement. Often the sentences stop abruptly, modulate a lyric theme or record a silent monologue, then rush on to depict paroxysms like the love scenes or the acid-rock recital.

I should guess that writing a novel so dramatically contemporary represents for Félicien Marceau a real tour de force, an accomplishment which only his recent successes in the theater could have prepared him for. The earlier Marceau was quite different, dominated perhaps by Balzac, about whom he has written a fine book. There is little of Balzac in this novel except for certain descriptive passages which, without violating the over-all tone, suggest different times and different moods. I have in mind the occasional rural landscapes, the scenes of kitchen gardens and of old dwellings, which recall the quieter art of the nineteenth century. In this novel they afford relief from headlights, billboards, and plastic pants suits. No doubt Marceau put them in intentionally.

Laurent LeSage

Laurent LeSage teaches French literature at Pennsylvania State University.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Robbins Plus Chopin

HAVE YOU ever *seen* a nocturne? *I* have, courtesy of the choreographic magic of Jerome Robbins. *In the Night*, a continuing exploration of Chopin's music as begun by Robbins less than a year ago in *Dances at a Gathering*, is born of four nocturnes (Op. 27, No. 1; Op. 55, Nos. 1 and 2; Op. 9, No. 2) and finds its form in the dancing of three couples, each couple with their own episode, and concluding with the six in the last nocturne.

The movements that Robbins has designed for his dancers do more than give body-shape to the melodic lines, the rhythms, the textures, the sonorities, the "breathings" of the music. Relationships and incidents are indicated by the nocturnal figures as they travel their musical pathways in shadows or in shafts of moonlight, tenderly, and shyly or eagerly, reflectively or almost rhapsodically. The touchings, the pressings, the embracings of bodies are exquisitely conceived so that the whole emerges as a poem to the most natural aspects of romance.

What is especially lovely is the gallantry displayed by the gentlemen for the gentlewomen, and the etiquette that governs the enchanting patterns when the couples meet. This, by the way, is not simply of the "good manners" brand, but, rather, etiquette in its courtly mien, and that's pure choreography.

There are moments, too, when the purest dance imageries prevail, such as when Violette Verdy is held in an upside-down position by her partner (Peter Martins) and her legs, held tightly together, reach to the skies and remind one of a shaft of moonlight; slowly, a tremor comes to the legs in the most delicate *batterie*, and, as they descend slowly to the floor, one seems to see a cascade of moonbeams drifting to earth.

Two hundred years ago, Jean Georges Noverre, choreographer, innovator, reformer, set out to restore meaningfulness, expressivity, even truth to an art that had become almost acrobatic. He wrote in his historic *Lettres sur la danse et les ballets* that "this art has remained in its infancy only because its effects have been limited, like those of fireworks designed simply to gratify the eyes. . . . No one has suspected its power of speaking to the heart." (Translation by Cyril Beaumont.)

Noverre, if he could return today, would be awed by the "fireworks" of ballet technique—he, of course, worked well before dancing *sur les pointes* existed—but he would also have been amazed at the emergence of a theater dance that could speak "to the heart." Perhaps Robbins's *In the Night* would have affected him most, even more than modern dance masterpieces, for he would see a vocabulary of movement rooted in his own classical traditions, and he would experience physical fireworks used to illumine the fires of the heart.

At this point in this report, it is abundantly clear, I think, that I find *In the Night* a masterwork conceived and executed on the same high plane as *Dances at a Gathering*. But may I report to you some other responses? At the performances I attended, there was a hush throughout that pays tribute to Robbins's artistry, and wild applause at the close that pays tribute to his consummate craftsmanship; a guest of mine must have searched for a special thank you card to find a lovely East Indian print that depicted "a lady going through the dark to meet her lover"; and a now-retired dancer, after seeing *In the Night*, said, "If I had seen this when I was just starting out, I would have stopped, because I could not have hoped to have reached for such perfection."

This performing perfection, which Robbins himself lauds, was provided by Kay Mazzo and Anthony Blum, Miss Verdy and Mr. Martins (the latter, appearing through the courtesy of the Royal Danish Ballet), Patricia McBride and Francisco Moncion, and Gordon Boelzner, pianist, in the New York City Ballet production at the State Theater. The superb lighting was by Thomas Skelton, and the costumes, which underwent desirable changes from performance to performance, were by Joe Eula.

Violette Verdy and Peter Martins in Jerome Robbins's new "In the Night."

Except for dance perfection as demonstrated in *Dances at a Gathering* and *In the Night*, is there a particular significance to Robbins's interest in Chopin? He told me: "I'm still fascinated by the music of Chopin. It keeps opening up further avenues for me, so there is more to come. I may do another work first, but I'll be back to Chopin. There will be another Chopin ballet from me and then, I hope, a whole evening of Chopin." The reviews for such an evening cannot be prophesied, but if the full Robbins-Chopin program matches the first two creations, perhaps it will be described by the veteran dance enthusiast who said, after seeing *In the Night*: "The most refreshing and uplifting experience to be cherished in our world of today."

—Photos by Martha Swope.

The final movement for the full cast of "In the Night"—Kay Mazzo and Anthony Blum, Patricia McBride and Francisco Moncion, Peter Martins and Violette Verdy.

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Music to My Ears

Carter, Abbado, Sills

WHEN Leonard Bernstein introduced Elliott Carter's Concerto for Orchestra (commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for its 125th anniversary in 1967), he chose to surround it with symphonies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, that is, Haydn (No. 103 in E flat, *The Drum Roll*) and Tchaikovsky (No. 3 in D, *Polish*). Whether or not by intent, he programed music that, like the Carter work itself, raised the age-old question of heart versus intellect. The thirty-five-year-old Tchaikovsky was a font of melody, rhythm, and passion, without the technical resources yet being equal to his heartfelt inspiration. The aging Haydn, too, was inspired and impassioned, but ideally found counterbalance in his remarkably well-honed technical means.

Elliott Carter has long been a major musical thinker, and each of his recent works has been built with layers of complexity, laid open only after probing and repeated exposure. It is music that appeals more to the curious mind seeking out levels of organization and understanding than to the listener content with satisfying the senses. The new twenty-three-minute Concerto is still another step in this direction, and the road to understanding it has been paved with such terms as "concentric semicircles of sound," "corridors of sound," "mirror images," "intervallic focus," and "metrical modulations."

His point of departure was the poem *Vents* ("Winds") by St. John Perse, but more generally it was "the poetry of change, transformation, reorientation" that produced four continuous movements that interpenetrate each other and rise out of the bristling orchestral texture, each with its own soloist, character, sound, and development. The first revolves around the lower middle register and is moderately fast, the second around the higher instruments beginning fast and lightly, the third around the low register and stated recitative-like, and the fourth around medium-high instruments starting slowly and accelerating.

A gong and percussion establish the opening mood of mystery, with the cellos and piano (which is prominent throughout) emerging out of the dissonant orchestral density. Each section comes to the fore and is expanded at length (with ample percussive punctuation). Its end comes quietly, almost suddenly, with a single chime. To these ears, there is at least five minutes' excess in Carter's working out of his materials, with a tendency toward an unrelenting sameness in sonority. Carter's Concerto holds enormous fascination for those willing to go the measure to meet it, and it is a major work by a brilliant craftsman.

Bernstein, his orchestra, and his section soloists gave it a masterful performance, keeping the massive orchestration transparent, yet cohesive. The conductor's large-scale handling of the Haydn tended to emphasize the serious element, instead of the lighthearted, taking his cue from the opening "Adagio." For the rarely heard Tchaikovsky, Bernstein rightly wore his heart on his sleeve, giving it a colorful richness and forward pulse, particularly in the "Allegro brillante" processional and the darting, elusive figures of the two scherzos. But he so prematurely built the climax of the final polonaise that the coda proved anticlimactic.

A much less rewarding look at the music of our time was taken by Claudio Abbado, who led the Boston Symphony and flutist Doriot Anthony Dwyer in Franco Donatoni's *Puppenspiel* ("Puppet Show") No. 2 in Philharmonic Hall. The work, written in 1965 and based on Kleist's "On the Marionette Theater," is devoid of a single interesting idea and more than taxes the virtuosity of the flute-piccolo player, since the jangling orchestra offers unfair competition.

Music nearly forty years old provided the visceral excitement of the evening when Bartók's immensely vital Second Piano Concerto found an ideal partnership in Abbado and pianist Alexis Weissenberg, who were of the same mind in achieving a crackling brilliance in the two outer movements of this remarkable work. Weissenberg's strength is in his strength: his easy bravura, demonic speed, athletic drive, steel-edged tone, and tensile strength—all of which served Bartók to the fullest. Abbado concluded with a no-nonsense performance of the Schumann D-minor Symphony (No. 4), stressing structural clarity and aggressive tempos.

By the time Beverly Sills launched into "O luce di quest' anima" from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix,* it was late and she had traversed a long, demanding program in her first New York recital (Philharmonic Hall). She reopened the case of whether an accomplished opera singer can find happiness on the concert stage. It must be said that what has held her in fine stead in opera did the same in recital: her excellent musicianship, the quality of her high lyric singing, the astounding accuracy in quick coloratura, and her natural warmth. But there was the tendency, too, for the voice to spread and turn unpleasantly edgy in *forte.*

She was heard to best advantage in Mozart's "Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio" (K. 418) and the concluding "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" of Schubert, which had the added expertise of Philharmonic clarinetist Stanley Drucker. The soprano's kind of simplicity and honesty was effective in Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Klärchen's Lied," as well as in a group of Fauré. Four Richard Strauss songs found her still only at wading depth, not yet swimming in deep waters. The opening two cantatas by Vivaldi (recently discovered by Sister Meneve Dunham in Turin and Dresden) were long, musically not consistently rewarding, and so all-encompassing in range that Miss Sills's voice was forced into a most unattractive lower register. The more lyrical "Par che tardo" was not only more compact but showed her to better advantage. Charles Wadsworth was her sensitive collaborator at the piano and harpsichord. —ROBERT JACOBSON.

Green Thumbs Down

by Ted Olson

I am an executioner—one of the lesser
minions of the Lord High. He pinches off
Presidents, snuffs dynasties. I deal with
aphids and borers, a million minuscule lives.
I had almost said inoffensive. Not so.
Mightily offensive to me, and I must assume
to the Lord High. Why else should he deputize me?

I am conscientious. I study his methods. I try—
measuring out sevin for lace bugs, malathion for thrips—
to dispense death with similar objectivity,
without malice or scruple.

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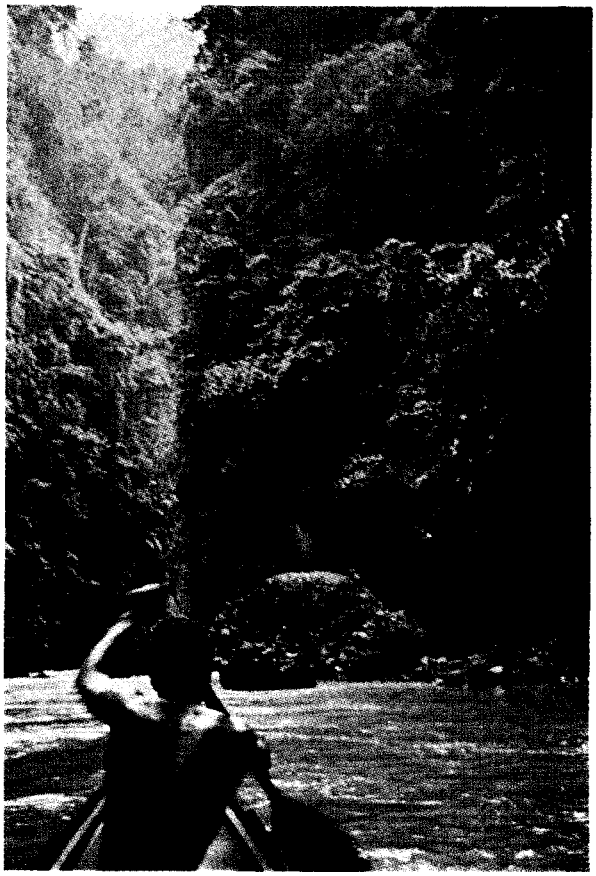

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For good schools with good facilities and good teachers can produce good citizens. And give every American child the education he needs to live, to survive, to compete.

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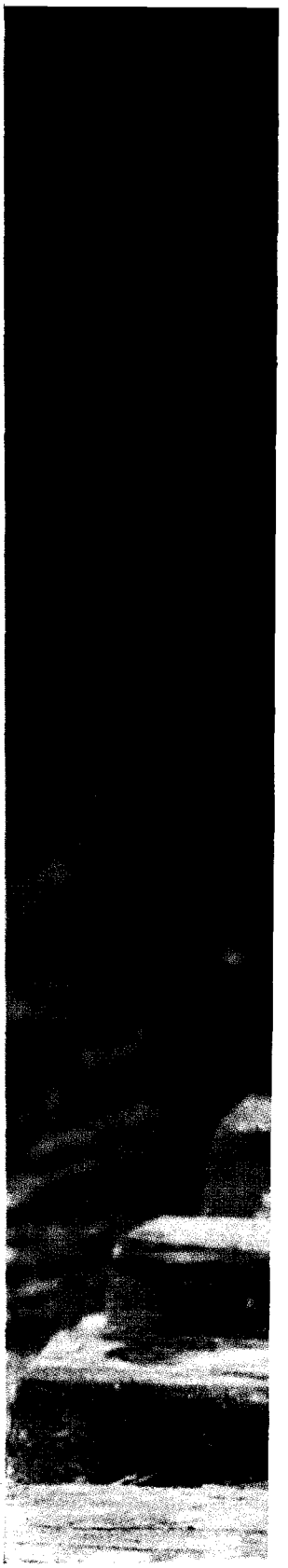

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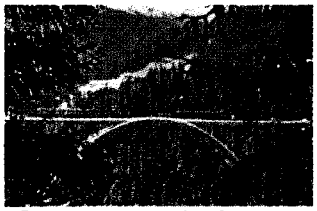

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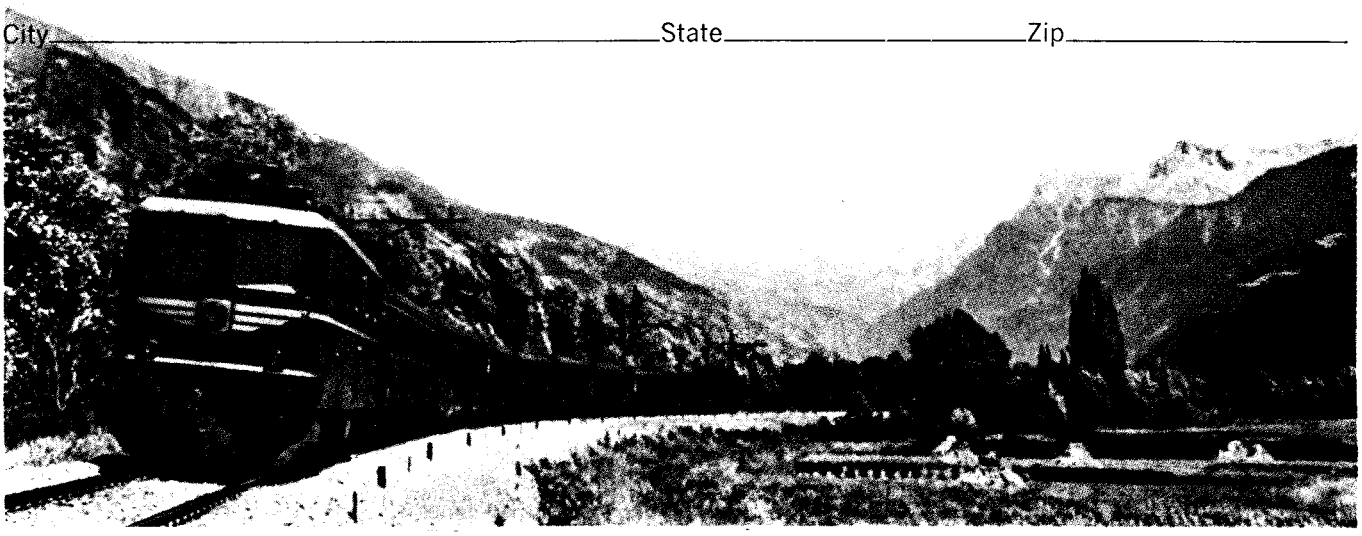

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The New Feminism

Continued from page 30

on television have been anointed only by the press.

The one organization with a constitution, board members, and chapters (some thirty-five) throughout the country is the National Organization for Women. Its founding in 1966 was precipitated by the ridicule that greeted the inclusion of sex in the prohibitions against job discrimination in the 1964 Civil Rights Act. (A staff member in the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which enforces the act, said it took pressure from NOW to get the EEOC to take that part of the law seriously.)

NOW members are not very different from women in other feminist groups, though they tend to include more professionals and older women. In general, they eschew "consciousness-raising" in favor of political action, and they are more likely to demonstrate for job equality and child-care centers than for the abolition of marriage or the traditional family unit.

NOW's president is Betty Friedan, who in 1963 published *The Feminine Mystique*, a challenge to the myth that a woman's place is either in a boudoir in a pink, frilly nightgown, on her hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor, or in a late model station wagon taking the kids to music lessons and Cub Scout meetings. (An article that previewed the theme of the book was turned down by every major women's magazine. "One was horrified and said I was obviously talking to and for a few neurotic women." When the book came out, two of these magazines published excerpts and several now have commissioned articles about the movement.)

Today, Betty Friedan says, the movement must gain political power by mobilizing the 51 per cent of the electorate who are women, as well as seeking elected offices for themselves. "We have to break down the actual barriers that prevent women from being full people in society, and not only end explicit discrimination but build new institutions. Most women will continue to bear children, and unless we create child-care centers on a mass basis, it's all talk."

Women are beginning to read a good deal about their own place in history, about the determined struggles of the suffragettes, the isolation of Virginia Woolf, and the heroism of Rosa Luxemburg. The Congress to Unite Women, which drew some 500 participants from cities in the Northeast, called for women's studies in high schools and colleges.

Present are all the accouterments of any social movement—feminist magazines such as *No More Fun and Games* in Boston, *Up from Under* in New York, and *Aphra*, a literary magazine published in Baltimore. (Anne Sexton wrote in the dedication, "As long as it can be said about a woman writer, 'She writes like a man' and that woman takes it as a compliment, we are in trouble.")

There are feminist theaters in at least New York and Boston, buttons that read "Uppity Women Unite," feminist poems and songs, a feminist symbol (the biological sign for woman with an equal sign in the center), and, to denounce specific advertisements, gum stickers that state, "This ad insults women."

With a rising feminist consciousness, everything takes on new significance—films, advertisements, offhand comments, little things that never seemed important before. A few women conclude that chivalry and flirting reduce women to mere sex objects for men. We stop feeling guilty about opening doors, and some of us experiment with paying our own way on dates.

Personal acts are matched by political ones. The National Organization for Women went to court to get a federal ruling barring segregated help-wanted ads in newspapers, and it regularly helps women file complaints before the EEOC and local human rights commissions.

A women's rights platform was adopted last year by the State Committee of the California Democratic Party, and the Women's Rights Committee of the New Democratic Coalition plans to make feminist demands an issue in New York politics. A women's caucus exists in the Democratic Policy Council, headed by Senator Fred Harris.

At Grinnell College in Iowa, students protested the appearance of a representative from *Playboy* magazine, and women from sixteen cities converged on Atlantic City to make it clear what they think of the Miss America Pageant. In New York, a group protested advertisements by toymakers that said "boys were born to build and learn" and "girls were born to be dancers."

Women's caucuses have been organized in the American Political Science, Psychological, and Sociological associations. At New York University, a group of law students won their fight to make women eligible for a series of coveted $10,000 scholarships.

Pro-abortion groups have organized around the country to repeal anti-abortion laws, challenge them in the courts, or openly defy them. In Bloomington, Indiana, New York City, and elsewhere, women's liberation groups have set up cooperative day-care centers, which are illegal under strict state rules that regulate child-care facilities.

Free child care is likely to become the most significant demand made by the movement, and one calculated to draw the support of millions of women who may not be interested in other feminist issues. About four million working mothers have children under six years of age, and only 2 per cent of these are in day-care centers.

Even Establishment institutions appear to reflect the new attitudes. Princeton, Williams, and Yale have begun to admit women students, though on an unequal quota basis—and not to the hallowed pine-paneled halls of their alumni clubhouses.

Nevertheless, most people have only a vague idea of the significance of the new movement. News commentators on year-end analysis shows ignored the question or sloughed it off uncomfortably. One said the whole idea frightened him.

Yet, the women's movement promises to affect radically the life of virtually everyone in America. Only a small part of the population suffers because it is black, and most people have little contact with minorities. Women are 51 per cent of the population, and chances are that every adult American either is one, is married to one, or has close social or business relations with many.

The feminist revolution will overturn the basic premises upon which these relations are built—stereotyped notions about the family and the roles of men and women, fallacies concerning masculinity and femininity, and the economic division of labor into paid work and homemaking.

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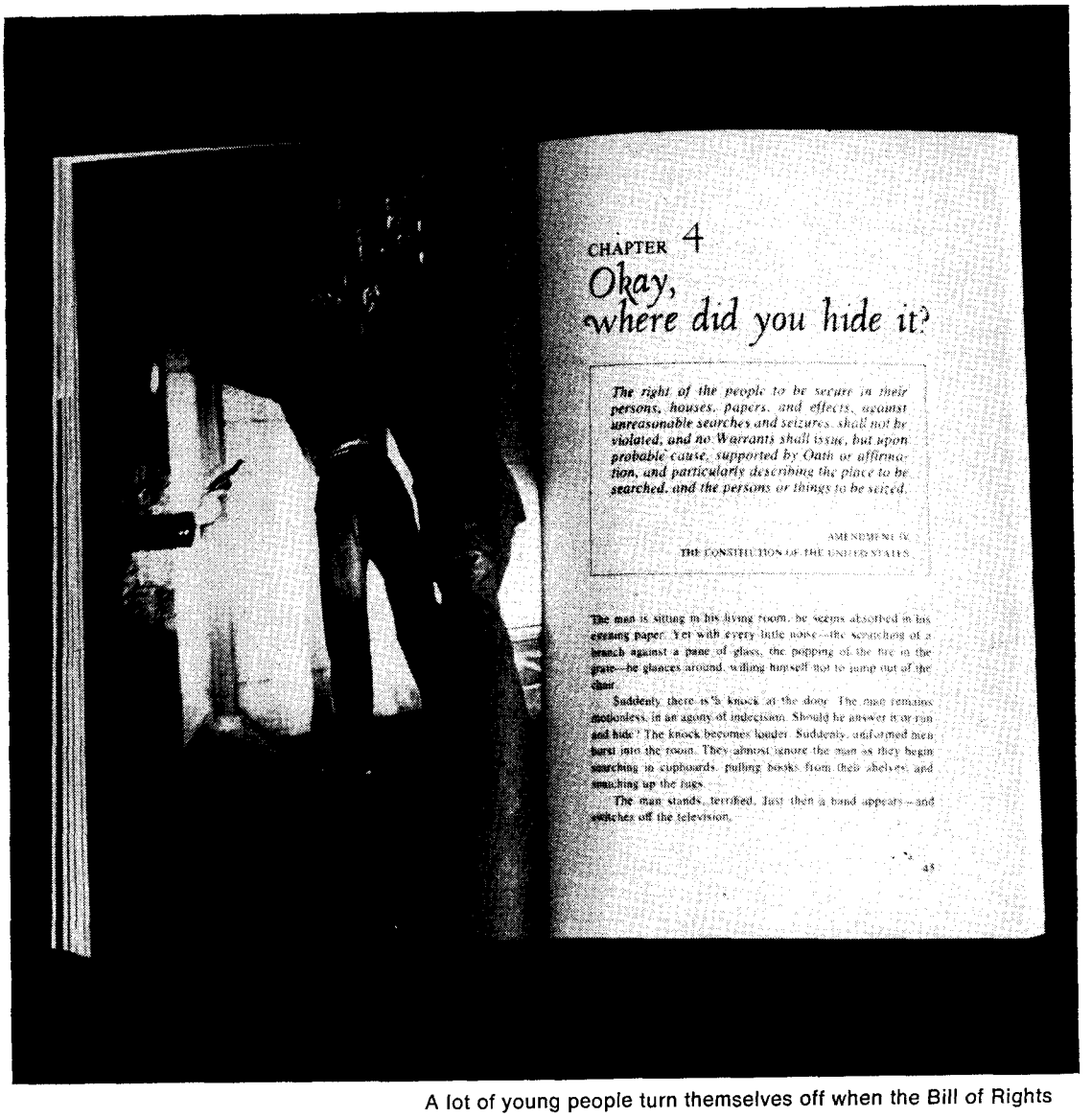
CHAPTER 4
Okay, where did you hide it?
The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.
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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES
The man is sitting in his living room, he seems absorbed in his evening paper. Yet with every little noise—the scratching of a branch against a pane of glass, the popping of the fire in the grate—he glances around, willing himself not to jump out of the chair.
Suddenly there is a knock at the door. The man remains motionless, in an agony of indecision. Should he answer it or run and hide? The knock becomes louder. Suddenly, uniformed men burst into the room. They almost ignore the man as they begin searching in cupboards, pulling books from their shelves, and smashing up the rugs.
The man stands, terrified. Just then a hand appears—and switches off the television.
48

A lot of young people turn themselves off when the Bill of Rights comes up in school.
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57 Editorial

58 Letters to the Education Editor

62 Has the Small College a Future?
by Henry Steele Commager

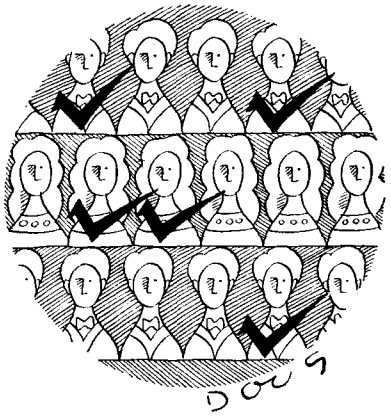
66 South Brunswick, N. J.: Schools Put a Town on the Map
by Charles H. Harrison

69 Student Revolt: Italian Style
by M. L. Stein and Joseph V. Ricapito

72 Schools Make News

Book Review:
74 "Academia in Anarchy: An Economic Diagnosis," by James M. Buchanan and Nicos E. Devletoglou, reviewed by Harold J. Noah

75 New Books



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Knell for the Numbers Game?

The faculty of Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, sent tremors through the ivied halls of American higher education last month when it voted to drop the College Board's Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) as a requirement for admission. One of the nation's most venerable institutions, Bowdoin is a small (about 1,000 students), prestigious liberal arts college that ranks, on the basis of tangible measures of academic excellence, just below the handful of the country's leading institutions. Therefore, the college's heretical change in admissions policy raised serious questions about its purpose, as well as about admissions procedures generally.

Press coverage of the announcement tended to emphasize the "cultural bias" of most aptitude tests, and to imply that the change in policy was a kind of symbolic gesture of welcome to disadvantaged minority group students. But the issues involved are far more complex.

For a decade or more, as the competition for admission to the nation's more selective institutions has grown increasingly intense and the average SAT scores of entering freshman classes have steadily risen, admissions officers have tried to play down the importance of test scores in the selection process. A student's high school academic record, they say, is a far more accurate predictor of success in college—and test scores are useful primarily as supplementary data. It is true that the more sophisticated—and better staffed—admissions offices have learned what they can expect from graduates of individual secondary schools and can take an applicant's entire high school record into account in making a decision. Some leading schools can point to the high percentage of applicants they reject with SAT scores in the high 600s and 700s. But not all college admissions staffs have either the manpower or the sophistication to select their freshmen so thoughtfully. For many, selection on the objective evidence of test scores seems the safest course—and for institutions still reaching for a place in the academic sun, a rising average SAT score is a badge of success.

But slowly the temper of the times has been changing, and dissatisfaction with the "numbers game" has been growing. Bowdoin's experience in this respect is revealing. Last fall, the admissions office asked members of the faculty to select from the students they knew best those who they felt most nearly exhibited the characteristics of the ideal Bowdoin student, and those who were models of the kind of student the college could do without. The faculty was also asked to identify, in each case, those characteristics of mind and spirit that they felt were most important. As it turned out, 50 per cent of those who reflected the characteristics that the college wanted least in its students had SAT verbal scores above the median of their class; 65 per cent had math scores above their class median. And the single most important characteristic of the ideal student was the kind of creative individuality that allowed him "to march to the beat of a different drummer."

It is unlikely that Bowdoin's action will influence many colleges to follow suit—and quite rightly. In the vast and complicated process of matching college and student that takes place each spring, aptitude and related tests can perform a valuable service. But, as Charles O'Connell, chairman of the College Board, has repeatedly pointed out, any testing program can be misused. What is needed is a clear understanding of what these tests measure—and the many human attributes that they do not attempt to assess. Perhaps the greatest service that Bowdoin's action can perform is to place the testing programs in clearer perspective.

—J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

High School Principals

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Bernard Bard's article "New York City Principals: On the Razor's Edge" [*SR*, Jan. 24] continues the compound of misrepresentation, ignorance, and condemnation-by-color words that has constituted *SR*'s educational journalism for all too long. Rousseauan smart alecks like Schrag, Friedenberg, Goodman, *et al.* have set a fashion that has sacrificed constructive criticism to slick generalization and set up a new mythology that threatens the morale of the public schools.

In all their irresponsible writings, I do not recall a single reference based on personal knowledge of a real child who lives in a real home and attends a real public school. It is questionable whether any of these critics have been in a high school long enough to understand it.

I have the dubious honor of being singled out by name for quotation by Mr. Bard, excerpting from a statement in which I referred to unconscionable overcrowding in the high schools. Without transition and with his usual legerdemain, Bard refers to me as a "hawk" because I suspended one pupil in the course of enforcing the mandate of the New York State Legislature, the New York Commissioner of Education, the Board of Education, and the Superintendent of Schools in the matter of the daily flag ceremony.

Bard's ornithology is as faulty as his knowledge of the school system!

LOUIS A. SCHUKER,
Principal, Jamaica High School,
Jamaica, N. Y.

BERNARD BARD poses one of the most serious questions that educational leaders—if they want to be leaders—have to ponder. Specifically, they have to answer: "What have we done or not done to precipitate the present crisis in education?"

Only when principals recognize this as a legitimate question—and answer it truthfully—will they begin to make some progress in establishing a professional niche for themselves. It frequently is a cause for despair to see how often this responsibility is abrogated. Principals are going the way of the dinosaur unless they awaken and realize that they will have to exercise professional leadership, stop fighting legitimate demands of teachers and communities, and become aware of the fact that society—hence, educational needs—are different from what they were five years ago.

The principal would do well to consider his role as a catalyst in a collegial decision-making process rather than as a gatekeeper of antiquity.

ROBERT J. RAZUMICH,
Assistant Principal,
Bailly Junior High School,
Gary, Ind.

UPON READING "On the Razor's Edge," I became acutely sensitive to the seemingly hopeless situation of the high school principal. Besides the usual problems in directing a school, today's principal must work in fear of losing his job to a garbage collector, of being picketed by the teacher's union, and of finding his office occupied by the student council.

The school systems are far from perfect, but what radical changes can these men be expected to make in such a vast system that has only recently admitted the need for reform? Why are the principals expected in two or three years' time to make new and better Americans, build dynamic educational facilities, and solve all community ills by themselves?

Mr. Bard says we're on the razor's edge; I say the cutting has already started. Now it is up to us all to begin taping the pieces back together.

JEAN ALICIA FUQUA,
Detroit, Mich.

Young Turks from Our Midst

IN HIS REVIEW of *How Old Will You Be in 1984?* [*SR*, Jan. 24], Jonathan Eisen makes it clear enough that we old men had better rub the sleep from our eyes. As the song has it, our sons and our daughters are out of our command, and the times are indeed a-changin'. But he is attacking an ally, not the enemy, when he calls the schools treadmills, teaching "respect for authority, regimentation, fitting in, questioning only within the confines of the predominant ideology."

Where did Paul Butterfield, who wrote the extraordinary paragraph beginning, "Structure sucks" get his education? Where did the author of "In the rooms of this dim place/We waste the last sunny days . . ." get his or hers? My high school, though a good one in 1920, never produced writing of this quality. In short, to borrow Custer's immortal last words, "Where in the hell did all these Young Turks come from?"

If you don't like the young revolution, you can logically curse the educators for fostering it; if you do like it, as do Jonathan Eisen and I, you should thank God that the schools are at last turning out kids who have read enough of Tom Jefferson, Karl Marx, Mikail Bakunin, and Thorstein Veblen to know that the Emperor is naked.

JOHN H. COLLINS,
Professor of History,
Northern Illinois University,
Dekalb, Ill.

College Admissions

ALEXANDER W. ASTIN in "Folklore of Selectivity" [*SR*, Dec. 20] raised no new problems, presented no new answers for professional admission officers. It seems to me he added to the folklore of selectivity.

Professional admission officers do not consider themselves as trainers, jockeys, handicappers, or personnel managers. They do not make their selections solely by marks or test scores (exception—some large state universities); they do not equate human worth with marks or test scores; they are fully aware of the pitfalls in human assessment at age eighteen for any line of endeavor; and they do try mightily to pick winners, i.e., those who seem to offer the best prospect of contributing to and profiting from the special cultural presses on their own campuses.

EUGENE S. WILSON,
Dean of Admission,
Amherst College,
Amherst, Mass.

Double-Think

IN REVIEWING Sidney Hook's book *Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy* [*SR*, Jan. 24], Lewis B. Mayhew lists many errors made by Professor Hook—so many, in fact, that it is easy to see why "Hook's purpose is obscure." How is it possible, then, for the reviewer, who acknowledges that "at no time does Professor Hook seek to understand causes or to examine possible other sides," to conclude that the book should be accepted "as a needed corrective" for anything? Although Professor Mayhew (in contrast to Hook) is unwilling to accept untruths in specific instances, he seems unconsciously to wish them true, and to accept the conclusions of the book as if they were true. The youthful revolt is largely a reaction against precisely this type of double-thinking.

MARY DUERKSEN,
Oxford, O.

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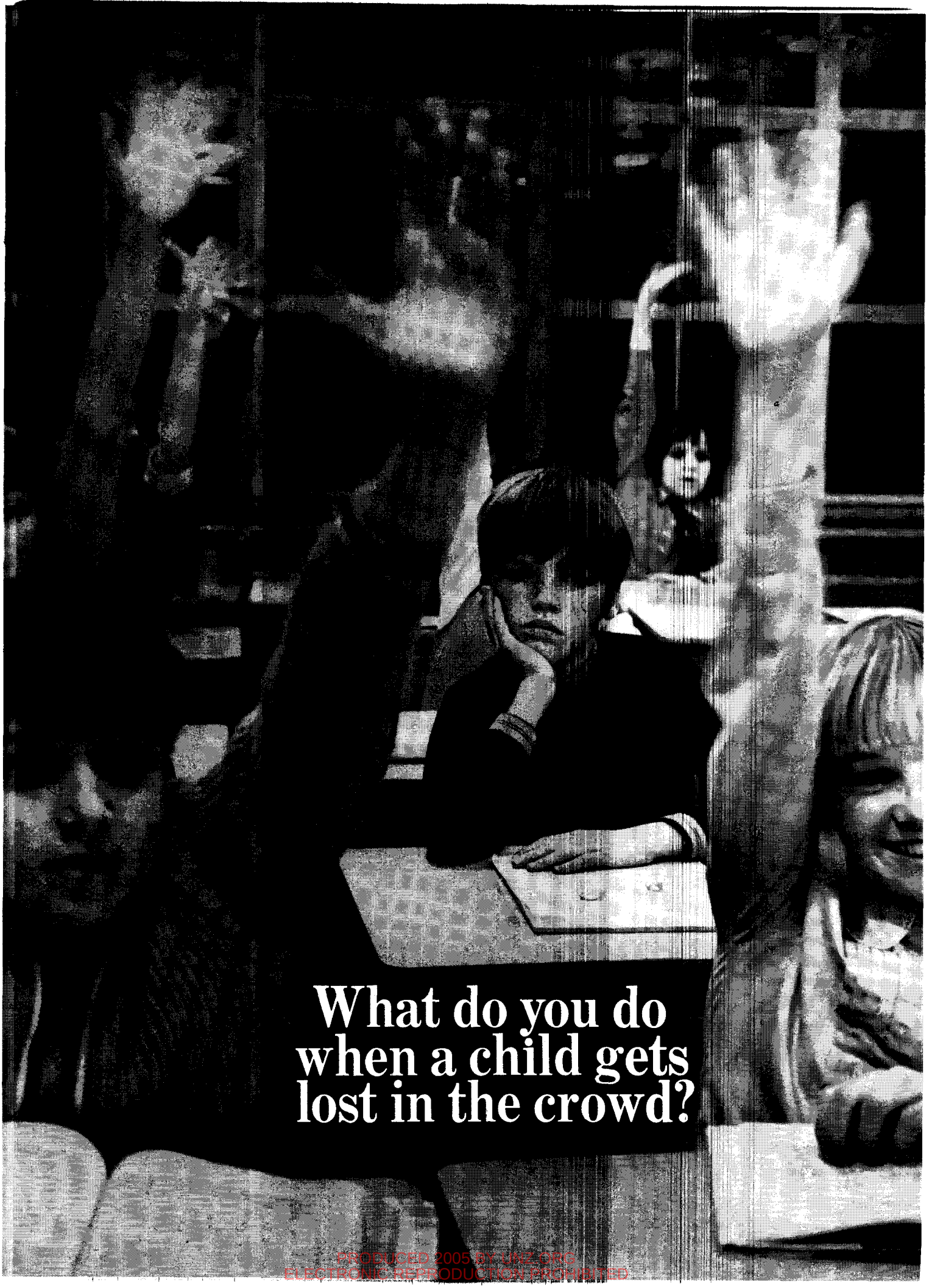

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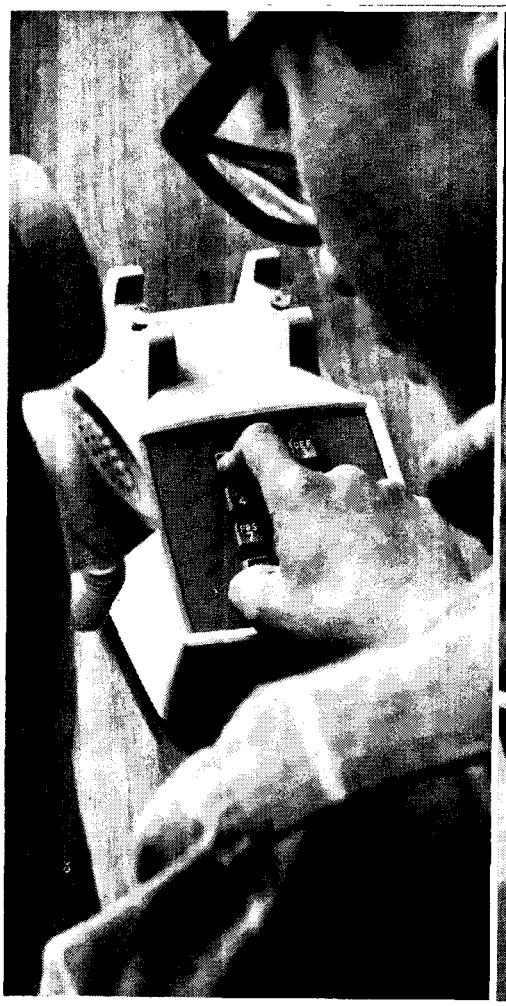

As a teacher, you worry: "Will Mary quit trying, because she can't keep up with the class? And what about Mark—is he bored because the pace is too slow?"

The practical reality of teaching children as a group makes it difficult to give each one the individual attention he needs. Students at both ends of the scale, with totally different rates of learning, suffer the most.

Faced with this perplexing challenge, many educators and administrators have sought ways in which newly developed teaching tools may help to individualize instruction. One such teaching innovation is Computer Based Learning, in which a computer is put to use drilling, testing and reinforcing concepts which heretofore required the efforts of a teacher again and again and again.

New York City is using Computer Based Learning to help children develop arithmetic skills at their own pace. Sixteen public schools are participating in the program. Yet none of these schools has a computer of its own. Instead, they share a computer. Telephone lines link all the schools to the computer located at the Board of Education's computer center in Manhattan.

In evaluating the impact of the program in the New York School System, Mel Mendelsohn, Director of Computer Assisted Instruction, has commented: "Daily drill, immediate correction of every response, each child working at his own level of achievement, together with diagnosis of each pupil's current learning status provided by daily and weekly reports to the teacher, are integral components of our CAI program These features furnish teachers with more time for instructional planning, and perhaps for the first time provide an instructional tool to reach the acme of educational methods—individualized instruction."

But the size or geographical location of the school district has little to do with the application of computer technology.

For instance, the McComb, Mississippi school district is small and decidedly rural.

Julian Prince, Superintenden of McComb's Schools, summarized the dilemma his teachers faced.

"Long-term educational neglect of our poor children had left us with a great deal of ground to cover in a very short period of time."

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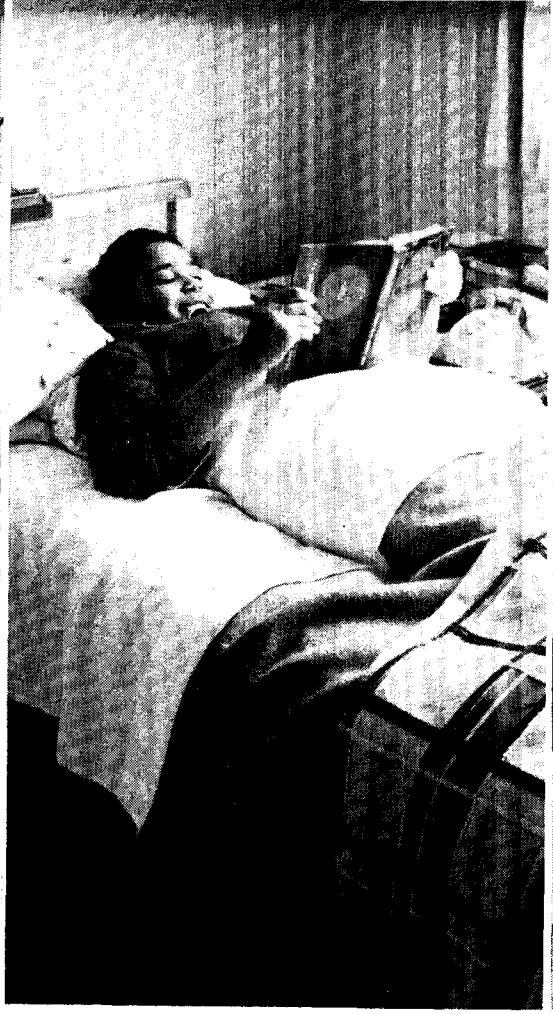

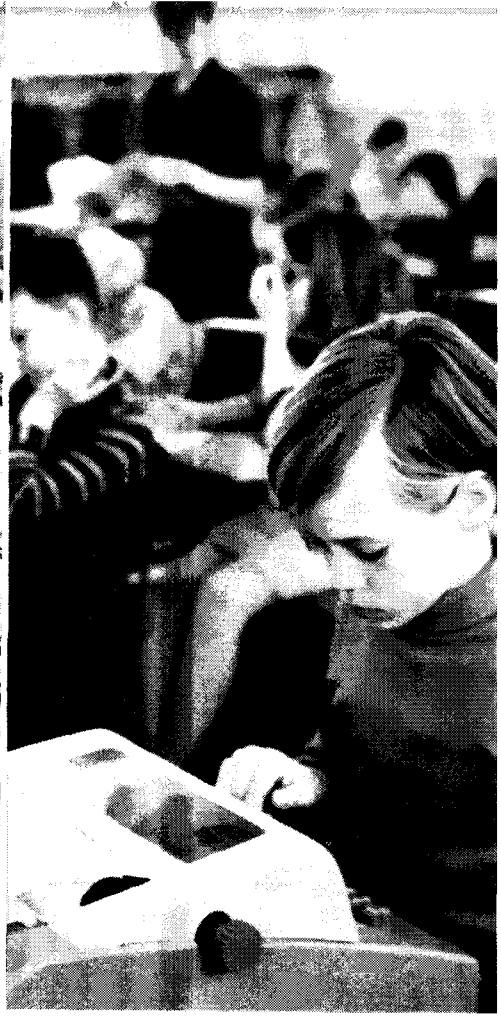

Since 1967, the McComb elementary schools have found that computer assisted instruction provides the special attention their students need. Teletypewriters in each school are connected to a central computer in the McComb Administration Building. Students receive drill and instruction in math and languages and move ahead at their own pace.

The development of advanced programs for bright students has been underway from the start.

"It's helped us uncover some really fine minds," says R. W. Lambuth, Assistant Superintendent. "One youngster became so fascinated that he spent every available moment of his time at the teletypewriter learning logic. He successfully completed the first year's program in just 38 days—the best record of any logic student in the nation."

Need for special attention is not confined to children fortunate enough to attend school . . . there are thousands of children who are unable to go to regular school sessions.

The reasons are many—physical, social, or personal—yet these children need the opportunity to learn and develop just as much as the boy next door.

Recognizing this need, the Los Angeles School System, in conjunction with the Pacific Telephone Company, developed TeleClass service. Using the telephone network, this service gives a homebound student the chance to become an active member of his own class.

The system is designed to allow a teacher to convene up to 20 homebound students by telephone. She can instruct the entire class at once, or separate students into groups depending on their age and/or class level. And, of course, she can work with each child individually. TeleClass brings a student out of physical or psychological isolation and makes him an important member of a special group: his own class.

Educators responsible for homebound instruction in Pontiac, Michigan; Baltimore, Maryland; and New York City are also finding the TeleClass an effective substitute for in-class teaching programs.

Your local Bell System educational communications specialist can discuss how schools across the country are making it possible for teachers to devote more time to the individual needs of their students.

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Has the Small College a Future?

by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

The college is an American institution, unknown elsewhere in the Western world. In the Old World, higher education has been, and is, assigned to universities; in many countries of the Old World the secondary schools—public schools, *lycées*, and Gymnasia—perform most of the tasks of our colleges and display most of their stigmata.

How did it happen that Americans contrived the college? Creation of the first institution was almost fortuitous, and set a pattern: Harvard College was founded at a moment in English educational history when the Oxford-Cambridge colleges had taken over from the universities, and it was a kind of stepdaughter of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, which was a very special Puritan foundation. But the deeper explanation is simply that the Americans were not prepared to create or maintain universities; indeed, they were not prepared to do so until about a century ago, with the creation of Cornell in the 1860s, the transformation of Harvard under Eliot, and the founding of The Johns Hopkins in 1876.

When the Americans finally did create universities, they did not (except briefly at Hopkins) substitute them for colleges, but added them atop the colleges. The two were not integrated—as at Oxbridge, where the colleges provide the tutoring, and the universities the lecturing, the research, and the laboratories—but were made consecutive. This meant that in the United States the university tended to be an enlarged and grown-up college. To be sure, at the better universities such as Harvard, Columbia, and The Hopkins, the graduate and professional faculties took over, but it is mostly the college tail that wags the university dog.

The college is not only indigenous, it is unique. The college emerged in the United States to serve a particular constituency and function in a special way. Note first that the college was designed to be and long supposed to be terminal. It provided all the education the young were going to get—in America, at least—and that was supposed to be quite enough education. In a simple and unsophisticated society, young men with only a college degree (there were few young women with such degrees until the mid-century) could go into teaching, law, architecture, business, and in some states even into medicine. Any additional training as they might need they were expected to get in offices or at work—not altogether a bad idea.

Second, the college was designed to take care of boys rather than young men. It was, in many ways, what the preparatory school is today. In the eighteenth and well into the nineteenth centuries, boys entered college at thirteen or fourteen, and a really bright lad like John Trumbull could pass the entrance examinations for Yale at the age of seven (he had the decency to wait until he was twelve before presenting himself). When in college, they studied pretty much what young men at Exeter, St. Paul's, or Lawrenceville studied half a century ago: Latin and, perhaps, Greek, mathematics, religion, rhetoric, a bit of history, a bit of science.

This youthfulness of students appeared to justify, even require, the perpetuation by the institution of *in loco parentis*, now in full retreat. It was clearly necessary that tutors—and even presidents—take care of the health and morals of the young who had been entrusted to their care by anxious parents. The necessity of careful supervision was not relaxed in the nineteenth century, for though students were older, by then, two additional considerations had emerged: the presence of young ladies on the campus and the growing number of distractions that assailed the young.

The youthfulness of students served as both an inspiration and a justification for what came to be regarded as the chief concern of the college: instruction in morality and the nurture of a Christian character. The purpose of European (as distinct from English) universities was to train for government service and for the professions; in America it was to mold character. If this were taken care of, all else would take care of itself.

But the college, perhaps inadvertently, served another function: It was an instrument for the prolongation of youth. For a century and a half now, Americans have been bemused by this romantic notion, a notion deeply rooted in history and the national character. Americans pursued happiness more self-consciously and more energetically than other peoples, perhaps because they thought it a natural right, perhaps because they equated it with the things America had to offer, and thus had the satisfaction of a self-fulfilling objective. Certainly, they equated happiness with childhood, an equation that made sense if children did not have to go to work in fields or factories at the age of eight or nine. Those who had not themselves had the opportunity to prolong their youth by going to college instead of to work—and this included most parents up until the 1930s—passionately desired this boon for their children. Let them enjoy four golden years—years of youth, years of freedom from work, from care, from the problems that would soon enough crowd in upon them, freedom, even, from dangerous ideas—in some pastoral college where they might pick up as a bonus a smattering of learning, precepts of morality, a gloss of good manners, and maybe a wife or a husband. Who can doubt that one reason the older generation so deeply resents the college rebels of our time is that they are making a mockery of the myth of the four golden years. As education was for long the American religion, the revolt against the college is what the revolt against the church was two generations ago.

During the past quarter-century the sweeping revolution in higher education has shifted the center of gravity from the college to the university. It has deprived the college of many of its traditional functions and some of its uses, and it has raised questions about the validity of the whole collegiate enterprise.

Thus, where the college was for generations terminal, it is now becoming preparatory. Where the college was, for long, the refuge of a kind of social if not intellectual elite, it has now become the haunt of every man and of every woman. And where it traditionally fulfilled a clear and familiar function—moral, social, and educational—its function now is a subject of controversy and of uncertainty, and among students there is a growing suspicion that its function may have disappeared.

For the traditional functions of the college are being usurped—or should we simply say taken over?—by other institutions. It is squeezed from below by the growing maturity of the students, the improvement in secondary education, and the rise of the junior college as an intrinsic part of the public school system. Good students no

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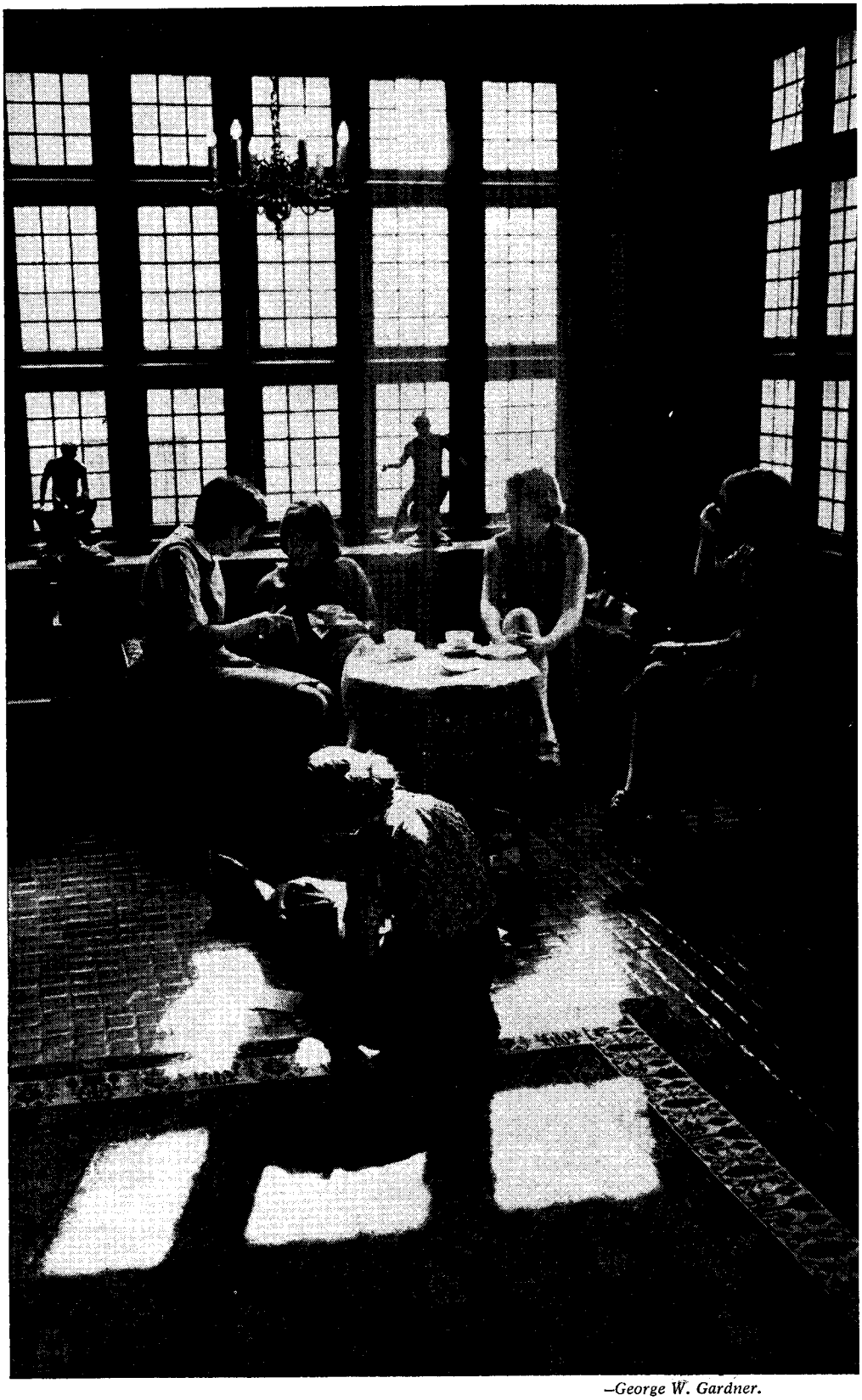
longer need the old "required courses" that so conveniently filled the first two years of college. We are moving, almost irresistibly, towards the Old World practice of relegating these courses to the secondary schools where they belong, and while this shift has not yet reached the remoter parts of America, it will. And the college is being squeezed at the top by the importunate demands of graduate and professional schools, the military, the custom of early marriage, and the necessity, therefore, of getting on with the job.

If the college is thus pressed inward from both ends, what will be left for it to do? What can it do in the first two years that cannot be done equally well, and at less expense, in a good secondary school, and that is, in fact, done equally well in almost all Western European secondary schools and, perhaps, also in Soviet schools? What can be done in the last two years that might not be better done at a university or professional school, or, as Robert Hutchins has argued, in a law office, a business office, or a library?

It is easier to say what the college should not do than to make clear what it should do. It should not go on teaching elementary courses in such obvious subjects as basic English, repetitive American history, or public speaking, nor such non-college subjects as accounting, basketball coaching, or military training.

It should not compete with the university or the professional school. Colleges must prepare their students for research and professional schools, but the preparation should be qualitative, not quantitative. They must teach mathematics for those who will be involved in science, economics, and philosophy, languages to those who will devote themselves to the humanities and the social sciences. There is nothing new about this: It is the traditional training that the colleges provided in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It should not—and I tread on controversial ground here—provide introductions or surveys of almost everything, so that the young will have been exposed to "general culture." Surveys, like outlines, rot the brain. "Culture" cannot be taught; it is something that the student absorbs from the atmosphere in which he lives—from the tradition of the institutions, from the buildings and the grounds, from well



—George W. Gardner.

"At a time when almost everything, including man, is organized and mechanized and computerized and dehumanized, there is a great deal to be said for colleges that allow room at the joints."

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stocked libraries, from great teachers, from fellow students, from exposure to the intangibles "at hand." Nor can we have much confidence in the therapeutic qualities of a nodding acquaintance with world civilization, world literature, and world art. Our generation knows incomparably more about the problems that confront us than our forebears did about theirs, but it is unable to solve any of them. We are incomparably better acquainted with other peoples, nations, and civilizations than our forebears were—every student has been "introduced" to Asia and Africa and Latin America, and he has a name-dropping acquaintance with their great authors. But we are probably more isolationist and certainly more belligerent than we were a century ago.

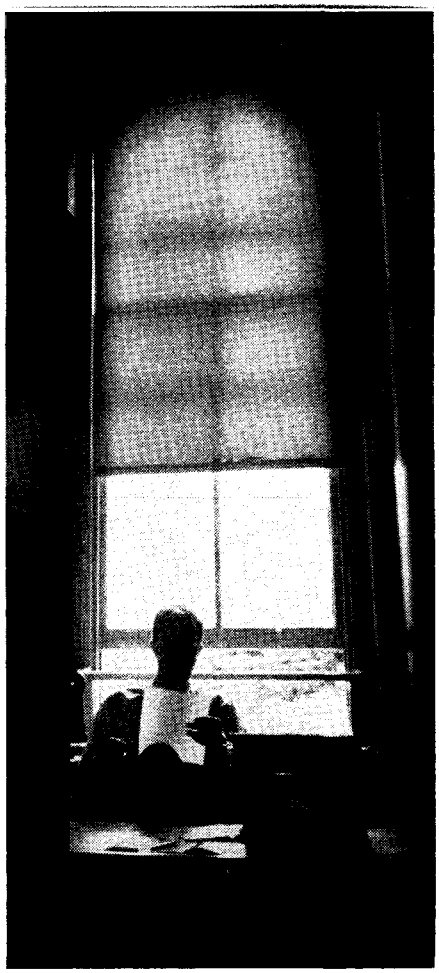
Are the colleges, then, to return, in principle and even in practice, to the philosophy that animated them in the eighteenth century—that of training character, keeping the young from temptation, and trying to persuade them to learn from the trivium and the quadrivium? Are they—more seriously—to try to provide each generation with a common body of knowledge, a common frame of reference, a common bundle of values? Certainly they cannot now undertake these tasks in any simplistic fashion.

Students are no longer children prone to having their morals supervised or their characters molded, and they resent the suggestion that they should have their minds disciplined. To try to provide a really common body of knowledge about the contemporary world would lead the colleges down just those dangerous paths of surveys and smatterings that lead nowhere except to boredom. And important as it is for each generation to have a common body of references and allusions, this is a task for the elementary school and the high school, the home, the church, and society.

What then may we expect to be the character and function of the college of the future? How can this institution so deeply rooted in American soil and connected by a thousand filaments with our sentiments, our culture, and our philosophy best serve students, the commonwealth, and the community of learning?

First, one thing the liberal arts college may be able to do is stay small, simple, and relatively unorganized. At a time when almost everything, including man, is organized and mechanized and computerized and dehumanized there is a great deal to be said for colleges that allow room at the joints.

Much of student discontent has been aggravated by, and directed against, the great, impersonal multiversity that



—George W. Gardner.

"The college can offer a genuine community amid tranquility and freedom from secular pressures."

appears to treat students as interchangeable parts in a giant educational machine. What is not sufficiently appreciated—by the public anyway—is that much of the faculty demoralization is rooted in the same problem. The situation for faculty is more complex: On the one hand, most scholars want to teach and carry on research at institutions with large faculties, elaborate laboratories, well-stocked libraries, and numerous graduate students; on the other hand, they yearn for the satisfactions of an intimate intellectual community located preferably in a small town. Oxford and Cambridge testify that it is possible to have both, but it is not certain that their experience is relevant to America. Efforts to transplant the Oxbridge pattern are more successful for students than for faculty. At present—and until American ingenuity devises some method of combining the advantages of size with the delights of intimacy—most scholars must choose whether they will take the one or the other.

The college can, in this situation, make sure that it does indeed offer the traditional advantages—a genuine community, an easygoing relationship between trustees and administration on the one side, students and faculty on the other, amid tranquility and freedom from secular pressures. Such a situation does not develop spontaneously. It requires in trustees and administration a sophisticated readiness to see education through faculty eyes, while from the faculty, a sense of pride in the institution that makes it, rather than the profession, the object of habitual interest and loyalty. It places somewhat more emphasis on intangibles than is customary in larger universities: tradition, the beauty of the campus, housing, hospitality, social intercourse, and the avoidance of ostentatious efficiency.

Colleges, certainly, can forgo some of the advantages of efficiency—advantages usually counterbalanced by costs. The college no more needs to be overtly efficient than literature, art, music, or the family needs to be efficient. As it can forgo size, so it can forgo an elaborate administration: Almost every American college is overadministrated. It can even forgo the comforts of a business vocabulary and stop calling teaching a "load" or academic studies "offices." And if it launches itself on comparative cost analyses for, let us say, Greek and business administration, it is on the road to ruin. If the financial pressures force colleges to cut down on courses—as almost all of them should—then clearly they should cut not the difficult courses that require skilled guidance, but the popular courses, such as American history or journalism, where students can learn what they need to know by going to the library. Administrators, no less than faculty, should take to heart the aphorism of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes that "life is painting a picture, not doing a sum."

Second, there is one area in which colleges can indeed be more efficient, and that is in speeding up the process of formal education. Increasing numbers of students come to college better prepared and more mature than they were a generation or two back, and increasing numbers of them go on from college to some form of graduate or professional work. They do not need to spend four years in preparation for such work, nor can they afford to do so. The college should (and I think will) contract to three years—the normal university period abroad. This would have one immense advantage: It would enable the colleges to educate one-fourth more students at no extra cost in faculty or resources—or to society.

Third, greater maturity in students and increased concentration on preparation for graduate and professional schools or public service careers should permit the college to dispense with the burden of *in loco parentis*. Perhaps this is flogging a dead horse: the young

(*Continued on page* 88)

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SOUTH BRUNSWICK, N. J.

SCHOOLS PUT A TOWN ON THE MAP

by CHARLES H. HARRISON

South Brunswick Township does not show on the map of New Jersey, but it fills forty flat square miles between New Brunswick and Princeton. It's a place where curriculum is decided by teachers—not for all time by committees, but maybe just for tomorrow by individuals for individuals. It's a place where 75 per cent of the administrators and teachers have turned themselves inside out to become better educators and better persons.

At first glance, South Brunswick seems an unlikely place to find education exciting, daring, and fun. It is not an affluent community. In fact, the township is a collection of would-be towns with such names as Monmouth Junction, Deans, and Kendall Park, and of 14,000 people from families, most of whom have incomes on the low side of middle class. The township fathers have attracted a fair number of industries to share acreage with potatoes and soybeans. But even with the revenue from big business, South Brunswick's equalized valuation per pupil, at $29,000, is below the average in Middlesex County and in the state.

South Brunswick resembles suburbia only in a section called Kendall Park. It is the suburbia of the mid-Fifties, with that look of instant housing typical of the period. But the residents of Kendall Park are important to South Brunswick. They are mostly young families whose men are moving up, some of them through the professorial ranks at nearby Rutgers, the state university. Members of the Rutgers faculty and their wives have been well represented on the board of education.

Outside of Kendall Park it is possible to drive down a back road and discover improbable neighbors: a junior executive living in a $30,000 house and a migrant family of seven living in a worthless trailer beyond the verge of dilapidation. And around the corner may be found a piece of either the sprawling Princeton Nurseries or some national conglomerate.

Even the nine schools of South Brunswick Township give no hint of anything different. Both the old schools and the new look the same. An elementary school in Kendall Park was thrown together a dozen years ago by the builder of that development. It shows its age and then some.

Why is it then that each year some seventy-five families in nearby communities call Superintendent James Kimple and plead to be allowed to pay tuition to send their children to school in a place that doesn't even show on the map?

The answer goes back to 1962, the year Kimple came to South Brunswick. The nine-member board of education was displeased with its school system, and as Mrs. Jeanne Reock, now president of the board, recalls, "The board was fed up with the sleepy school system we had. We had a weak superintendent, and each board member was responsible for a school. So the board went looking for a new man. Fifty or sixty candidates were interviewed; then they found Jim."

Kimple remembers 1962 this way: "South Brunswick was a highly centralized district with an extraordinarily good board of education. The principals had no authority; the teachers were scared of everybody, including themselves; all curriculum decisions were made in the central office. But it was obvious that the board was interested in good education. The members wanted to change, to meet the needs of kids. They wanted to set policy and not be nine administrators any longer. I had had interviews all over the country—big cities, small towns. I came here because of the board."

Kimple moved to South Brunswick from Fair Lawn, New Jersey, where he made waves during the Fifties as small-town Fair Lawn raced toward becoming a big town. He is now fifty-ish, but running hard and strong on a heady mixture of adrenalin, caffeine, and nicotine. A short man, Kimple has the kind of rugged countenance the American Association of School Administrators probably would not choose for an image-building poster.

Kimple's method of operation has been to avoid an extensive or lavish building program and to pour all available funds into teacher training and direct services to students. "If there's anything unique about South Brunswick," according to Kimple, "it's that we haven't picked up all the educational gimmicks but have tried to touch all the bases for kids. If a kid needs help today, that's when he gets it."

Kimple took two important steps in 1963. First, he issued an edict eliminating homogeneous grouping. "I didn't want anybody playing God with kids," he said. "I've seen kids labeled mentally retarded who weren't any more retarded than I am. Reading experts put kids aside because they have dyslexia, but nobody knows what the hell dyslexia is. Schools today place kids in categories at age five, and leave them there for the rest of their lives."

When Kimple arrived on the scene, he discovered sixteen sixth-graders in one school who had been assigned to a class for slow learners. One of the children had a functional IQ of 132, but couldn't read. It turned out that that boy and many of the others had auditory or perceptual problems or both. Kimple pounded his fist as he told the story. "I can't forgive what adults do to kids."

The other big step was Kimple's decision to send all his principals to a summer session at the National Training Laboratories in Bethel, Maine. He had already pushed the principals by giving them the autonomy they'd never had before. He told them they were running their schools, but that they would be held accountable. Either they were going to move things, he said, or he would find somebody who could. In 1967, part of the NTL program was brought to South Brunswick to reach teachers and students.

The NTL treatment makes a person work hard at two very difficult chores: examining problems and examining self. Frederick F. Nadler, principal of the Crossroads Middle School, was one of those who took "the cure" in the summer of 1963. "Most of us saw two different persons when we looked at ourselves—the one we show to others and the one behind the facade. I really learned about myself. I took a look at things I didn't want other people to see."

The two giant steps of 1963 have left only one print. The individualization that began where homogeneous grouping left off was enriched by a program that now has involved 75 per cent of

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the teachers and approximately 100 high school students.

The result was clear when Kimple was asked whether the district had experimented with the Initial Teaching Alphabet. "Well, I *think* two teachers elected to try it out this year," he replied. "In South Brunswick, teachers select their own systems of instruction. A teacher isn't going to be any good unless she is enthusiastic about what she's doing."

Mrs. Jobyna Smith is a resource teacher at Cambridge Elementary School. She assists the six teachers of the nongraded primary level by working with them on curriculum, by obtaining materials, and by being their liaison with such specialists as the psychologist and social worker. A question was put to Mrs. Smith: "What happens if one of the teachers wants to try something different?"

Her answer came back: "I would first find out from the principal if we had money for a new idea. If so, I would order the materials requested. We don't buy series of books; we buy bits and pieces. It forces the teacher to fit the materials to the child."

Mrs. Ethel Klevans is the librarian at the Cambridge School. "We don't have any predetermined curriculum," she said. It keeps her on her toes. "A teacher came in the other day and said, 'Quick, what do you have on capital punishment?' I didn't have much, so I got in touch with other libraries, even the state library."

The emphasis on individualization demands attention to a different set of details. The Crossroads Middle School, for instance, is organized into heterogeneous units. There are four teachers and 100 children to each unit. For now, youngsters who would be considered sixth-graders are in their own units, but students at the seventh- and eighth-grade levels are mixed in units. An attempt is made, said Nadler, the school's principal, to match students with a teacher whose personality and talents best meet the students' needs. "The teachers have assessed their abilities and inabilities in the training lab program, and they aren't afraid to declare both. Also, I know the teachers' strengths and weaknesses."

Each of the four teachers in a unit is a specialist in one subject area: math, science, English, or social studies. He is also expected to be a specialist at helping students with their learning and study habits, and at meeting their personal and academic needs in the classroom. Each teacher is expected to spend half his time in this second specialty, designed to foster and sustain independent study on the part of students.

Nadler believes the unit system is

—Photos by Hap Stewart (Bethel).

Above, Superintendent James Kimple talks with Patricia Murphy, director of the Head Start and migrant programs; right, a child gets individual attention in a nongraded classroom; below, a teacher's performance is videotaped for later self-evaluation.

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the best way to bridge the gap between elementary and high school. But, committed as he is to individualization, he has provided a self-contained classroom for those youngsters who aren't yet up to bridging the gap.

Grades—meaning both school levels and letters of the alphabet that evaluate student achievement—have nearly vanished from all schools except the high school. For instance, there are four marking periods at Crossroads. The first and third offer students and parents a basic report assessing individual progress in a number of different skills and behaviors in each subject area. In each case, the basic report is followed up with a parent conference. At the second and fourth marking periods, an essentially narrative report is given.

The school in the section of the township called Deans serves children of preschool age through the equivalent of grade two. There, Kimple said, individual student achievement and overall progress in the school program are subjects for almost continuous discussion between parents and teachers. The national office of the PTA reports dwindling participation by teachers, but at the Deans School every PTA meeting features a candid exchange between parents and teachers. "Teachers feel much more at ease, much more free when they are not forced to give grades," said Kimple. "If a teacher is going to give a grade, everything in the curriculum has to be standardized."

Standardized achievement tests are still administered in South Brunswick. Otherwise the impression given is that such words as "standardize" and "norm" have no place in the local vocabulary.

In this day of hypersensitivity, it is not uncommon in a district with more than a classroomful of black faces for the administration to know exactly how many there are, where they are, and whether any of their relatives are card-carrying militants. To a question on the number of Negro children in the South Brunswick system, Kimple shrugged and said, "Six, eight, maybe ten per cent. Who knows? Kids are kids. Our job is to do something for each one."

South Brunswick doesn't get a lot of federal funds—only $8,000 under Title I this year (Kimple blames this on the way Title I aid is figured)—but the school system has operated Head Start, Follow Through, and migrant programs year 'round since there was a nickel available for such projects.

The South Brunswick Title I teachers were making $4 an hour last summer, Kimple pointed out, while their counterparts in an adjacent school district were pulling down $15 an hour.

On two occasions Kimple said the unique thing about South Brunswick is that the district has "tried to touch all the bases with kids." He may be right in that individualization of the learning process probably has moved ahead to a greater degree and in more directions than in most school districts. But the behavior of teachers and administrators could be the most important thing going for South Brunswick.

It is apparent, for instance, that most teachers harbor considerable good will for the board of education. In fact, some were expressing it a week or so after settling with the board on a 1970-71 contract that offers a beginning salary of $7,400—$300 less than requested. But perhaps the significant fact is that in the first place the teachers asked for less than their state association was pushing as rock-bottom minimum, and quite below what many of their colleagues were demanding elsewhere in New Jersey.

In turn, the teachers were pleasantly surprised a year ago when the administration and board tossed on the bargaining table a proposal guaranteeing a month's summer employment for up to 25 per cent of the staff. The only thing the teachers had to give up in return was their ideas. The condition of employment was that the selected teachers had to suggest a worthwhile project to which they would apply themselves.

Sixty teachers were engaged in nearly twenty projects last summer. It cost the taxpayers an extra $55,000. One project included twelve elementary teachers, a school psychologist, and one of the district's learning disabilities specialists. They worked with sixty youngsters in an effort to find out more about the ways children learn.

Another project started in the summer is Organizational Development. OD is a National Training Laboratories program brought to New Brunswick and expanded under Title III of the federal government's Elementary and Secondary Education Act. It deals with human relations and self-examination; it also aims at setting organizational goals and solving organizational problems.

For six weeks the paid volunteers in the program tackle the hang-ups in the schools and in each other, sometimes working at group dynamics in small

(*Continued on page* 90)

Success at the Crossroads

IT SOUNDS NICE, but does it work? The question is always asked and must be. In the case of South Brunswick, the answer is indicated by the results of two consecutive years of testing the same group of about 280 students at the Crossroads Middle School, first when they were in seventh grade and then when they were in eighth. The tests given were from the Sequential Test of Educational Progress devised by Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey, to measure basic concepts and skills. The students' raw scores were ranked from highest to lowest and then compared to national norms. The chart below shows that as a whole the Crossroads students scored above the national norms in every subject and in every group in 1968, and improved in each case a year later.

SUBJECT	NATIONAL NORMS *(Percentiles)*		CROSSROADS 1968 *(Percentiles)*	CROSSROADS 1969 *(Percentiles)*
MATH	lower	25	33	50
	middle	50	62	74
	upper	75	85	95
SCIENCE	lower	25	29	42
	middle	50	56	69
	upper	75	83	87
READING	lower	25	31	50
	middle	50	65	82
	upper	75	91	96
SOCIAL STUDIES	lower	25	37	42
	middle	50	67	81
	upper	75	87	91

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—*Liaison Agency.*

Student Revolt: Italian Style

by M. L. STEIN
and JOSEPH V. RICAPITO

During a demonstration at the University of Genoa, students scrawled on a campus wall: "We will not be satisfied until the last of the capitalists is hanged from the intestines of the last of the bureaucrats." To underscore their point, the protesters defaced a nearby bust of Giuseppe Mazzini, the famous Italian patriot and revolutionist, with this notice: "He built up this nation. We shall tear it down."

The graffiti expressed the philosophy of the extreme left wing of Il Movimento Studentesco, a loosely organized but potent crusade that has become, perhaps, the most important new force in Italian society. Not yet two years old, the student movement has, by a series of bloody riots and protests from Sicily to Milan, shaken the public and politicians to the point where long-overdue university reforms have a priority with both administrators and legislators in Rome. Very few of the changes have been initiated, but their coming is inevitable.

The question is whether the Movimento will halt its agitation when the reforms are achieved. The authors, after discussing the issue with a number of activists and others at several Italian universities, are convinced that the movement's violent pressure tactics will continue even if all the university wrongs are righted. Although they are a minority of the Movimento (estimates range from 5 to 10 per cent), the Left-wingers are single-minded revolutionists whose goal is to rip down the whole structure of Italian life. Their heroes are Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, and Che Guevara. Their enemies are the state, Fiat, the church, most of the Italian press, "United States imperialism," and just about everything else that marks the Establishment. Said one student organizer at the University of Rome: "What difference would it make if all the university reforms are granted? We would have a broken-down car with a brand new tire. It's the system that must be changed."

Still, educational improvements are the most realizable goal, and it is this issue that has given the revolutionaries the support of thousands of less ideological students, younger faculty members, and a segment of the general population. Indeed, it would be hard to find anyone in Italy, including the leaders of all political parties, who does not agree that the nation's universities need drastic overhauling and an infusion of more money to bring them into the twentieth century. This would mean a leap of about 600 years in the view of many observers who argue that the twenty-nine state-run institutions have changed little from the Middle Ages.

Even the most ossified American university would appear progressive by comparison. In addition to being overcrowded and critically lacking equipment and facilities, particularly in the sciences, the Italian universities oper-

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ate under an archaic system that has stifled learning and created a deep gulf between the teachers and their students. It also has produced a bitterness that has furnished much of the steam for the Movimento.

The overcrowding is a daily fact of life for the 450,000 students, of whom only a third attend classes at any given time. The rest stay away because there is no room for them and because they know the only lectures they really must sit through are those on which the professor will base exam questions. A University of Pisa law student, for example, remains at his parents' home in Lucca most of the year, running over to Pisa for exams and an occasional lecture. Full attendance at a lecture often forces as many as 400 students to squeeze into a lecture hall made for fewer than half that number. In Rome engineering students line up at 7 a.m. to get a seat for a 9 o'clock class. The School of Letters and Philosophy has a student enrollment of 7,927 and classroom space for 1,458. The school's dean, seventy-four-year-old Professor Alberto Maria Ghisalberti, resigned in disgust, declaring: "Let them all come to classes one day and perhaps we'll get some action from someone."

Professor Sergio Baldi, professor of English literature at the University of Florence, said he cannot get a room to hold sixty students for a lecture. Dr. Baldi, who, with other liberal faculty members, has fought for reforms, said the changes have been delayed largely because many professors are more interested in securing their own privileges than in seeking change.

Despite these conditions, the students in languages and literature receive the traditional classical and humanistic education still greatly esteemed in Italy. The science major, however, is getting second-rate training. Equipment in physics, chemistry, and the other physical sciences is in such short supply that laboratory sessions are rarely held. Gabriele, a second-year chemistry student at the University of Florence, laughed bitterly when he was asked about lab work.

"Here is the way we have laboratories," he explained. "The instructor is the only one with the equipment. He performs the experiment at his desk in a huge hall. The rest of us watch, some from the back of the room. If you're sitting in the last rows you really must have binoculars to know what's going on."

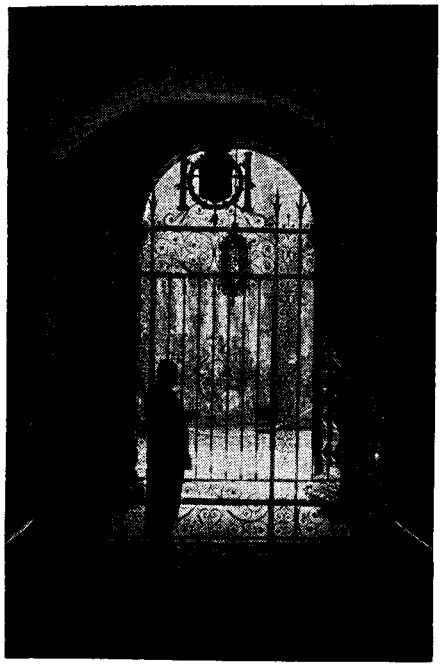
The science students are aware of the well-equipped laboratories in American, Russian, and other Western European universities and know they cannot compete with graduates of those schools. Those who can afford it go to the United States or elsewhere for postgraduate training.

Classroom and laboratory shortages, bad as they are, do not stir up the student malcontents as much as do the professorial and examination systems. The Italian university complex has about 10,000 instructors of all ranks, far fewer than required for the student body. Almost absolute power is centered in roughly 2,800 full professors whose godlike status often relieves them of teaching at all. They impose this burden on their underpaid and overworked assistants, many of whom remain in this role for years despite the fact that they have doctoral degrees and contribute meaningfully to the advancement of knowledge in their field.

In several of the universities the most prestigious chairs are occupied by political figures who are likely to be in Rome more than in the classroom. Others lend themselves out as highly paid consultants to industry, being absent for weeks at a stretch. A number of medical and law faculty members have lucrative private practices that occupy most of their time. The political professors have included former Prime Ministers Aldo Moro and Amintore Fanfani and dozens of lesser figures in government, including seventy-seven members of parliament. Moro and Fanfani reportedly did give an occasional lecture, but some faculty members hold appointments in name only. One full professor at the University of Cagliari in Sardinia never set foot on the campus for a full year. This was too much even for his senior colleagues, who normally close ranks to protect absentees. They called a meeting and voted to fire him. When he heard of the action, the professor, an undersecretary in the defense ministry, was shaken to his marrow. When he recovered from the shock he commandeered a military plane and flew to Sardinia, where he pleaded for reinstatement. At this writing his case is on appeal.

The professors might be forgiven their outside activities if there were rapport between them and their students. There is hardly any. Most full professors are aloof, unapproachable figures who shun interaction with students in or out of the classroom. In the classic European tradition they deliver their lectures and leave. Seminars are rare, and questions are discouraged. An

—Federico Patellani (Pix).



—Epoca (Black Star).

Gate to the University of Bologna (left); students protest in the streets (right)—"Italian universities operate under an archaic system that has stifled learning and created a deep gulf between the teachers and students."

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American student taking a course in Italian literature at the University of Milan was coldly rebuffed when he queried his professor on a point. "You are asking me questions about material that you yourself should be reading," the professor snapped. "In an American university I would have received some kind of an answer," the student commented. "But over here the professor is a full colonel and we are buck privates."

A group of Italian students was asked if they were ever able to see their professors in their offices for informal discussions. "No, but there would be nothing to talk about even if we could," said Claudio Scarpelli, a Florentine, who is studying English at the University of Pisa. "The only thing we can ever ask a professor about is the next examination." He added that no student would dream of requesting a professor to expand on his lecture after class, or try to open a casual discussion of ideas.

This indifference extends to the few administrative duties professors have. One example is in the matter of attendance. Although the student's presence in class is seldom necessary, he must have a signed statement from his professor that he was there at least some of the time. The problem is that the latter is often not in his office when the student comes around for his signature. One such incident helped make a rebel of Angelo Scuderi, a University of Florence medical student and an activist in the movement. The handsome twenty-four-year-old trembled with rage as he told of what happened when he sought to get his attendance card signed by one of his professors, a renowned surgeon.

"His secretary said she had no idea when the professor would be in," Scuderi recalled. "She handed me a list of clinics and hospitals where he would be throughout the day and said I could try to locate him that way. There was no time listed for any of these places. I was just supposed to go from one to the other, hoping by some piece of luck to find him." Most students tip the college *bidelli* (custodians) $2 to get a professor's signature for them.

Another source of resentment is the staggering number of examinations required, many of them only remotely connected to the student's major subject. A young man, for example, who plans to be an English teacher in an Italian high school must pass not only his English examinations but also sixteen other tests in such areas as medieval history and Hegel's philosophy. A Ph.D. candidate in Spanish literature must take a comprehensive examination in world geography. Frustration with this rule has reached the point where some professors flout it by asking only token questions on the so-called "complementary" examinations. One coed appeared for an oral exam that took only two minutes. She was asked the title of her textbook and her home address. "Thank you very much," said the professor and passed her. An architectual student at the University of Florence was quizzed about a soccer game the previous week when he appeared for his oral in ancient history.

Such departures, however, are the exception in a university system that is rigidly controlled from Rome. There is absolute uniformity in curriculum, which is drawn up by the government. A history professor at the University of Bologna could be transferred to the University of Palermo without missing a beat in his lecture. He would find on his new desk the exact syllabus he had been using. The fact that thousands of students submit to this deadening inflexibility testifies to the importance of the degree in a country that has a high illiteracy rate and a sharply defined class system. The Ph.D., which waits for the student at the end of his four college years, opens doors for him in business and the professions that otherwise would be tightly closed. Doctoral degrees are flaunted by almost everyone in Italy who owns one. The *Dott.* is displayed on office doors, calling cards, desk plaques, and in the telephone book. Receptionists in government offices would not think of referring to their university-bred bosses as anything but Doctor. A Florence automobile dealer puts the *Dott.* in front of his name in newspaper and billboard advertisements.

But no matter how prized the degree, the radicals are willing to risk wrecking the entire university structure and their own careers to achieve reforms. They also cite a string of other grievances, including the paucity of scholarships, the tiny number of dormitories (the University of Rome has campus residential space for only 400 of its 60,000 students), and the fact that working-class students comprise only 13 per cent of the university population.

The students' simmering rage boiled over in a series of bloody riots in Milan, Turin, Venice, and Rome. In Milan they fought a three-hour battle with police, who arrested more than 200 of them. Chanting "Ho Chi Minh" and "workers' power," the students marched on the eminent newspaper *Il Corriere della Sera*, branding it a "tool of a hated society." In Rome, 3,000 students battled police with nail-tipped clubs, slingshots, café chairs, and umbrellas. Last February President Nixon's visit to Rome touched off more rioting. A month later Leftists again took to the streets, clashing with not only the police but Neo-Fascist students as well. Some fifty firebombs were found in various buildings, obscenities directed at Pope Paul VI were smeared on walls, and a crucifix torn off a classroom wall was found in a toilet. Under Italian law, every schoolroom in the nation must display a cross.

The rampages set off shock waves throughout Italy. Premier Mariano Rumor, then secretary of the Christian Democratic Party, called for urgent action on university reforms to meet an "alarming situation." The average citizen reacted with fear, rage, or both. To many persons, the students' seeming delight in overturning automobiles, smashing windows, and taunting pedestrians recalled Mussolini's *squadristi* thugs in the early Fascist days. The respected Turin newspaper *La Stampa* wondered if the destruction was not being used as an "alibi for a tiny Neo-Fascist group." The Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano* declared: "There is no justification, there are no extenuating circumstances for violence."

Beneath the phrase-making and official protests was the frightening knowledge that the Maoist element no longer had university reforms as its ultimate goal. Its aim was, and is, to topple the entire social and economic edifice. "We don't want reform but a complete upheaval that will put the working class in power," a Rome activist said. "We will reject anything in this society until the change is complete."

Angelo Scuderi, the Florence medical student, told the authors: "In the beginning we never asked for much—bigger classrooms, better laboratories, and other things that would modernize our universities. We never discussed politics in school; it was forbidden. But none of our requests were satisfied. From that point, it was a short step to political criticism of the society and the protest movement."

The discontent first manifested itself in sit-ins that disrupted classes for weeks at the Universities of Turin, Rome, and Florence. In their street forays, the students linked their own complaints with the demands of workers striking for increased old-age pensions and other benefits. But the attempt by the Movimento to identify with and champion labor's cause has not met with a particularly enthusiastic response. Most of the student insurgents are of middle- and upper-middle-class backgrounds, making communication difficult with the lower-class workers. In Italy it is not easy to convince a Turin factory hand that young intellectuals are interested in his welfare. In some instances the students'

(*Continued on page 91*)

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Schools Make News

Aid for the Middle Class

As the cost of attending private schools and colleges has risen rapidly in recent years, it has been the middle-income families that have felt the financial crunch most severely. Scholarship funds for lower-income and disadvantaged students have proliferated dramatically, and the wealthy require no financial help. Consequently, many of the more selective—and expensive—institutions have found that their student bodies increasingly are made up of the very rich and the very poor.

To attract more students from middle-income families, Northfield and Mount Hermon, the largest independent, coordinate, residential secondary schools in the country, have instituted a new loan program. Beginning this coming fall, the schools will make available $110,000 so that parents who would like to defer the full burden of tuition can borrow up to two-thirds of school costs. No interest will be charged until the student graduates or leaves the school. Repayment of the principal will be extended over a ten-year period, beginning with the completion of college or graduate school (98 per cent of each school's graduates go on to college). Interest at the rate of 5 per cent annually will be charged during the college years as well as on the unpaid balance after college.

Northfield and Mount Hermon now set aside 20 per cent of their operating budgets for financial aid to students—primarily those from low-income and disadvantaged homes. This coming fall $920,000 is earmarked for financial aid, including loans. In each succeeding year an additional $110,000 will be added to the loan fund, and thereafter it will continue at the annual level of $440,000.

The new loan program was initiated after the schools surveyed 6,000 graduates between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. Results showed that two-thirds of this group had children who would be interested in attending the schools, but that the parents of half of these would need financial aid.

Advantages accruing to both parents and the schools include easing the immediate burden for parents and the opportunity to repay loans during their high earning years—almost certainly in cheaper dollars. The schools, meanwhile, build up a large, revolving student aid fund that should prove a permanent help in recruiting a wide range of students.

April Fool on Whom?

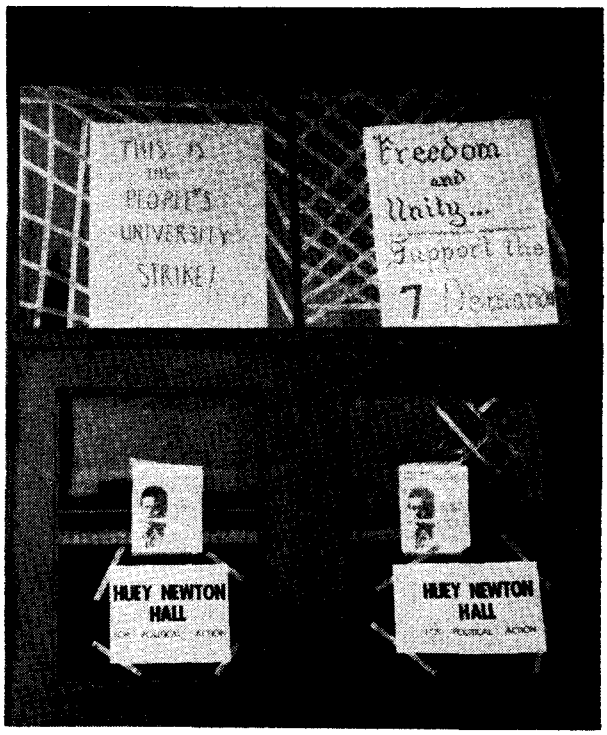
One of the more intriguing aspects of New York City's attempts to decentralize its school system is that there are too many qualified educators for the available jobs.

Under a state decentralization law passed last year, all persons on the existing list for eligible elementary school principals must be appointed by April 1 so that a new list of eligibles, composed of persons meeting a different set of requirements, can be drawn up.

There are 207 names on the existing list, and, at a maximum, there are 140 vacancies in elementary schools. What to do with the sixty extra $21,900-a-year men is causing something of a minor problem, which has been tagged, naturally, the April Fool Appointments.

A committee composed of board of education members, members of local school boards, and the principals' union (the Council of Supervisory Associations) has been attempting to find jobs for the surplus principals. It seems likely that many will be assigned jobs as interns in some of the larger elementary schools, and that others will work in specially created positions in the board of education headquarters or offices of district superintendents.

Essentially, the *tabula rasa* mandate represents a compromise between the unions and the advocates of local control: The currently eligible principals, some of whom have been waiting two years for placement, will get their jobs, and the local school boards will be able to hire more blacks and Puerto Ricans as principals. In addition, the



—Charles Gatewood.

Student Protests 1969

A survey of campus protests in the first half of 1969, published by Urban Research Corporation, showed that black students were involved in more than half of the total 292 protests, and the issue most frequently raised was for black recognition, which included demands for such concessions as black studies, more black students and faculty members, and better facilities. Generally, protests were nonviolent—with injuries occurring in only 7 per cent of the protests—and they tended not to disrupt the routine. Surprisingly, New Left groups played a relatively minor role. SDS and other organizations with radical views were active in less than half of the white protests, and in only 28 per cent of all protests. Success of a demonstration seemed to require stamina: If a strike or seizure could hold out for more than two weeks, at least one demand was granted 70 per cent of the time.

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law provides that the new list of eligibles be simply a pool rather than a ranking, so that a local board can choose from anyone on the list, not just among the top three as is now the case.

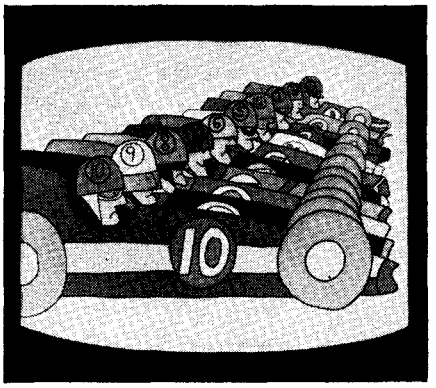
The cost of the change-over is complex to assess. If there are sixty principals without portfolios, the financial expense will run only to about $127,000 extra a year, which is a drop in the rain barrel of the city's $1.3-billion budget. Yet even if the whole process is gilding the lily of bureaucratization, it would have taken three to five years to clear the old list by attrition. Another complication is that 110 of the 140 vacancies are filled by acting principals, thirty of whom are black or Puerto Rican, and they will lose their jobs along with the rest when the vacancies are filled from the existing list of eligibles.

Project DUO

MANY COLLEGES have adopted courses of a work-study nature in the growing belief that formal study in classes is only a part of what constitutes an education. But last month, a high school community-service program was begun on a state-wide basis in Vermont. Called Project DUO (Do Unto Others), the program allows students in grades ten through twelve to do volunteer work within the community for a semester and receive academic credit.

Last fall the state Department of Education explained DUO to every principal in the state, and in a few cases helped it get under way. Generally, however, the specific procedures and their implementation were left to Vermont's sixty-nine high schools and local community groups. As a non-disciplinary offering that any teacher could supervise, DUO fitted easily into the existing school structure and required no additional funding. Vermont's state colleges and the university have endorsed the program and have agreed that participation will not interfere with college admissions.

This semester, some 100 students from twelve Vermont high schools are participating. The accent is on personal initiative. Each student is encouraged to map out his own project and required to explain his personal goals and expectations. A review board at the high school, composed of teachers, interested community members, and the students themselves, considers each proposal, making sure the student has defined the scope and potential of his project. As the semester progresses, the review board will become a seminar, providing a formal context to the personal experience.



Sesame Street scores.

Students will deliver papers and hold discussions on their own work. In the last two or three weeks, the review board will serve an evaluative function, with the students examining what insights and perceptions they may have gained.

Students are free to choose from a wide range of activities and can elect either to join an existing community agency or to create their own project. One group in Rutland, Vermont, has rented a phone and will make their services available to ten agencies, doing everything on call from shopping for the aged to babysitting. This year most of the students' work revolves around younger children, at day-care centers, with the handicapped, or as teacher aides. Other areas, however, such as working in the government on housing, rezoning, or conservation, are possible variations.

Notes

● *Sesame Street*—the television program designed to improve the language, numerical, and reasoning skills of preschool children, especially those from poor families—appears to be achieving its goals. According to tests conducted during the program's first six weeks, poor children who viewed *Sesame Street* daily made gains two and one-half times as great as those who did not watch the program. The tests measured responses of children three to five years old in selected day-care centers in Maine, New York, and Tennessee. In one area—the ability to sort and classify objects—gains of 25 per cent were made by the children who viewed the program. In addition, a recent Nielsen rating indicated that the program is reaching five million children, almost half of the nation's twelve million children under five.

● For the first time, a commercial television broadcaster, the National Broadcasting Company, has contracted with the state Department of Education in Idaho to create educational programs to be shown on television in the schools. NBC Educational Enterprises will set up and operate an educational television production center in Boise, and will produce either in-class lesson-plan material or more sophisticated features, such as those on National Educational Television.

● The latest newsletter from Teachers and Writers Collaborative has just been published. Since 1967, professional writers from the group have been working with students and teachers in New York City's public schools to encourage freer and more varied forms of written expression. The result is a rich, freewheeling collection of thoughts, poetry, and essays in the students' own language, from their own inner world of experience. (The newsletter may be obtained from Teachers and Writers Collaborative, Pratt Center for Community Improvement, 244 Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11205.)

● *The Teacher Paper* is a magazine for the classroom teacher. In a frustrating period of cultural change, the paper seeks to provide an outlet for voices that would otherwise go unheard, and decrease the feeling of isolation many teachers have within the system. Neither liberal nor conservative, but stressing humanization and experimentation, the magazine prints lively, sophisticated articles about the realities of the schoolroom today. It is the product of Fred Staab, a high school English teacher, and his wife Robin from Oregon. In a year its subscribers have tripled, and it now has readers in thirty states. (The address is 280 North Pacific Avenue, Monmouth, Oregon 97361; a year's subscription costs $2.)

● Stanford University physicians can now issue contraceptives to single coeds, a policy recommended by the health service after a one-and-a-half-year study. At Berkeley, planning is under way to open a birth control clinic in the university's hospital, which would offer counseling and dispense contraceptives, whether a girl is married or not. Other universities have adopted similar practices, though often not officially—among them the Universities of Michigan, Chicago, Illinois, Washington; Cornell, Yale, and Northwestern.

● Last month New York City's elementary and secondary schools received instructions on childbirth from the Department of Health in case a teen-ager goes into labor or gives birth while in school. The action was prompted by the city's new policy of encouraging pregnant girls to stay in school and continue their education as long as possible.

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Education

ACADEMIA IN ANARCHY: AN ECONOMIC DIAGNOSIS

by James M. Buchanan and Nicos E. Devletoglou

Basic Books, 187 pp., $5.95

IN RECENT YEARS the economics of education has been one of academe's outstanding growth industries, its rise signaled by an outpouring of books, studies, monographs, and articles, and its legitimacy attested by the appearance of courses entitled "Economics of Education," "Education and Economic Growth," and "Education and Economic Planning" in universities across the land. Now that we routinely admit half of our young people to post-secondary education, and even graduate one-third of them with bachelors' degrees, hardly anyone questions the right of economists to apply their conventional tools and concepts to higher education. After all, some very valuable social resources are being consumed in this business of education, and it cannot be altogether illegitimate to ask if the best use is being made of them.

This is precisely what *Academia in Anarchy* attempts to do, and the ensuing condemnation is virtually total. The modern university is a house of straw, held together precariously, if at all, only by the inertia of ancient traditions observed still by faculty and administration but increasingly and overwhelmingly rejected by students. In this book the university appears as an economic freak literally asking for and deserving its current fundamental turmoil.

For those of us who work in higher education, the past decade has brought as profound a revolution in expectations and attitudes as it is possible to imagine. The Sixties opened (in the United States, at least) to a passive, almost somnolent student body whose torpor on political and social questions and whose cultural "squareness" had attained international notoriety. They were presided over by a complacent, confident faculty that looked forward to a rapidly increasing demand for its services, as higher education grew in number of institutions, enrollment, and complexity. Administrators, too, saw only a golden future ahead, with money pouring in from government and foundations to expand building programs, research, and teaching. These were the fat years.

Now the Sixties have closed with a student body that decisively has abandoned privatism while embracing ideals and life-styles that were simply unthinkable ten years ago; with a faculty, much battered and bruised, whose confidence in itself and its capacity to manage university and extramural affairs has largely evaporated; and with university administrators gloomily surveying a prospect that holds only more of the same turmoil that has plagued most of them to their wits' end, and some even beyond. How could it all have happened? In particular, why has student militancy enjoyed such easy victory? Was it just the sheer power of revolting students' frenzied indignation, the pusillanimity of faculty, or the havering and uncertainties of deans, presidents, and governing boards? The authors of this irritating, yet very important, book say, in effect: "Yes, it was all this, and more." For, they argue, student weakness, revolt, faculty and administrative indecisiveness—all are merely predictable consequences of the weirdly irrational patterns we have adopted to organize our universities:

> . . . *university education is not a free good.* It does not abound in nature and considerable scarcity value attaches to it. Resources that could be used to produce other things that are valued by men and women have to be employed to produce university education. Education is, in other words, an *economic* good. For this reason, the economic aspects of its demand and its supply cannot be wholly neglected. But if people will so curiously insist on arguing that university education is a free good, those who demand, supply, and finance it will begin to act as if it were, in fact, free! Increasing numbers of students will demand more and more university places, better and better physical facilities, and increasingly attentive devotion to their "special needs." Regardless of the supply of faculties and facilities, demands will invariably be excessive. When nominal (below cost) or zero prices are fixed on so expensive a good, it becomes inevitable that nonprice *rationing*, in some form or other, must be adopted. In addition, suppliers become increasingly immune to consumer desires, being allowed as it were, to "give away" an expensive good for which demand is excessive. Worse still, the product predictably deteriorates as suppliers begin to take on the arrogance of despots. But suppliers are not donors. They do not personally bear the costs of charity. Again, the delusion that university education is a free good leads to disregard both for cost reduction and for efficiency in large or small matters. This is first-day economics. Yet its truth is widely denied, and institutions reflect this denial.

The argument is, therefore, essentially simple. Universities are peculiar places where the consumers (the students) do not pay the full economic cost of the services they receive, the producers (the faculty) do not sell the services they give, and those who pay for all this largesse (the taxpayers) are carefully denied control over the institutions they finance. What, the authors ask, would an industry producing automobiles look like under similar arrangements? Because consumers are getting their automobiles cheaply, or even free, the demand grows by leaps and bounds. In order to maintain "order" in the market, the producers establish rules for the allocation of scarce automobiles, perhaps (in elitist spirit) awarding them only to those who have demonstrated objectively that they can drive superbly or, following a compensatory philosophy, giving priority to citizens who never had the opportunity to learn to drive. Producers have little or no incentive to meet the variety of demands in the market place; instead they assert that they know better than consumers what constitutes a "good" automobile and refuse to produce anything else. The caricature is too painfully close to current reality in higher education to be funny.

Students who find themselves unable to affect the characteristics of the education they receive through normal market mechanisms turn to non-market behavior—petition, demonstration, strike, and ultimately violence. Faculty and administrations behave perversely, rewarding violence with concession, thus reinforcing the already built-in tendency to student direct action. Because university faculties do not regard their institutions as property for which they should care, they are tolerant of student action that threatens free and open use by other members of the university community. One is reminded that rare indeed is the tenor of the response made by the fellows of a certain Oxford college to a formal notice from students that they intended to occupy the main college building the next day if their demands were not met immediately. The fellows' reply rejected the students' ultimatum, and went on to remind them that the fellows counted in their number three men with World War II sabotage experience, two frog-

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men, five commandos, four marksmen, and a *franc-tireur*. The demonstration did not materialize—but then Oxford college fellows still perversely persist in regarding their colleges as their own!

The authors argue that attention to a few elementary economic principles is a minimum requirement for the restoration of organizational health to the universities. First, and most important, if we must subsidize higher education, we should cease making payments directly to the colleges and universities, for this only perpetuates the insulation of higher education from the pressures of changing demand; instead we should pay the subsidies (preferably as loans) directly to the students. Second, when the faculty of any one college yields to violence or threat of violence, it ought to be made to recognize that its action forces the entire system of higher education to pay a price for the errors and weakness that have brought it to that plight—and that that price is exacted in terms of diminished public respect and hence reduced taxpayer and donor support. How are these external costs to be internalized for college faculties? The authors make an ingenious and novel proposal:

> Imagine the trade association of university professors, the AAUP in the United States or its equivalent elsewhere, collecting extraordinary dues from its members to finance a set of university Peace Prizes. These would be awarded personally to those university and college presidents who succeed in maintaining peace with dignity. This scheme may not be so farfetched after all, especially if the AAUP be replaced by some wealthy donor. And, if we may offer a bit of advice to donors here, there might be worse ways of giving a dime. University Peace Prizes would, at the very least, exert their effects in the proper direction. Much current donor support does just the opposite.

Salvation, Professors Buchanan and Devletoglou surmise, could come from two directions: from legislators who firmly restore the principle that crimes are crimes even when they are committed on campus; and/or from bold innovators who, recognizing the obstacles to rational administration of higher education inherent in the present modes of supply and demand, determine to re-establish higher education institutions on full-cost, market force-observing principles.

If either of these prophecies comes true, we are in for even more high spirited times in academe than we have seen yet. **Harold J. Noah**

Harold J. Noah is professor of economics and education, Teachers College, Columbia University.

New Books

The Right to Create, *by Judith Groch (Little, Brown and Company, 393 pp., $7.95),* tops the list for scope and enthusiasm. Sweeping over such broad terrain as blind and conscious creation, the nature of genius, and the effect of drugs on human inventiveness, Mrs. Groch pauses now and again to consider the "delusive security of a fringe-benefit life" or the need for teachers who "prefer the unpredictable with its opportunity for invention and innovation to the security of the pedagogical catechism." This is a bold, booming, robust book that talks unashamedly, if romantically, about nature, and backs up millions of years in order to get a better jump into criticism of today's educational theorists. If you can manage the pace, you'll enjoy this one.

The Changing College Classroom, *edited by Philip Runkel, Roger Harrison, and Margaret Runkel (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 359 pp., $9.50);* **Agony and Promise: Current Issues in Higher Education 1969,** *edited by G. Kerry Smith and associates (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 282 pp., $7.75);* **Students in Revolt,** *edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Philip G. Altbach (Houghton Mifflin, 561 pp., $8.95),* among them add another sixty or so articles to the widening landslide of literature on university change. For the most part professorial, the first volume features pieces on conflict, new practice, and design for change, stressing innovations actually tried out. The second is a publication of the American Association for Higher Education. It deals with matters concerning university and society and campus culture, and its contributors present a somewhat more varied background—college presidents, for instance, as well as government officials, businessmen, Army officers, opinion research men, broadcasters, senators, and authors. Whereas these two selections deal with the American scene, the third displays international orientation. An amalgam of distinguished scholarship, it deals with student revolution in Western countries, Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Top-notch for reference and discussion purposes, particularly number three.

The Educational Enclave: Coercive Bargaining in Colleges and Universities, *by Norman Matlin (Funk & Wagnalls, 226 pp., $8.95),* is an entertaining, albeit serious, book that attempts to link economic and power theories of higher education by means of the concept of coercive bargaining. This latter notion holds that, in order to acquire prestige tokens, the student strikes a bargain with his chosen college and renegotiates his contract now and again on account of the power differential separating individual and institution. Early chapters appear self-conscious and overdrawn. But Matlin's ironic wit together with his theoretical grasp of the various matters he deals with makes for very satisfying reading. Not only students but professors, administrators, and alumni, too, will find quite a challenge here.

Teachers for the Disadvantaged, *by James C. Stone (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 274 pp., $7.75),* lucidly presents the research findings of California's federally funded project for training teachers of America's poor. First examining training activities in a number of districts, Stone turns to factor analysis to report in part that teacher participants felt they could learn more about the culture of poverty and compensatory education in local schools than they could at universities. What emerges by way of implications is that, though teacher and student attitudes changed somewhat as a result of in-service training programs, no "very dramatic" findings appeared evident. What lends value to the book itself, however, is its imaginative approach to the problem, its statistical methodology, and the models it suggests for further investigation and action. Professor Stone thus makes a most worthwhile contribution to the Jossey-Bass Series in Higher Education.

The University and Revolution, *edited by Gary R. Weaver and James H. Weaver (Prentice-Hall, Inc., 180 pp., $5.95),* stems from a course bearing the same name and offered at the American University. Few available collections cover such breadth of opinion. To the Right, Samuel L. Sharp and Russell Kirk lecture university activists on the value of creative doubt and the foolishness of demonstrations. On the Left, Mark Rudd points to universities as agents for political and social change, while Eldridge Cleaver denigrates the "pigs of the power structure . . . and their alcoholic culture." More centrally distributed, Seymour M. Lipset, Jack Newfield, and others consider activism, radicalism, freedom, and the generation gap. A selected bibliography rounds out a particularly arresting discussion.

Realism in Education, *by William Oliver Martin (Harper and Row, 198 pp., $2.95),* is one of a fine series that thus far has treated educational aspects of pragmatism, idealism, and existentialism. Developing his chapters from

(*Continued on page* 92)

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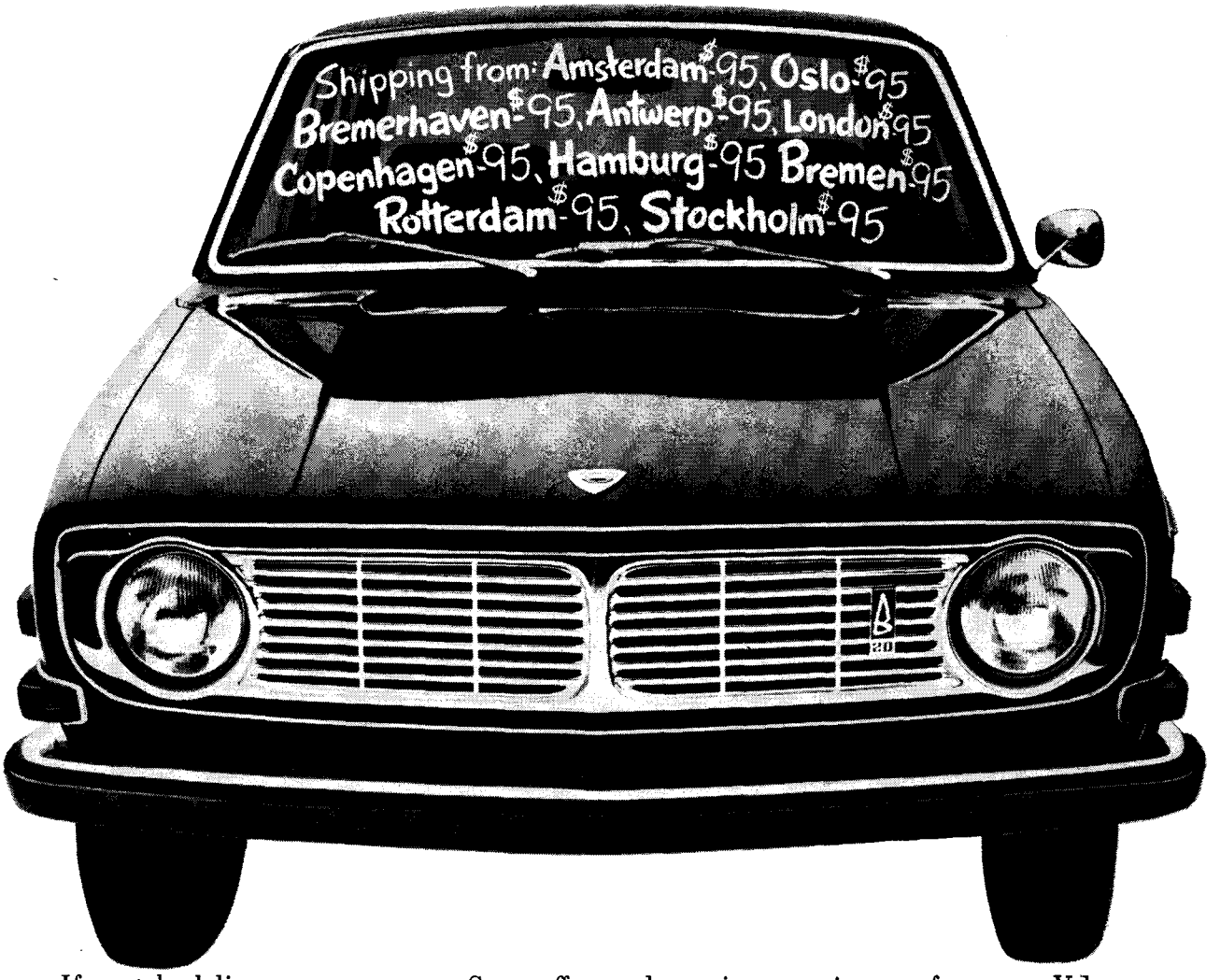
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Student Travel/1970

A Special Section

Pity the parent in this belt-tightening season who is double-teamed by the tax collector and a teen-age child asking for a couple of thousand dollars to sponsor a summer trip abroad. It is doubtful, if past records repeat, that either claimant will be put off. Young people are traveling more and spending more than ever before, as Janet Mandelstam, assistant editor of "Scholastic" magazine, observes in the opening article of SR's annual student travel section. Many students at increasingly tender ages are signing on with modified versions of the old grand tour and with study groups that range far beyond the scope of any high school geography class. The droves of students who prefer to plot their own courses are spoken for here by Dan Ardrey and David Sogge, Harvard University seniors and contributors to "Let's Go," a series of guides to student travel published by Harvard Student Agencies, Inc., 2 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. To Ardrey and Sogge, free-lance travel is the best education of all.

The Grinds on the Grand Tour

by JANET MANDELSTAM

They're easy to spot, smiling beneath Big Ben or the Eiffel Tower, standing in groups of ten, twenty, or thirty in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, following their leader through the Louvre, filing into the bleachers to hear *Aïda* at the Baths of Caracalla. Most of them are girls in sandals with short wrap-around skirts or neat little Ladybug dresses, sunburned noses, and shoulder-slung cameras. One sees a few boys, perhaps, but certainly not as many as the Ladybugs had hoped when they signed up.

They are young Americans on tour, and they have a certain buoyancy that distinguishes them from the cooler European traveler. Every year they get younger, and every year there are more of them. Every year they seek out new places, too, but essentially the route hasn't changed much since the eighteenth century grand tour. It's merely been adjusted to a baby-grand scale for the young American middle class.

Others pick up the tour after spending most of their summer abroad in one of the thousands of study programs offered by American and foreign institutions. Before boarding their charter flights for home, a few will have danced at a full-dress military ball, some will be leg-weary from bicycling in the Alps, and others will have plumbed the mysteries of *Finnegans Wake* or French verb tenses. After having spent anywhere from three weeks to three months together, it's quite possible they will have learned more and will remember more about each other than about the places they visited.

In some parts of the world the appearance of groups of young Americans is a novelty. In Europe it's a commonplace, and Europeans may greet the invasion with enthusiasm, indifference, or disdain. A young group shuffles into Rome's Piazza Navona to hear the tour leader or a local guide extol the wonders of Bernini's fountain. An international gathering of hippies squatting in the piazza looks on blankly, some smiling a little. A Roman street vendor mutters a few words and brings his cupped hand to his lips. And the cash registers ring out like church bells on Sunday morning because student travel is big business—and getting bigger.

While their parents may prepare for a trip abroad as a once-in-a-lifetime event, the sixteen- to twenty-six-year-olds see it as a matter of course. One study showed that they spent 27 per cent of the U.S. dollars left behind in Europe. A national magazine recently predicted that eighteen- to twenty-four-year-olds will make up nearly one-quarter of the entire travel market this year. And the travel industry is going after the business. More and more tour advertisements are picking up the youth theme. "Do your thing in Morocco." "This is where it's at." "Turn on to our tours." The emphasis, at least in the ads, is on the individual rather than on the group.

"Kids don't like to be led by the nose. They like to find their own way," says Lawrence Handel, the publisher of *Studentravel* magazine. "The old-fashioned grand tour is not where things are anymore."

Subtle changes are even creeping into those agencies that still specialize in the old-fashioned approach to travel. The Clara Laughlin Student Tours for Girls are now in their twenty-first year and beginning to show signs of change. On the front cover of the brochure detailing this summer's tours is a drawing of a girl with lacquered hair and a prim long-sleeved, high-necked dress. Her hemline is above the knee—but not much. On the flip side is an appealing sketch of another teen done up in a bell-bottomed pants suit, boots, and granny glasses. Says Laughlin tour director Margit Serenyi: "The front is

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Laughlin tours—priced up to $2,765 for the fifty-one-day European Town and Country Tour—are first-class all the way, including dinner while floating down the Seine and a full-dress military ball during Horse Show Week in Dublin. Almost all the Laughlin girls will travel again; a prep school student may be shopping around for a spot to spend her junior year abroad. Frequently their way has been paid by a grandmother or an aunt who remembers the grand tour as it was and wants her offspring to see Europe the same way.

"But youth is becoming more independent today," says Miss Serenyi. "They're liable to tell grandmother, 'No thanks, I want to do my own thing in Europe.'"

So the market for the first-class tour gets younger. Such a trip used to be the perfect college graduation gift. Now it's likely to be a high school present instead. And where the grand tour used to draw its young ladies from the Eastern private schools, it's now reaching farther inland to Texas, Arizona, and the Midwest, where, says Miss Serenyi, "there is still some conservatism."

For the less conservative there are travel, work, and study tours to be found all over the world. There are hosteling tours by bicycle, and there are African safaris. This year there will be more organized excursions to Latin America and the Orient than ever before. Even groups that usually concentrate on the European trade are adding an Expo '70/Orient tour to their list of offerings. Universe Travel, Inc., a California-based agency, is promoting a student tour to Fiji, Australia, and New Zealand. It purports to offer, among other things, jungles, lagoons, aborigines, volcanoes, mythology, "Waltzing Matilda," and memories.

While independent travel puts no limits on where the young wanderer can go, chances are a tour could take him to the same spots. In their book *Europe This Way*, Lawrence Handel and James L. Steffensen, Jr., point out some of the obvious advantages and disadvantages of going the group way. The tour is an "icebreaker" for first-timers; it heads off the kind of confusion and frustration travelers are apt to meet in hotels, on trains, at customs; it offers the opportunity to travel with people of the same age. On the minus side, a group may lack spontaneity or suffer the kind of superficiality inherent in a three-week tour of Europe.

More young people travel the capital-hopping route than go the Laughlin way. Anita Seldin, a twenty-two-year-old New York nursing student, is perhaps typical of the young American who wants to see much and spend little and so opts for the tour. For less than $900, including round-trip air fare, she spent twenty-one days in Europe last summer. Her itinerary: New York-London - Paris - Switzerland - Milan - Venice - Florence - Rome - Madrid - Lisbon - New York. Anita's tour was organized by STOP (Student Travel Overseas Programs), an agency with headquarters in Berkeley, California. To Anita, everything about the trip was "unbelievable," everything except the ratio of girls to boys. It was twenty-eight to two.

"Each of us took a role," she said. "One scouted out discothèques, another scouted the shopping." Anita appreciated the conveniences afforded by group travel. There was always someone else to take care of the arrangements and the problems. "I would see other people wasting more time deciding what hotel to stay at, when to leave for another city, worrying about tickets and luggage. Lots of people warned me about tours, but I'm happy I went the way I did. Now I have the feel of what it's like to travel." After her three-week excursion Anita could say, "I think I've seen Europe."

Many other student travelers prefer to see *one* country and study some aspect of its language, politics, or culture. The number of summer-study-abroad programs is increasing heavily at both the high school and college levels.

Two of the most ambitious organizations offering educational travel for the high school traveler are the Foreign

—*Courtesy The American School in Switzerland.*
The style of the grand tour changes, but the attractions remain the same.

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Study League based in Salt Lake City and the American Institute for Foreign Study with headquarters in Greenwich, Connecticut. Last year, they sent a combined total of nearly 20,000 on foreign study programs, and the outlook for this year is bigger yet. Both groups offer six-week programs at an average cost of $900. Most of the time abroad is spent studying language and culture while in residence at a university or high school campus. The rest of the time is for touring.

The booklets listing college study programs get thicker every spring. Most foreign universities shut down their regular operations during the summer and may either offer special courses for foreigners or turn their campuses over to American universities that then sponsor their own study-abroad programs. No matter who runs it, the typical program is usually a six- to eight-week course in the language and civilization of the country. The language teachers are almost always native, and quite often the course will carry academic credit.

The number of American colleges offering student programs abroad, the variety of programs, and the list of countries involved are all increasing, too. Africa and Latin America are opening up to student travel now. The City University of New York is sponsoring a course in West Africa at the University of Ghana and the University of Liberia, while Eastern Michigan University is offering a workshop in East African education in Kenya and Somalia.

A list of study programs by country is found in the booklet "Summer Study Abroad," published by the Institute of International Education (809 United Nations Plaza, New York, New York 10017).

While the general "language and civ" courses are still the mainstay of the study-abroad programs, there are numerous specialized courses to match almost any interest a student may have. He can study jazz dancing at the Paris American Academy or observe modern Israeli life by living at a kibbutz. There is a seminar on the poems and plays of W. B. Yeats in Sligo, Ireland, and a course on James Joyce in Dublin. There is a two-month travel seminar in fashion design sponsored by Bennett College, with visits to eight Western European countries plus the Soviet Union. The State University of New York will take students to Jamaica for a course in "marine and terrestrial biology of the Caribbean."

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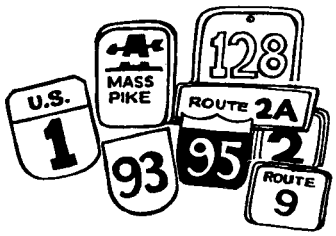

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EUROPEAN CITIES

A Capital-Hopper's Guide

by DAN ARDREY

What you see in a European city depends largely on how you see it: Whether you stay a few weeks, hit the night spots and the monuments, and move on; or whether you live there for at least three months, learn the language, and fall in love with a girl who's never heard of where you go to college.

A friend of mine from Chicago who had precious little time to spend in London wore himself out the first night, wandering around the city on foot, finally turning up the next morning in Westminster Abbey. After that he settled down and explored the city on a bicycle, which he rented for $3 a week from Savile's Cycle Stores. Like many students he went to both the standard tourist places—the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Tower of London—and the more offbeat spots like Highgate Cemetery, where Karl Marx and George Eliot are buried amid a curious tangle of underbrush and fallen headstones. For lunch he had sausages and a pint at the bar of the Museum Tavern, 49 Great Russell Street, or ate his first curry for less than 75 cents at the Indian Embassy on Aldwych Street, a favorite feeding station for students low on funds. In the evenings, he went to the Promenade Concerts ("the Proms") at the Royal Albert Hall or took in the latest Osborne play at Royal Court, where *Look Back in Anger* was first produced. He began cultivating a slight British accent so that other American students would think he was British. He remained, however, isolated from the English, who can be hard to meet, and from the city of London.

A European city can't be rushed. An example of how to adapt is the experience of an ex-roommate of mine at Harvard who took a year off and went to live in Paris. When he arrived, he stayed at a cheap Left Bank hotel with a great view of the Seine, but the noise of the traffic below kept him awake all night. He moved. He would eat a bread and cheese lunch sitting in the park at the end of the Ile St. Louis, and because the French are not easy to meet (even for other Frenchmen), he usually sat alone. But as he said: "I thought about myself and my home in New Jersey, gradually stopped hating the system, and figured out what I wanted to be." He also innocently posted an ad at the Alliance Française asking for someone to share an apartment and got ten replies—six from girls. Concluding that Paris wasn't that lonely, he started having a nightly beer at a café on the Boulevard St. Germain, and by accident he met people and made local friends, a simple act but one which most students avoid.

Living on the Rue Descartes, he ate in neighborhood restaurants like Le Volcan or Steak aux Herbes, patronized by the residents of the *quartier*. One evening he treated a prostitute to supper, while she told him about the country house she was going to build for her husband from her earnings. Another night he found himself defending the United States government against the attacks of a Communist laborer. Cities like Paris offer a chance to divest yourself of your student personality, and talk with people who don't ask you about student problems.

Strangely, for the student on his own, a European city is no loss of innocence. My friend knew that he could pick up drugs from other students at the Café de Buci, but he never bothered.

A student may also immerse himself so totally in a European city that he meets no other foreigners. I know a biochemistry major from New York who spent three months in Amsterdam living with a Dutch family. He had been corresponding with the daughter and had learned the rudiments of the language at home. In a picture-book beginning, the girl met him at the airport, and he subsequently fell in love with her. They went to restaurants like the Hollands Glorie—traditional Dutch with old wooden ships and Delft china—or an inexpensive, but excellent, Indonesian place, Indisch Restaurant Special, which is popular with Indonesian immigrants and serves a *rijsttafel*. For relaxed evenings they frequented the Cafe de Prins, which offers drinks, sandwiches, chess sets, a pile of records you put on the record player yourself, a piano, piles of comic books (in Dutch). No one feels inhibited sitting down with a good book.

In spite of the easygoing atmosphere of the city, he soon discovered the intricacies of Dutch customs, which have to be mastered before you really become accepted. You always precede a girl up a staircase or into a restaurant; letting her go first is considered rude. In speaking Dutch, you have to be careful in using *"u"* and *"jij,"* which correspond roughly, but not precisely, to *"vous"* and *"tu"* in French. Still the Dutch were so flattered with his efforts to speak their language that they often replied in English. Unlike some American students living in European cities who shun their compatriots, he was so at ease that he often went out of his way to give them assistance. The romance, however, ended with the summer. This year he's going to explore, of all places, Hollywood. The effect of a European city is not really predictable.

Stockholm attracts many students interested in social and political analysis, and one of the unlikely people interested in Swedish society was a

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history major from Detroit who was also the rhythm guitarist in a touring rock group. He had come primarily for a good time and to earn some extra money, but through meeting the Swedes, who are not awed by Americans, he became fascinated with such problems as the welfare state and labor courts. He also became convinced that the Swedes are going to solve the problem of environmental pollution long before his own country does. Some of his friends stayed at the *af Chapman,* a full-rigged sailing ship permanently moored a five-minute walk from downtown Stockholm, which has a beautiful view of the central harbor at night (you have to write two months in advance to reserve a place), but he roomed with Swedish friends he met after rock concerts. Some of his fellow Americans asked him how to meet Swedish girls, after they had spent fruitless evenings at places like Disco 69, where supposedly the action is. Most Swedish girls don't spend their evenings at discothèques (except for Alexandra's, which is currently the place to go if you have the means), and he found it far easier to meet them on Djurgarden, an idyllic island to the east of the central harbor. Here you can sit under trees by the water or visit some of the museums like Waldemarsudde, the home of the late Prince Eugen and now Sweden's most beautiful museum. In the evening on Djurgarden, walk over to Gröna Lund, which has everything from variety shows to the latest international pop stars and three dance floors. In the relaxed but swinging atmosphere, conversation comes easily.

Many students try to find work in European cities; few succeed. A dismaying combination of work permits, restrictions, and low salaries discourage most who try. One pre-med student from San Francisco was lucky and found a job as a hospital orderly in Zurich one summer and as a research assistant with a pharmaceutical company in West Berlin the next. He had primarily wanted to improve his German, but after two summers he found he could contrast two very different German-speaking cities—Zurich and West Berlin.

What struck him most forcefully about Zurich was the importance of social classes, something in America he had always discounted. In the hospital, doctors, orderlies, and nurses all kept their distance, and all left the menial work to the immigrant Italian workers. He had expected to spend most of his time cleaning and dusting, but he never lifted a broom. The city itself attracts few American students. It was commercial and dull. Some of the best

(*Continued on page* 85)

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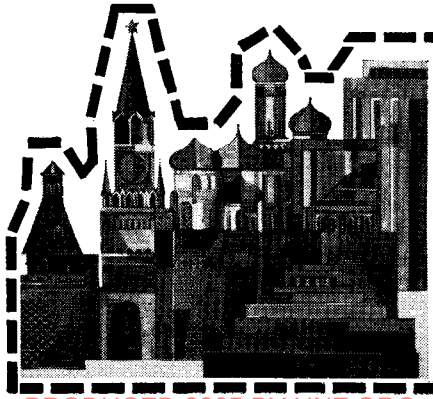

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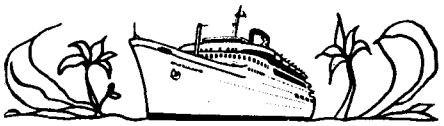

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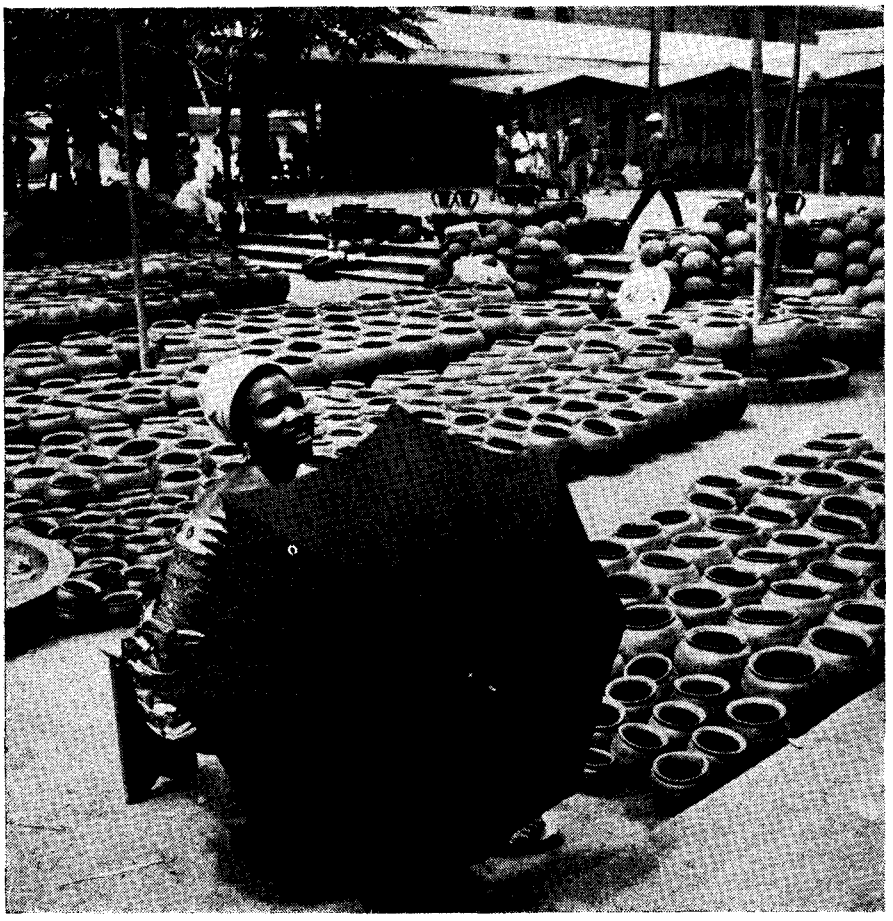

—*Holzgraf (Monkmeyer).*

Wanderers should leave room in their packs for the bargains at Abidjan market.

The Uncommon Student in Africa

by DAVID SOGGE

Summer, by a happy coincidence for the student, is the coolest season in West Africa, the climate then being slightly less oppressive than Washington, D.C.'s. It may not be the optimal time for travel because of persistent rains—boots mold, roads disappear in mud, and everything turns limp—but from June to September the student traveler can splash and muddle through and have a superb time doing it.

A sturdy, lightweight pair of boots, a backpack, a Michelin map, anti-malaria pills, a visa to the first country on the route, and a few official-looking documents (the more stamped, signed, or beribboned the better) are the basic provisions. Little else need be toted along since most other items, from flashlights to soap, can be bought more cheaply in Africa. The same goes for visas: French consulates in each city issue them for most of the French-speaking countries, and Ghana and Nigeria maintain visa offices in every West African capital. Thus outfitted, the traveler's one remaining problem is crossing the Tropic of Cancer. I would suggest first getting to Europe, then heading south.

Jet aircraft and the high-axle French "Burley-A" trucks are almost the only mechanical devices regularly crossing the Sahara. Riding overland is a very bad trip. The Algerians try to discourage such forays by requiring travelers to sign a disclaimer absolving the government of any responsibility and acknowledging the foolhardiness of it all. In Niger, I met a young American who'd made it across, having come part of the distance by tying himself down on the top of a truck. He told me of a fellow hitchhiker who, failing to bind himself securely, had rolled off the truck in his sleep one night. There are other horrifying stories of death, disappearance, and breakdown. The student traveler would be well advised to fly.

From Europe, a round-trip ticket to West Africa costs about $550 in the summer. It can be written to include six or seven of the major cities. The

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problem with flying is that it begins and ends in airports. Patience and the proper visa will carry the traveler through formalities painlessly. Bearded or backpacking students do not get the special scrutiny in West Africa that they do at U.S. Customs, but one should expect many questions about monies on hand, onward travel tickets, the purpose of the stay, cameras, and, in supersensitive areas, arms and ammunition. Bluffing or bribery does not work. In order to change money and to get one's bearings in a city, it's good practice to schedule arrival before 2 p.m. on a weekday. The hours of airport exchange windows can be erratic; it's best to get to a bank or an obliging money-changer.

Once having run the gantlet of officials, luggage-grabbing porters, and aggressive taxi drivers, the student should try hitching into the city or look for a bus stop. Foreigners seldom ride the buses, and miss much because of it. Taxis from the Abidjan airport whiz into that gleaming city over a four-lane boulevard through open country; the bus to Abidjan, following another route, rattles and careens through Port Bouet, one of the saddest slums I have seen in Africa. People on buses can be supremely helpful, even solicitous, toward a stranger. They will point out the sights, indicate places to stay, and see that you get off at the proper point.

Communication seldom is a problem. West Africa has no common language, but French, English, and pidgin-English will get you through. Americanisms such as "OK" and "It beats me" have crept into the slang, but nothing tops pidgin-English for flavor. My favorite is "pass all," equivalent to *formidable* in Francophonia or "outasight" in the U.S. argot.

There is no need to camp out, but a sleeping bag might be useful. Accra, Lomé, and Niamey have hostels; elsewhere, there are YMCA and YWCA rooms, and some cheap hotels. In hotels, $2 a night is rock-bottom; most tourists pay $10 to $12 for an air-conditioned single. One can occasionally find a bed in an empty secondary school or university dormitory; special letters from a college or student identification are handy on such occasions.

Once ensconced, the traveler should get a map of the city—they do exist—and start walking. Essential to learn are the locations of the public market (you can hear it before you can smell it), the embassy, a few good drinking spots and restaurants, the train station, and the taxi park. Two wise purchases on the first day would be a mosquito net and an umbrella. At the public market you'll pay a third of what you would in the States. Lomé, Togo, is a good city to get to know on foot. The

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country's Teutonic legacy can still be seen in the ponderous German factories, a bandstand, and a German graveyard. And the best beer in West Africa is brewed here. Other capitals, such as Abidjan or Lagos, take more effort and money to see thoroughly. A thrifty traveler might rent a bicycle. Those who take taxis should know the standard fare before setting out.

A peculiar Gallic penchant for symmetry and order left the "Francophone" countries with some grandly designed cities, with elegant avenues, fine buildings, and a pronounced segregation of residential areas by class. Because they were drawn up on European models, they are hardly as interesting as the unplanned urban sprawls in the "Anglophone" countries. The latter exude a bouncy, seemingly chaotic atmosphere that is wholly African.

English- and French-speaking cities also offer contrasting examples of Western youth culture. Miniskirts are the mode in Yaoundé, Francophone Cameroon, yet they are frowned on in the main city of Anglophone Cameroon, appropriately named Victoria. Similarly, dancing to Congolese rhythms (like American soul) in community halls is commonplace in Lomé or Yaoundé, yet is unheard of in Nigerian or Ghanaian cities. Moreover, I found the students in the French-speaking universities much more approachable and uninhibited than those in Lagos or Ibadan. For most travelers, the cities may be nothing more than jumping-off points for excursions inland.

Getting upcountry is not difficult. From Abidjan, the "Ouagadougou choo-choo" takes you into Upper Volta in two days; trains in other countries go only about 200 miles inland except the nearly 800-mile route to northern Nigeria. True to the spirit of African egalitarianism, there are no first- or second-class cars: Train travel is cheap for all, if a little uncushioned.

Hitchhiking is chancy in West Africa, but the rides, once got, are exciting. They can be in the flashy Mercedes of a Nigerian tycoon, or in a Dahoman troop truck, or in a Lebanese trader's Ford, complete with tape deck. The first to pull over, however, may be a car already crammed with people and baggage—a bush taxi. Also called "flying coffins" for their appallingly high accident rate, these vehicles cluster in the taxi parks or *auto-gares* of most towns. A visiting student can hardly avoid using them. Accidents occur most often in decrepit autos or in those piloted by young apprentice drivers, so it is good policy to pick out the newer Peugeots with older fellows at the wheel. Curiously enough, the closest I ever came to a serious road accident in Africa was not in a bush taxi, but in an American Jeep that lost its brakes on a treacherous slope in the Cameroon mountains.

Inland, the capitals of the two ancient kingdoms of Dahomey and Benin are among the most fascinating spots. The huge compound of the Dahoman kings, which has stood in Abomey since before the building of Versailles, contains brass work, painted bas-reliefs or animals, and appliqué tapestries of symbolic fish, lions, and warriors. Multicolored facsimiles of these are sold here. The Oba's palace in Benin City, Nigeria, is just as grand in scale, but most of the fine objects of Benin art have been pirated away to the British Museum. For contemporary African art, the Oshogbo artists' colony in Nigeria is unsurpassed. Traditional works are on view in the national museums in Abidjan, Porto Novo, Lagos, and Niamey. Good places to *buy* African works cheaply are the public markets of Ibadan and Niamey for cloth, the *artisanat* in Abomey for all things Dahoman, and the sidewalk of Abidjan and the Artists' Cooperative in Bamenda, Cameroon, for carved objects. Leaving room in one's backpack for such items as masks and cloth is a good idea; shipping them home is risky.

Few people come to West Africa to see its animals, but hardy students with telephoto lenses can find them deep in the interior, in the "W" National Park shared by Dahomey, Niger, and Upper Volta, or the Bouna Game Reserve in northeastern Ivory Coast. Both are two-day journeys from the coast.

Undiscovered in Africa's rich treasury of beautiful locations is the mountain region of west Cameroon. A student could fill a summer just hiking through those luminous green hills, visiting the neat and prosperous homesteads, stopping at crests and waterfalls or at the mossy German fort overlooking Bamenda and the hills beyond. It's "pass all."

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Cities

Continued from page 81

meals are served at restaurants like the Karl der Grosse and the Olivenbaum, both run by temperance unions. He found the most exciting night life at the Oepfelchammer, where the prime attraction is to watch other students swing from the overhead beams and drink glasses of wine, while hanging head down.

Although life in Berlin was complicated by many of the petty regulations that American students find irritating, the city itself was a mixture of all kinds of people. He knew life was going to be different when, on his first day at work, the head of the laboratory ceremoniously went around and shook everyone's hand. He stayed at the *Internationales Studentenheim Eichkamp*, which, although far from the center of Berlin, had communal facilities that included a cafeteria, billiards, television, and an especially lively Bierkeller. To save money for tickets to the Schiller-Theater or the Deutsche Oper Berlin, he frequented cheap restaurants. The best of these, Die Fisch Mutter, is run by a fish mother who has been serving hungry students since 1925. A huge slab of fish plus all the potato salad you can eat costs less than 70 cents. He encountered a moral crisis that confronts many American students on visiting East Berlin: He was approached by East German students who wanted to change money, ostensibly to buy West German goods. He went along with this, because they were students like himself, but then he realized they were making fantastic profits because of the inflated exchange rate. "I never thought I'd be cheated by another student," he said, "but I was had."

American students return from Europe with all sorts of interesting anecdotes, and almost all of these reflect a growing self-awareness. Being alone and having to adapt, they often discover themselves as individuals, away from the society that raised them. And when they return, they see their own cities with a European detachment. Sometimes, having found an ideal in Paris or Stockholm, they condemn their own homes. More often, their changing perspective shows itself in hardly perceptible ways. One student from Brooklyn spent the summer sitting and talking in bars and cafés in Paris and Rome. In Brooklyn he had never been to a local bar, and on his return he went to one around the corner from where he'd grown up. He was quite amazed. "It was," he said, "like meeting the people you'd met in Paris."

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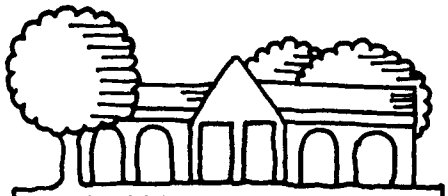

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Eventually everyone gravitates to the Mediterranean, but some French students, appalled by the hectic pace of the Riviera, instead take the short train ride from Gare Montparnasse in Paris to Brittany. Also near to London, Brittany is ideal for anyone with only a few weeks to spare and is normally overlooked by students on their way south. But Vannes, Lorient, Quimperlé, and Quimper are all havens from the tramping crowds. One Sorbonne student hides there every Easter to decelerate from the stress of the overcrowded classroom, spending most of his time on local fishing boats. Many of the fishing villages are situated by tranquil inlets, and cheap restaurants and hotels are scattered along the coast. You can always get a room for about $2, and seafood specialties made with crabs, crayfish, and oysters are delicious and inexpensive. For the student gourmet, Brittany is a paradise.

Around Quimperlé are several *petits ports de pêche*, and one of them, Le Pouldu, is where Gauguin lived for two years before setting off for the South Seas. Four miles away in St. Meurice, stop at La Crêperie, where you can have some of the best crêpes in Brittany; in the spring you can watch the salmon jumping upstream on the Laïta River. Near Vannes is the village of Quiberon, and from here you can take an hour boat ride to Belle Ile ($2 round trip). Among the hamlets on the island is Sauzon, where the Restaurant Roz-Avel serves an excellent lunch, and in the afternoon you can bicycle out to the famous Grotte de l'Apothicairerie, which is crammed with abandoned cormorant nests that stick up like brown bottles of Guinness stout. Wherever you go, one of the delights of Brittany is the local hospitality: Hitchhiking is the best in France, and the fishermen are often willing to take you out on La Manche, if you treat them to *un verre* at a café.

Idyllic as Brittany can be, most students head for the Mediterranean coastline and the warm sea. The most obvious destination, the Riviera, attracts fewer and fewer discerning American students. A Columbia senior I know says: "It's a giant middle-class rat race, and even the French students you meet are all bourgeois." Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Nice are overpriced and overcrowded, but fashionable St. Tropez still has allure. The town is crowded with beautiful girls from London and Paris. At night the pace is hectic. You can sleep on the beach (the police will leave you alone at Les Salins), and spend the night at one of three fantastic night clubs—the Voom-Voom, Les Caves du Roy, and the Papagayo. If by some chance the authorities object to your sleeping on the beach, reverse your normal routine: Spend the day sleeping, the night dancing. Many students live this way, and then go home for a rest. If you want to escape for an afternoon, walk to the village Gassin, and have the best meal near St. Tropez for $3 at Le Micocoulier.

Italian families and students flood the Italian Riviera, and Rapallo is almost as commercialized as Cannes, but some American students come simply to watch the spectacle of the Italians at play. The most unspoiled town along the coast is Santa Margherita, called "Santa" by the natives. Most of the restaurants are expensive, but Rosticceria Fabbro and Pizzeria da Alfonso both sell reasonably priced hot and cold food. The latter makes "the best pizza in the world," as Elizabeth Taylor has written on her picture by the door. The Trattoria dei Pescatori serves the best local fish dishes for around $4. No student can afford to stay in Portofino, but if you want to join the town's cosmopolitan crowd, which includes Rex Harrison, simply hitch over from Santa for the day.

After a few days on the French or Italian Riviera, you head either as far west as possible (Portugal or Spain) or as far east (Yugoslavia or the Greek Islands). And it is in these countries that a student finds a fishing village of his fancy and settles in for the summer. A Radcliffe girl from New York took her cocker spaniel and drove west

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from Nice looking for a place to camp for a month. She eventually wound up in the Algarve, south of Lisbon, and spent her summer around Albufeira, which has a good beach and several night clubs. The Club Internacional features live fado music and a discothèque with American soul on tapes.

The Algarve, Portugal's southern coastal district, runs from Cabo de São Vicente to the Spanish border. Cliffs and dramatic rock formations alternate with sheltered, white beaches. Strangely, the area is also the newest "in" place for the jet set; indeed, it often seems that the newest in beaches are popular both with the jet set and penniless students—maybe they attract each other. The Cabo de São Vicente is desolate, for the land is perfectly flat without houses or trees. Abruptly, as if cut by a knife, the coast plunges 250 feet straight to the sea. The closest accommodations are in Sagres, a few miles away. One of the best ways to see the Algarve is to rent a motorboat with a few friends and spend the day exploring the caves, arches, inlets, and beaches that are often accessible only from the water. And if by some misfortune you do come upon a group of British tourists pretend you're a German archaeologist.

If you don't have the time to go all the way to Portugal, stop in a remote village along Spain's Costa Brava. A good way to get around is by boat. The Cruceros Company covers the coast from Arenys to Tamariu with regular sailings, and special boats run late on Sundays to accommodate bullfighting fans. Prices range from 30 cents to $2, depending on the length of the trip, and you sometimes get your feet wet wading out to the boats, which normally leave right from the beach. Towns such as Playa de Oro, San Feliu de Guixols, and Lloret de Mar attract some students, and Arenys has a famous student hostel with a dormitory across the street to catch the rejects. Both places have beds for 50 cents, and if you're really broke there is a blood bank nearby which pays $7 plus breakfast for a pint. They allow only a ten-minute rest period.

By far the most active and interesting town, however, is Tossa, which has become popular with students and yet remains unspoiled. You can sleep on the beach, but there are few restaurants as most of the hotels require full board. The Maria Angela is the town's atmospheric place, and the food is delicious and cheap, but you may have to wait an hour to get a table. What makes Tossa active is the night life, and students come from nearby towns to join in. The Club Internacional is located inside the castle wall and is owned by an American from Boston. As a result the hamburgers are genuine and cost only 30 cents, and the bartender is one of the best on the Costa Brava. If you long for jazz, come before dinner and ask the owner to play whatever you want to hear. The Rocamar sits outside the castle walls on a hill that overlooks a small bay. Run by an English couple, it is British down to its draught beer and mini-skirted waitresses.

A student can drive or take the train east from the Riviera and visit Yugoslavia's Dalmatian Coast or the rapidly changing Greek Islands. Although Dubrovnik is the most beautiful city along the Dalmatian Coast, Split farther north is cheaper and just as intriguing. The best accommodations for students are with families who put up travelers in their spare rooms, which are advertised as *Zimmer frei* (German, no less) and cost from 80 cents to $2. Otherwise stay at the Hotel Srebrena Vrata for $3.50 a night for a double per person, including all meals. Quiet and simple, it is built into the old Roman wall and overlooks Tomislav Square—still paved with Roman stones.

Unlike the Dalmatian Coast, which has a pretty constant appeal, the Greek island scene changes swiftly and subtly from year to year. Last year islands such as Hydra, Mykonos, and Crete were popular, but this year you have to go farther to avoid the crowds.

Spetsai, Symi, and Corfu, on the contrary, are islands still undiscovered, or at least unexploited. Spetsai is reached by the same boat that takes you to Hydra, but it is forty-five minutes and 30 cents farther on. Also more primitive than Hydra, the island's transport consists of horse and buggy caïques (fishing boats), unless you want to compete with sheep and goats and climb over the mountain.

Symi, a tiny fairyland about two hours from Rhodes, is as immaculately white as Mykonos but without as many tourists. The island is also incredibly cheap. At the Mitros Restaurant huge meals cost only 70 cents, and a hotel room goes for $1. At the monastery of the Panormites on the other side of the island, you can stay in one of 200 monks' cells free of charge for as long as you wish and purify your soul in the gleaming white courtyard or on the beach nearby. —D. A.

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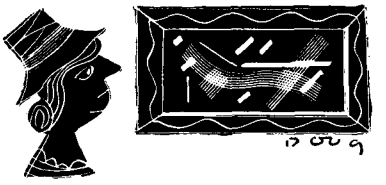
Has the Small College a Future?

Continued from page 64



are no longer willing to linger *in statu pupillari*; faculties are no longer prepared to act *in loco parentis*. Students will no longer tolerate supervision of their housing arrangements, or their social or sexual activities, but most students still demand of their colleges a good deal of parental care. They take for granted services that are not provided by universities abroad: housing, dining and social facilities, gymnasiums and swimming pools, libraries that stay open until midnight, and a score of other services that are not generally found outside the United States. They take for granted immunity from the ordinary processes of the law that affect all others in society. Perhaps if students are to be liberated from the inconveniences and embarrassments of parietal rules, they will have to accept a greater degree of maturity and independence in other nonacademic arrangements. This would have the double advantage of encouraging maturity in the students and saving money for the college.

Fourth, the relaxation, or abandonment, of parietal rules is merely the negative side of what should be a positive program: that of encouraging a larger degree of student participation in the life of the college and in the life of the community of which the college is a part. Participation by students in some aspects of the governance of the college is now well under way: some institutions have even embraced student representation on boards of trustees. What we have here is something new to America, but very old in the history of the university. In the late Middle Ages, academic freedom emerged, not as a freedom for scholars, but precisely as a freedom for students—freedom to choose their own teachers, whom they paid, to live where and as they pleased, and to move at will from one university to another. Because we think in parochial terms we are puzzled, or shocked, by the strident insistence of American undergraduates on what they consider academic freedom; we should be puzzled only that the demand has come so late. The college should confront the "demands" of the students for a larger role in the life and governance of the institution with patience and equanimity.

It should also, however, recognize that many if not most of student "demands" on colleges today are misguided or positively harmful, and should resist them. This situation is largely the fault of colleges, and of society, which has put the emphasis on the wrong things and persisted in the wrong methods. Thus, students want more and more courses in more and more subjects. This demand must be resisted not only on financial grounds —if persisted in here it will surely bankrupt many of our institutions—but on academic grounds. Because colleges grew out of high schools, because they were terminal, because American students were, by Old World standards, young and unsophisticated, and because parents preferred to keep them that way, colleges carried over from the high school the complex apparatus of required courses, majors, minors, attendance, credits, and course examinations. They embraced quite uncritically the American notion that nothing can be learned unless it is formally taught in some "course." The corruption of courses is the major corruption in American higher education; even those who do not accept this verdict recognize that it is a major threat to fiscal survival. Almost all colleges teach too much, a habit acquired in that twilight period when the colleges ceased to be concerned primarily with training character and took on the miscellaneous tasks of professional and university training. Colleges should be content to be colleges, and not try to be universities.

Just as colleges should resist the demand for more courses, they should resist the demand for "relevance," as undergraduates commonly understand that term. Almost the whole of our society and economy—and, alas, much of our educational enterprise—is engaged in a kind of conspiracy to persuade the young that nothing is really relevant unless it happened yesterday, and unless it can be reported in the newspaper and filmed by television. It is the business of these and other media to be relevant; it is not the business of the college or university to be relevant. The academy has other relevancies. It must be relevant to the past and to the future, to our own society and to very different societies. It must be as relevant to art and music and philosophy as it is to urban problems or race relations, confident that neither urban problems nor race relations can be understood except through philosophy and history.

What the college can do—more effectively than the university, if for no other reason than that it has younger students—is to provide a place, a time, an atmosphere in which the young can find out what is relevant to them.

A generation ago, it would have been superfluous to say this. Today both teaching and libraries are threatened by the dehumanizing force of audiovisual and computer technology. If we substitute the radio or television for the seminar or the lecture, and information retrieval systems for the browsing room of the library, the chance that students in the future will discover what is most relevant to them will be seriously diminished.

The college can encourage the young to discover what may be meaningful to them by providing opportunities for active participation in nonacademic activities: the Peace Corps, Head Start, VISTA, Upward Bound, Crossroads to Africa, or—in less formal fashion—work in hospitals or institutions for backward or wayward children, or participation in local or national politics. Most of these activities are now regarded as outside the educational pro-

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gram. They should be, where possible, incorporated into that program, supervised by scholars on or outside the faculty, and accepted as legitimate independent study.

Fifth, there is one obligation, peculiar to the college, that is only now receiving the recognition it has long deserved. The obligation to involve students in the creative arts. It is a safe prophecy that the arts that for so long have been a kind of icing on the academic cake will become in the near future an essential ingredient in that cake—perhaps the yeast that will make the whole thing rise. If we are prepared to spend millions on laboratories, why not on centers of creative art? Sophisticated colleges are already doing this: for example, Dartmouth, Brandeis, Smith, Goucher, Franklin and Marshall, Oberlin, Sarah Lawrence, and Amherst.

Here it can be fairly said that, if students are not vouchsafed the opportunity of playing a musical instrument, painting a landscape, designing a building, acting in a theater while in college, they may never have the chance. The demands of graduate and professional work, and of subsequent careers, provide little opportunity and encouragement for these experiences. Yet, as we enter an era when one of the major problems of society is leisure, how vastly important it is to permit the young to discover for themselves the delights of the arts and of artistic expression.

A word, finally, about the isolation of many of our colleges, particularly those not attached to great universities. Colleges tend to be ingrown, and this tendency is aggravated by geographic isolation. The notion that universities and colleges should be located in some rural retreat is strictly American; from the days of the founding of universities at Bologna and Padua, Paris and Salamanca, Leipzig and Prague, universities were located in large cities. The American preference for the pastoral scene was in part accommodation to the fact that there were few urban centers, in part response to the demands of society for an education that would remove the young from distraction and temptation. Today we retain—and cherish—the image of the little country college, though three-fourths of our students attend college in cities. Colleges attached to great universities have no problem here. Their students share the life of the university.

But the small college is still, for the most part, rural. That is how it stays small. One way for it to become less parochial is to grow in size and in scope until it ceases to be a college and becomes a university: That is what

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is happening throughout the country. Another way, and a better one, is to establish, within itself, some institute, museum, library, public service, or scientific enterprise that will keep students and faculty in touch with scholarship and public service. A good many colleges have already done this: for example, Brandeis, Oberlin, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, Dickinson, the Claremont colleges, and the new Hampshire College.

Colleges distant from great cities should try to drive a "gulf stream" of intellectual or artistic activity or of public service through their campuses. The more isolated they are, the more important this is—and, of course, the more difficult. Students should be permitted to see ever before them the spectacle of scholars or artists, scientists or public servants, going about their business. Perhaps the most important thing that any institution of learning can do is keep before the young the spectacle of greatness and dedication. This cannot be done if the college is limited to its own resources. No college is rich enough to develop such resources in every realm, and that is not necessary. The student does not need to be provided with elaborate fare: It is quality that counts, not quantity. The college should make it impossible for a student wholly to escape the spectacle of the dignity, the excitement, and the beauty of scholarly and artistic work. Every institution of learning should say to its students what Pericles said of Athens to his fellow Athenians: "Let your eyes dwell upon her from day to day until love of her fills your hearts, and her greatness shall break upon you."

WIT TWISTER #152

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"Don't — — — — — —," — — — — — — the — — — — — —, "near the gate!
"The guards have orders there to shoot at sight!"
But merry — — — — — —, heedless of his fate,
Took chances, and escaped, to his delight.

—ANNA P. HANNUM, Secane, Pa.

(*Answer on page 92*)

South Brunswick

Continued from page 68

units, sometimes working out school problems by trying new methods with youngsters in summer school. During the school year, there is follow-up to the summer OD. Participants may meet occasionally in small units after school or on a Saturday.

In three years, OD has not only touched three-fourths of the teachers and about 100 students, it also has included a great many college interns. All except students are paid for their attendance. The price tag on OD this school year is $200,000.

South Brunswick must be among a very few districts that devote so much time and energy training and utilizing college interns. Students from Newark State College come to the schools in the summer, many of them taking part in OD, but all of them working side by side with teachers they will be aiding in the fall.

One important thing OD has done for South Brunswick, said Kimple, is to enable teachers and administrators to trust each other. "When I came here in 1962," Kimple said, "no one trusted anybody. Now we're using some video tape machines so teachers can evaluate their own performance. They're looking for help; they're not afraid."

Almost 100 per cent of the Crossroads Middle School staff have been through OD. Has it made a difference? Fred Nadler, the principal, said an experienced teacher joining the Crossroads faculty from another district was "flabbergasted by the openness of teachers here. People here don't feel hesitant to speak out. They can accept responsibility for a child's progress or failure."

A number of high school teachers and students volunteered to discuss their experience with OD.

Boy with long blond hair: "I don't worry as much about me anymore."

Girl splintering ice-cream sticks: "I always thought he didn't like me [pointing to English teacher]. He always seemed to give me dirty looks in the hall. Then I found out in OD that he didn't realize he was giving that impression."

English teacher: "I was amazed at the number of kids who felt this way about me. I didn't know I was looking stern and unfriendly. I think I'm a little more outgoing in the halls now."

Boy with a sheepish grin: "A lot of people told me I was narrow-minded. I didn't think I was. I'm trying to change a little, but I don't think I'm getting very far."

Biology teacher: "I was told by others that I was two different persons. I have tried to fuse those two and be more open and friendly outside of class."

Not everyone in South Brunswick is happy about everything. For instance, there are traditional complaints from some of the high school teachers that the students are not as well prepared in their skills, and they blame the alleged shortcomings on the individualization in the lower grades. One biology teacher said: "Students are less uptight than kids used to be, much more open in class, but the kids have been given too free a hand. They're not guided enough." The record, however, seems to refute the charge (see box p. 68).

Last February, everything went on the line—board policy, Kimple philosophy, individualization, OD, the works.

Because of resignations, there were five of the nine board seats up for grabs. As Mrs. Reock put it: "A group could have come along and turned the whole system upside down."

As it turned out, a small group of dissidents tried. They criticized the lack of a standardized curriculum; they challenged the value of OD. "It was a grueling fight," said Mrs. Reock. "But an awful lot of people we had never seen before in campaigns came out to help the board. They worked strenuously. When the ballots had been counted, we had won, and won handily. I think there were a lot of people who saw things happening to their kids and liked what they saw."

Back in 1962, Jim Kimple came from Fair Lawn, down the Garden State Parkway and U.S. Route 1. He came to see if he could "develop a program that was relevant and that was geared to each child's needs." In the middle of remembering all that has happened since then, Kimple stopped and said, "You know, there was a time when every new idea here came from me. Now, there are so many ideas coming from others I can't keep up. I really don't know all that is going on. I think that's probably the way it should be."

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Revolt: Italian Style

Continued from page 71

overtures have led to open resentment, as in Naples, where a construction worker lashed out at a university organizer: "Why should we trust you? Your fathers are our bosses."

Even the Communist Party, which at first sought to take the student movement under its wing, has cooled considerably to it. Achille Occhetto, a high member of the party's directorate, warned student leaders against "creating an insurrection, with the prospect of a blood bath." He also spoke of the students' "amateurish inroads in the labor field." The Reds remember vividly the Gaullist backlash in the wake of the 1968 French riots and are fearful of losing their great strength in Italy because of a possible miscalculation by an inexperienced band of militants. Such rebuffs have not kept the revolutionary students away from labor's causes. They took to the streets with workers in a recent wave of strikes that nearly crippled the country. When Fiat employees battled police the students were alongside them.

Meanwhile the movement is gaining strength in the universities, where its struggle has already scored successes. Government scholarships have been doubled to $48-million and will climb to $64-million in 1970. Some air has been let into the classrooms through increased seminars on current topics, a partial easing of the exam schedule, and by letting students have a voice in the direction of university affairs. The major reforms, a top issue in government, include the creation of 20,000 new professorial posts in order to provide an instructor for every thirty students.

For most Italian students the movement will have fulfilled its purpose when the major reforms are passed into law. For the minority Leftists this will be only the beginning. Their vision is that of a remade Italy, but their spokesmen are vague about what kind of society would supplant the present one. Inquiries into the question usually produce tirades against the "castrating effect of capitalism" and the "subjugation of exploited workers," but no concrete proposals. One girl student flew into a rage at the authors for pressing the point. "We have a plan!" she shouted. "We have a plan! Why do you keep asking such stupid questions? You will know it at the proper time."

Her sensitivity reflects the somewhat unusual nature of the organization. Unlike the situation confronting the American student movement, there is no searing issue as Vietnam. Also, the Italian Movimento is largely leaderless. Announcements are made in the name of a committee or council that has come to a decision as the result of a "debate." Michelangelo Caponetto, a twenty-five-year-old architectural student at the University of Florence, termed the idea of a leader as a "simplistic notion."

"The movement must be kept open and fluid," he added. "A leader with specific goals would petrify our efforts for a democratic principle and open structure."

Yet it's not difficult to learn that Caponetto is an important figure in the movement. The slight, bearded scholar won the admiration of thousands of students when he resigned his army commission two months before he was to be discharged. He was court-martialed and sentenced to a year in prison. Leftist students in Florence and elsewhere speak of him in awe. Another local leader is Mario Capanna at the University of Milan. Capanna was one of eleven students convicted of attacking and kidnaping a law professor over what they termed his unfair examination practices. The students, most of whom received suspended prison sentences, had marched into the courtroom singing the "Internationale" to

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the cheers of 300 students in the audience. But certainly there is no one in the movement with the stature of Rudi Dutschke, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, or Mark Rudd. Cohn-Bendit, in fact, was jeered and heckled when he attended student rallies in Rome recently. Later, in an interview with *La Nazione*, a Florence newspaper, the French student leader referred to his audience as "merely a gang of hooligans and bourgeois dressed like Che Guevara.

"They hate me," he added, "because I caused the downfall of de Gaulle, but they have done nothing to overthrow the system. The Italians are not mature enough for this. They have not even been able to choose . . . a leader and organize the students politically."

Cohn-Bendit is not the only one who leaves the Italian students unimpressed. Most of them are indifferent to the liberal and Leftist causes for which many of their elders fought. A reference to the murder, torture, and imprisonment suffered by anti-Fascists during the twenty-one years of Mussolini's regime is likely to evoke only bored yawns.

"That's all in the past," a Turin philosophy major said. "We have new problems and a new way of looking at the world." Another student revealed that his father had been a partisan fighting the Nazis in World War II. Asked where his unit had operated, the youth shrugged and replied: "I don't know. I think Tuscany. What does it matter?" Novelist Alberto Moravia, long a symbol of the Left in Italy, was nearly hooted off the stage in Rome, where he appeared to answer questions for a student audience about his new play, *The God Kurt*, which concerns Freudian psychology and the persecution of Jews in the Nazi era. The students rejected the play and Moravia's defense of it as "abstractions" and "useless art for art's sake ideas." They declared that what are needed are "programs and tangible events and experiences." After the confrontation, one student said of Moravia, "He is just something to put away in the closet like an old coat."

The nihilism of the young extremists is feared more by the country's growing middle class than by the old-line professors who see it mainly as a threat to the fiefdoms they have ruled for so long. But outside the university the revolt is placed in the context of Italy's booming economy and democratic government. The contrast both puzzles and enrages many people who are sympathetic to university reforms but cannot understand why anyone would want to topple a society that has come so far so fast. Italy still suffers from political instability, unemployment, poverty, and labor unrest, but there is a rising note of affluence. Stores are filled with hard and soft goods, and millions of persons can pay for them. Housing and other construction are shooting up all along the peninsula. Thousands of Italians ride in new cars over some of the best highways in Europe to get to beaches where they vacation in high-priced surroundings. Restaurants and theaters are thronged. Italian industry, led by the gigantic Fiat Company, is second only to that of West Germany in growth and energy. Italian movies and fashions excite world attention. The country enjoys a $1.5-billion annual tourist business, and the lira remains as firm as Carrara marble.

"We picked Italy up from the ashes," a fifty-five-year-old Florentine engineer said, his voice almost breaking. "In 1945, Italy was a ruined and defeated country. We built it up, and for whom? For this generation, which wants to rip it down."

Such laments do not move the revolutionary students. Their response is summed up in a poster drawing of Snoopy of *Peanuts* fame on a wall at the University of Rome. The dog's thoughts are expressed in the word "Bleah." Asked the relationship between the cartoon and the Movimento, a student explained: "For us it means bleah on the university, the rector, society—bleah on everything."

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 90: wander, warned, warden, Andrew.

New Books

Continued from page 75

the assumption of a triadic relation characterizing teacher, student, and knowledge, Martin goes on to argue that authentic knowledge exists. What this means to educators undergoes further elaboration in sections on immediate and remote ends, moral considerations, and curriculum. Demanding close attention from a determined reader, this carefully reasoned book should nonetheless help teachers traverse some rough philosophic territory.

The Human Encounter: Readings in Education, *edited by Sheldon Stoff and Herbert Schwartzberg (Harper and Row, 433 pp., $5.95),* will serve as a useful teaching tool and resource reference. With a minimum of editorial orientation, it presents more than fifty essays by authors ranging widely from John Dewey and James B. Conant to Peter Schrag, Sidney Hook, and B. F. Skinner. Topics include goals, freedom, cultural differences, desegregation, religion, finance, control, and teaching and learning. Some articles list references, and all feature a few discussion questions. A good buy for students and concerned laymen.

Conformity: Standards and Change in Higher Education, *by Warren Bryan Martin (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 264 pp., $8.50);* **Dynamics of Academic Reform,** *by JB Lon Hefferlin (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 240 pp., $8.50),* appear as a welcome brace of wide-angle research reports, with the common quality of readability. A publication of Berkeley's Center for Research and Development in Higher Education, the first book examines eight diverse schools as to their institutional character, standards, and faculty types. The second, a product of the Institute of Higher Education, Teachers College, Columbia, carefully considers ongoing as opposed to sporadic reform. Where both works intersect is in the assertion that talk of reform is relatively common but that, even where course choices approach the extreme of ingenuity, comparatively restricted institutional aims continue to haunt American universities. Among numerous ambivalent "quickie" collections on the topic, these substantial pieces merit special attention. —JOHN CALAM.

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Della and her seven brothers and sisters have none of these problems. Her father spends as much time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the barest necessities are hard to come by.

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Police/Protesters

Continued from page 31

disturbing attitudes that must not escape society's condemnation.

But what is even more disturbing to me is our apparent willingness to pursue a policy of "overkill" in putting down such disorders. We seem content to ignore the underlying problems feeding protest, and hope that somehow we can silence its spokesmen—at any cost. How have we come to this easy tolerance of government overkill in dealing with dissent?

A major part of the reason, I think, is that great contemporary cliché, the generation gap. The young confront my generation with an assortment of life-styles that seem to run counter to many of our most deeply held convictions. We are pained by this apparent rejection, and, to be honest, feel threatened by it. The temptation is strong to let the acts involved in the maintenance of order serve also as acts of retaliation and vindication.

Much of the time, this sense of threat from the young does not bear rational scrutiny. I confess to a feeling of disgust at the sight of barefoot flower children quite apart from their philosophical convictions or the forms of their social criticism. What repels me, frankly, is the memory of my youth on a tenant farm in Texas where three of us in my family shared one pair of shoes—where to be barefoot in public was to be ashamed. My disgust with bare feet is irrational and perhaps even unworthy, but these kinds of memories die hard.

I have a similar problem with the hairstyles of the young. For the first fifteen years of my life, my mother cut my hair, and angel that she was, a barber she was not. So in my early teens, I let my hair grow as long as possible before facing the inevitable butchering job by her dull scissors. Today, long, shaggy hair bothers me. Even some of my own sons annoy me; when able to afford haircuts, they let their hair grow long.

Many of my generation are annoyed by and even resentful of the freedom of our young people from economic concerns. A secure 9-to-5 job, a house in the suburbs, two cars—these were distant, almost impossible goals for so many people for so many years that they became obsessive. It is incomprehensible to many of my generation that today's youth are not similarly obsessed. With our backgrounds of economic uncertainty still haunting us, it is difficult to remain calm as we see thousands of our children turning their backs on our hard-won affluence, sneering at their parents' insistence on the moral value of work, and willfully adopting life-styles reminiscent of the shame of poverty. Understandably, parents do not understand.

If we must add fear and hatred between the generations to that which has divided the races in this country, we must understand the all but impossible position in which we have put our law enforcement officers, who must serve at the focal point of the national bitterness. When we overburden them with the expectation that their authority, their guns, and their tear gas can somehow put our society back together again, we have almost decreed their failure.

I am tired of hearing dissidents call police vicious and cruel and evil. I am particularly sick of hearing police described as pigs. These attacks are as irresponsible as those of middle-class Americans who broad-brush all demonstrators as Communist punks. Epithets shed no light; they merely generate further dangerous heat.

What we must understand is that the police are as frightened as the rest of America, that they bring to these confrontations the same sets of threatened values as are cherished by the rest of the American middle class, and that—as with so many Americans—their fright is expressed aggressively.

The difference is that the police are armed and are licensed to engage in violence. That license is incompatible with uncontrolled rage. Whether it is fair or not, we must expect more rational behavior by police in times of stress than we can expect of civilians in similar situations. That is exactly why we have a full-time professional police force, and anything less than that will lead to the destruction of our basic institutions far faster than a few hundred shaggy students shouting "Pigs off campus."

A first priority for our time must be a genuine crash effort to professionalize both the attitudes and the techniques of the police. In this era of mass protest and civil disobedience the police have the hardest and most sensitive job in America; because as a society we have not been willing to pay the price in training, equipment, and the conferring of adequate professional status, they are ill-prepared to do it.

If it is true that the police do not create a political culture but only reflect it, then what kind of political culture have we developed? In California, not long ago as police chased demonstrating San Fernando Valley College students through a residential neighborhood on a balmy Sunday, dozens of decent, middle-class, law-abiding people came out of their houses to shout, "Kill them, kill them!" At a Regents' meeting, hundreds of students—children of the middle class—gathered to greet the Governor with shouts of "We want Reagan. Get him. Kill him!"

Frank Zappa, composer and lead guitarist for the Mothers of Invention, rejects politics as a personal avocation with the observation that "politics is a job for old guys who like to talk to each other." That is at least part of the truth. Politics is a job for all of us who like talking to each other or at least prefer it to the more violent alternatives. More and more, however, the language of politics is used simply to provoke.

Consider an example of this kind of political language: "This is guerrilla warfare . . . and . . . the only way to beat the enemy is to eliminate him by killing." That isn't Abbie Hoffman talking. It is the Governor of California, who, I must point out, added that obviously he didn't propose killing students and faculty, but eliminating them by expulsion and firing. If our public officials can lapse so easily into the language of violence, it is little wonder that the students and the respectable middle class can, too—and that the police can and will convert that violent language into action.

I visit the campuses frequently. I was at Berkeley last February during a disorderly demonstration by the Third World Liberation Front over ethnic studies programs. The police were there facing down the demonstrators, and there was the ubiquitous tear gas.

As I walked through the campus, a strange thing began to happen as the protesters became aware that a stranger from the state Capitol was among them. In a few moments, the rioting stopped completely as they pressed around. To those young people I was just another member of the Establishment. There was no particular identification with what I had to say; no applause. We just talked and listened to one another. But the cause for the temporary cessation of hostilities was clear. For once the protesters had the feeling that a public official had come to listen, not to provoke. The language of violence was unnecessary.

As I was walking down Bancroft Avenue on that visit to Berkeley, I witnessed an accident. About a dozen Alameda County Sheriff's deputies and Berkeley policemen were making a sweep down the street, firing tear gas canisters from rifles. One canister hit an old man on the head. He fell to the ground, unconscious and bleeding. The canister landed beside him, spouting gas into his eyes.

The officers did not break formation. They marched right by, some stepping

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over the old man. Almost immediately, students with Red Cross bands on their arms rushed across the street, lifted the man up, and carried him into the student union building.

I was deeply disturbed by that incident, not so much because of what it told me about the police or the demonstrators, but because of what it told me about myself. I had seen other injuries inflicted that day and on other days at other places, but this one was different. The neatly dressed, elderly gentleman was obviously not a student. At the very least, he was a figure normally considered deserving of respect in our society. And that was the difference. I found that I had grown to tolerate a degree of violence, too, as long as it was inflicted on scruffy demonstrating kids. After all, the youngsters can take it, and they bring it on themselves, or so the complacent line of reasoning goes. We can still be shocked by violence inflicted on an innocent bystander, but we seem to be hardening in our attitudes toward the young and less fortunate—the alien agitators for change among us. Insofar as we let that happen, we each diminish our own humanity.

This tolerance for violence against those who are different is an American affliction of long standing. The sufferance of overreaction and overkill committed legally or extralegally in society's name explains the darkest deeds of outraged, upright Americans. It explains the use of military tactics against World War I veterans as they peaceably petitioned their government, and it let us rest easy as our fellow citizens of Japanese descent were uprooted from their homes and locked away in internment camps during World War II. And perhaps a few outraged, upright citizens of California today could search their childhood memories or re-read Steinbeck and recall when their strange Okie parents were the victims of harassment and excessive police force.

This, indeed, is the dark side of the American character, but it is not dominant. We have always had the good sense to step back from the brink of the police state in time. And, usually, the agitators and protesters we saw as a threat have been co-opted by a society willing to change.

Deal with violence we must, immediately, firmly, and effectively. But we must not allow our police to reflect our fears, nor permit our leaders to pander to them. We cannot substitute excessive force for justice and expect our victims to believe there is any justice. We cannot brutalize anyone, no matter how obnoxious and alien, without becoming brutal ourselves.

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KINGSTON, Summer 1970. Comfortable 4 bedroom, 3 bath house. Maid, garden, car, $300 p.m. Box 417, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE—Rustic, lakefront house. Spacious. Woods. Conveniences. 201-766-2292.

HOUSES WANTED

For Summer Rental

PROFESSOR, WIFE, CHILD seek Vineyard rental. Prefer August, Up-Island. SR Box T-59.

LARGE, SUBSTANTIAL, SECLUDED well-equipped house and grounds, July 1st-Labor Day, on lake. Maine, Ontario, Nova Scotia. SR Box T-46.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

EXCHANGE—Use our California mountain cabin for New England vacation house. Box T-232.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

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Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

ROOMS WANTED

For Summer Rental

WANTED: 2 sleeping rooms, private bath, full board; writing couple; privacy. June-October. Lake swimming preferred. Eastern area. Box T-222.

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BEAUTIFUL BAR HARBOR AREA—1 to 5 acres oceanfront and adjoining. $3,000-$30,000. Box 45, Bar Harbor, Maine.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

BEND, OREGON—4 bedroom house on Mirror Pond, center of town, close to Bachelor Butte Ski Run and Cascade Range. Deschutes River fronts property. Executive or professional office. Phone: 503-382-2791.

STOWE—breathtaking mountain views. 3 acre lots. $3,600-$4,800 total price. Terms. 802-253-4720 or Box K, Stowe, Vermont.

SPAIN, MALLORCA—New seaside luxury Spanish villa in choice area. SR Box T-230.

38 ACRES beautifully evergreened hillside. Magnificent view, good road, privacy. Price $7,000. Others—free brochure. Corti Real Estate, Walden, Vermont 05873. Telephone 802-563-2261.

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BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472. Member A.C.A.

CAMPS

INTERLOCKEN INTERNATIONAL CAMP: 1,000 acre wilderness preserve overlooking a peaceful isolated lake. 80 boys and girls, 10-15, together with experienced teachers create an educational adventure including sports and art, drama and music, rugged wilderness expeditions through New England and Canada. Interlocken, Box 336, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730. Tel: 617-275-6034.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? Write! Find out! Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318.

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CAMPS

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed, 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

CAMPO VENEZIA—July 2nd-August 12th. Teens 13-16 closely supervised. Limited enrollment. Art, swimming, tours in Venice and vicinity, optional language and sports. Plus 10 day Italy tour. Brochure: Box 55, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. Phone: evenings and weekends 516-536-5378.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Integrated, interdenominational. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 28th-August 9th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

CAMP KAPITACHOUANE. Kapitachuan Club, Province Quebec. Canoe and fishing trips in central Quebec. Three 4-week trips each month. C trip, ages 12-13; B trip, ages 14-15; A trip, ages 15-19. 10 boys, 3 counselors in each. Enroll one month or two. R. Beebe, Jr., The Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut 06793. C. H. Williams, Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides ranch/travel adventures, boys 13-17. 24th summer. Girls' travel program: Pacific Coast, Alaska. Coed March ski camp, Vail. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP. Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 70 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Lake, white water, mountain trips. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Heart of the Rocky Mountains in Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty—Jr. High, High School, and College—Vocal, Instrumental, and Ballet. Write winter address, P.O. Box 6100, Dept. S-R, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

TRAVEL CAMP—38 days. Europe by jet, sightseeing, summer skiing, ice skating, tennis, swimming, sailing. Sporteen Tours, 244 North Franklin Street, Hempstead, N.Y. 516-538-6433.

SCIENCE EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 11-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp, Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science, recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

CAMP BLUE HERON, Port Loring, Ontario. 3 and 6 week sessions in ecological studies, canoe tripping and fun. Antioch and Cornell trained leadership. Licensed bird bander. Stresses informality and individualized programs. Coed, ages 8-14. Address 4200 Harris Hill Road, Buffalo, N.Y. 14221.

CAMPS

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

GOLDEN ARROW, Sunapee, N.H. Creative experiences using wilderness setting. Music. Photography. Coed 6-13. Charpentiers, 35-54 88th Street, Queens, N.Y. 11372.

CAMP RENAPE, Strafford, Vermont. Girls 9 to 16. Semistructured program encourages motivation and creativity. Camp-owned horses, mountain trips, tennis, swimming, outdoor theatre, caving, fishing, riflery, crafts, folk singing, Indian lore. Miss Charlotte McCartney, Strafford, Vermont 05072.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

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PUERTO RICO beachfront apartment. Ultramodern condominium Luquillo. 30 minutes airport. Fully equipped. Accommodates 6. Cinemascopic view. Monthly, weekly. 212-724-1738 or Mr. Sori, 809-764-4040, Puerto Rico.

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WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

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HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

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(Continued on page 100)

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(Continued from page 99)

WORKSHOPS

SOUTHEASTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE in novel, magazine fiction, nonfiction, poetry, newspaper, television. Miami, Florida. April 16th-19th, 1970. Top national consultants all fields. Applications: Box 1097, South Miami, Florida 33143. Deadline—March 26th.

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FOR SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS Interested in study, travel and homestay, Mount Hermon Summer Schools offers programs in England, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Russia and Spain. All programs are coeducational. Faculty is carefully selected, highly qualified teachers. June 24th-August 20th. $1,200 all inclusive fee. For brochure and application materials, write Department A, Mount Hermon Summer Schools, Mount Hermon, Massachusetts 01354.

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LONDON-SUMMER '70—Credit-Flights-Anglo-U.S. Faculty. Humanities, Early Childhood, Secondary Education, Science, Physical Education, Drama, History, Literature: in U.S.S.R.: Early Childhood. Dean, School of Education, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

LA SORBONNE. College students. $680. 6 weeks. Includes round trip jet transportation, tuition, directors' fees, room and board for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. Also, University de Grenoble. June-August. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Tel: 203-966-3807.

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, 23 programs of language study or Art History, Theatre, Comparative Governments, Comparative Cultures, Russian Studies. Mediterranean Cruise. England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned; Academic Credit; $985. 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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GUATEMALA—Six weeks beginning June 22nd. Undergraduate and graduate courses in English and Spanish. Write Professor Warren Beck, California State College, Fullerton, California 92631.

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CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theatre, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

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TRAVEL

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"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries. "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1872

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By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sandwich containing everything from abalone to zucchini	45 60 103 137 144 150 190
B. L. Frank Baum's Dorothy lived with her in Kansas (2 wds.)	34 62 112 158 176 39
C. Posy	136 139 142 147 154 168 22
D. Breach; violation	26 35 54 72 113 171 8 17 48 64 187 195
E. Runnymede's town, in Surrey	200 50 65 77 84
F. Clunk, dumbhead	131 153 161 61 83 28
G. Withdraws gradually (2 wds.)	212 4 79 117 157 173 186 204 10
H. Law students' exercise (2 wds.)	68 88 101 106 146 162 20 33 43
I. Paris awarded her the apple of discord	86 169 175 183 196 217 1 14 37
J. Bruits, spreads by rumor	13 24 38 46 73 122
K. "Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:/England hath———." (3 wds., Wordsworth)	18 44 49 53 59 143 164 180 182 191
L. Flawed	202 76 82 93 97 166 184 185 206
M. Swordfish	211 7 40 57 66 119 151
N. Congress (2 wds.)	71 92 96 104 135 25 56 110
O. Operate in turn; alternate in a series	129 203 215 132 3 6
P. Outclassed	30 29 98 100 127 141 19 36 109 115 148
Q. For the nabbing (3 wds.)	89 198 177 213 21 155 192 125 208 27
R. Bad-mannered N American birds related to the crow and raven	99 156 111 121 167 130 94 179
S. Venetian painter (1480-1556; "Christ and the Adulteress")	52 41 105 114 107
T. Wife of Orpheus	160 102 199 124 126 189 16 210
U. Least brilliant	87 55 80 133 193 70 118
V. English architect (1704-54), called———of Bath	95 47 51 78
W. Without previous knowledge (3 wds.)	172 58 32 128 90 188 91 123 23 163 74 9
X. They run beside some barge canals	108 207 140 85 170 120 15 67
Y. Discoverer and colonizer of Greenland (3 wds.)	81 145 69 201 149 138 11 42 5 116
Z. Enclosed	214 178 134 152 12 194
Z¹ "Off'ring their whitest ——— / To furnish the fair Infant's bed," (3 wds; Crashaw, "Hymn of the Nativity")	63 159 209 216 174 75 197 31 205 2 165 181

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 I	2 Z¹		3 O	4 G	5 Y		6 O	7 M	8 D	9 W	10 G	11 Y	12 Z
13 J	14 I	15 X		16 T	17 D	18 K	19 P	20 H	21 Q	22 C		23 W	24 J	25 N	26 D	27 Q	
28 F	29 P		30 P	31 Z¹		32 W	33 H	34 B	35 D	36 P	37 I		38 J	39 B	40 M	41 S	42 Y
43 H	44 K	45 A		46 J	47 V	48 D	49 K		50 E	51 V	52 S	53 K	54 D	55 U	56 N	57 M	
58 W	59 K		60 A	61 F	62 B	63 Z¹	64 D		65 E	66 M	67 X		68 H	69 Y	70 U	71 N	72 D
73 J	74 W	75 Z¹		76 L	77 E	78 V	79 G	80 U	81 Y		82 L	83 F	84 E	85 X	86 I	87 U	88 H
89 Q	90 W		91 W	92 N	93 L	94 R		95 V	96 N	97 L	98 P		99 R	100 P	101 H	102 T	103 A
104 N	105 S		106 H	107 S		108 X	109 P	110 N		111 R	112 B	113 D	114 S	115 P	116 Y		117 G
118 U	119 M	120 X	121 R	122 J		123 W	124 T		125 Q	126 T	127 P	128 W	129 O	130 R	131 F		132 O
133 U	134 Z	135 N	136 C		137 A	138 Y	139 C		140 X	141 P	142 C		143 K	144 A	145 Y	146 H	147 C
148 P		149 Y	150 A		151 M	152 Z	153 F	154 C	155 Q	156 R	157 G		158 B	159 Z¹	160 T	161 F	
162 H	163 W	164 K		165 Z¹	166 L		167 R	168 C	169 I	170 X	171 D		172 W	173 G		174 Z¹	175 I
176 B		177 Q	178 Z	179 R	180 K		181 Z¹	182 K	183 I	184 L		185 L	186 G	187 D	188 W	189 T	190 A
191 K	192 Q	193 U	194 Z		195 D	196 I	197 Z¹		198 Q	199 T	200 E	201 Y	202 L	203 O	204 G	205 Z¹	
206 L	207 X		208 Q	209 Z¹		210 T	211 M	212 G	213 Q	214 Z	215 O	216 Z¹	217 I				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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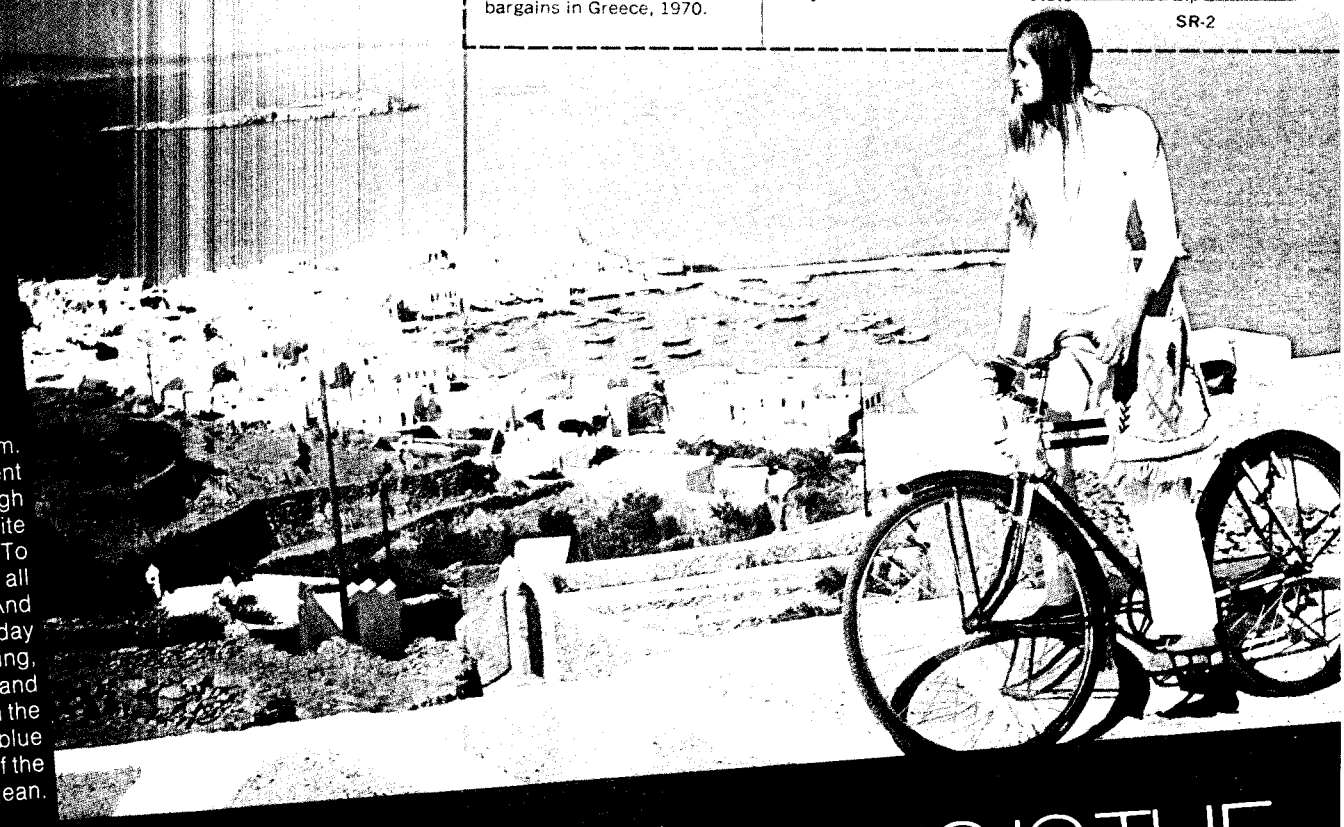
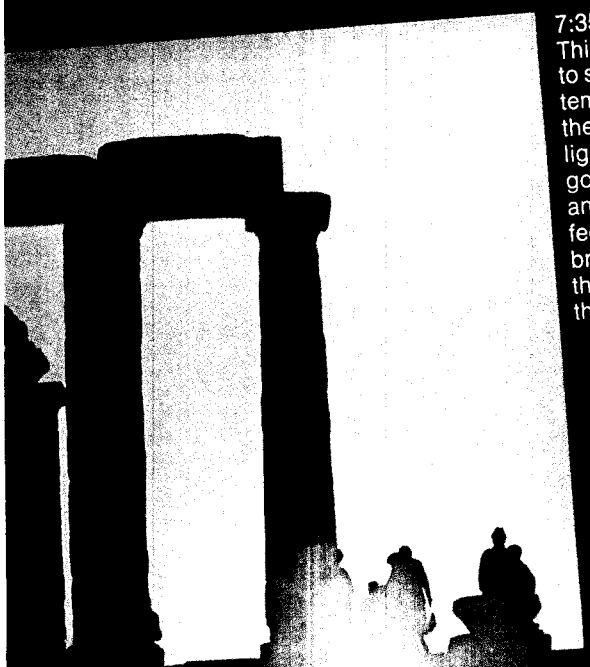


12:02 p.m.
This is the moment to bicycle through gleaming white island villages. To find a beach all your own. And spend the day swimming, snorkling and sailing in the crystalline blue waters of the Aegean.

GREECE THIS IS THE MOMENT!



7:35 a.m.
This is the moment to see ancient temples glowing in the warm morning light. To dream of gods and heroes and history. To feel the past breathe again in the clear air of the present.

1:10 p.m.
This is the moment to lunch under a shady olive tree. To relish fresh-baked crusty bread. Mouth-watering Greek olives and hors d'oeuvres. And sip a deliciously dry white wine.

1970. This is the moment. Your moment. To discover Greece.

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